THEODORE H. WHITE: A Proposal to End the Vietnam Fighting

Saturday Review

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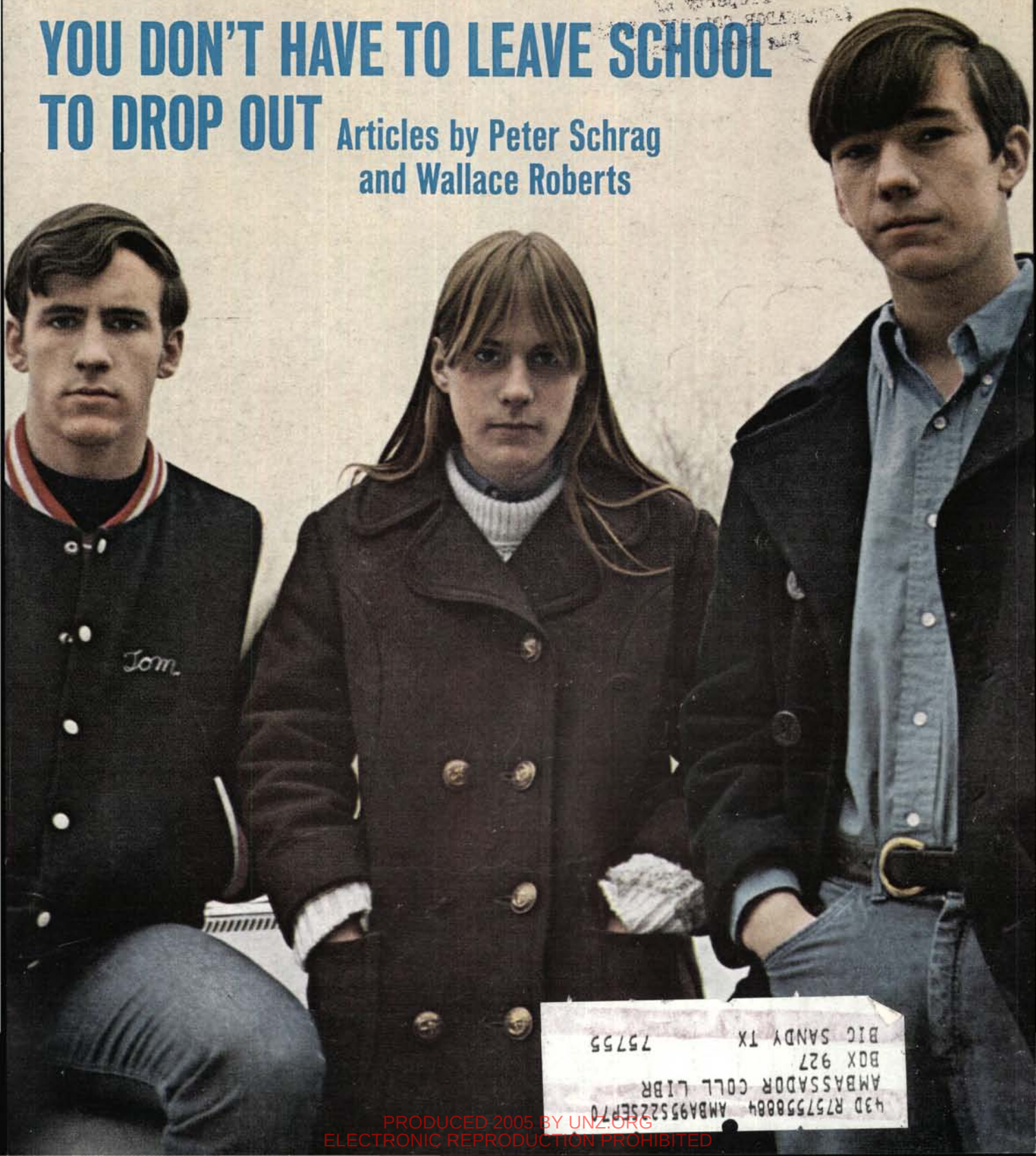
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE SCHOOL TO DROP OUT

Articles by Peter Schrag and Wallace Roberts



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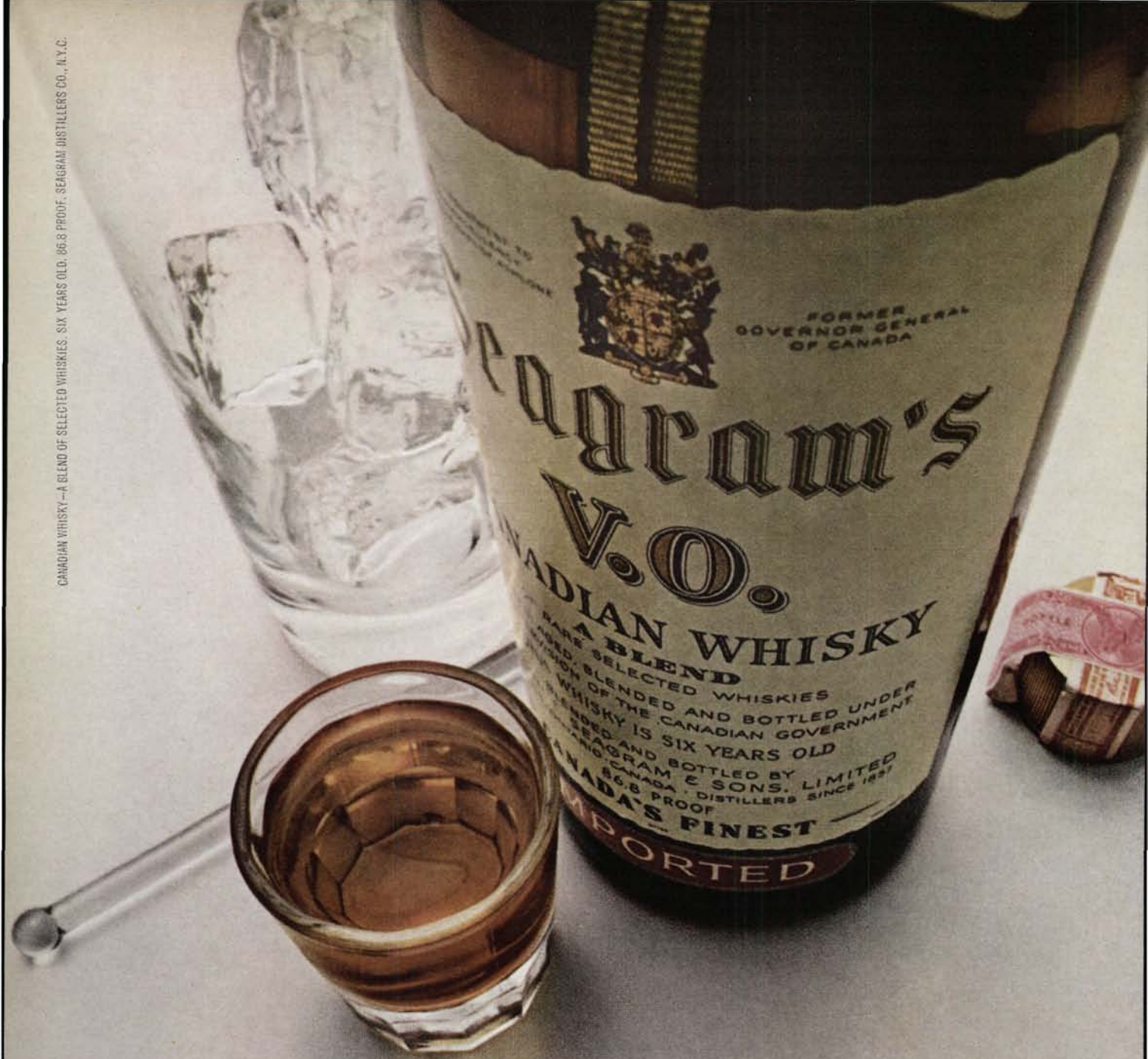

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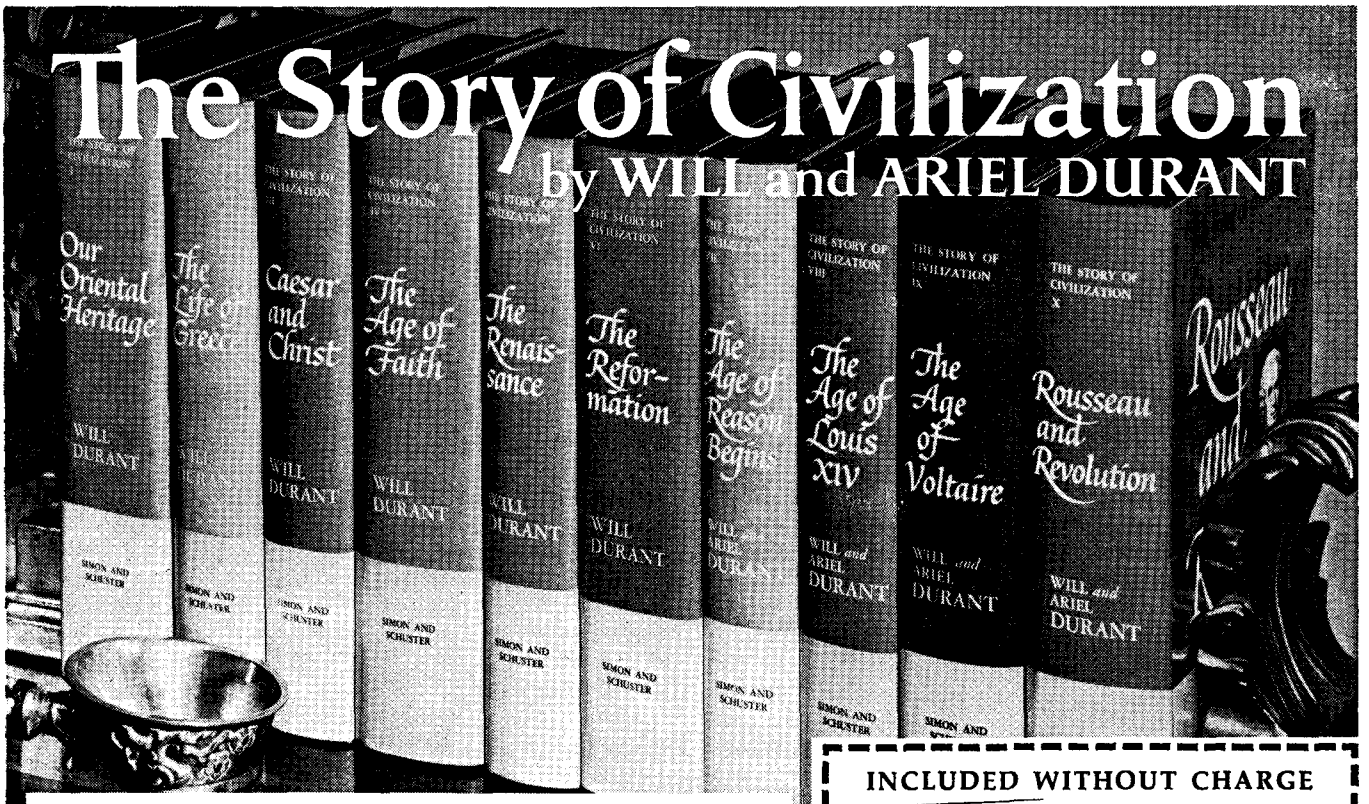

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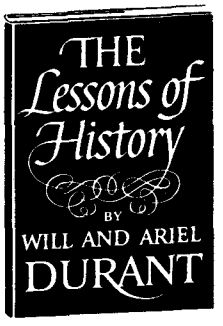

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As a cook, I'm not much. I can boil water and I can cook a few of the things that call for boiling water—3½ minute eggs, hot dogs and the like. But that's about my limit. Nevertheless, I do like to read cookbooks occasionally.

I guess my favorite is the ALICE B. TOKLAS COOK BOOK, which is a reading as well as a cooking book, and now I've got a new favorite to put on the shelf next to it. It is called VIBRATION COOKING, OR THE TRAVEL NOTES OF A GEECHEE GIRL, and it is written by Verta Mae. The great-granddaughter of a slave, Verta Mae was born in Fairfax, South Carolina and now lives in New York, having made way stops in such assorted cosmopolitan centers as Paris, Rome and Philadelphia.

Verta Mae is an actress and a designer, and as she tells about her life, she introduces many of her friends, some known to me by reputation and some not. Usually, she tells us what she cooked for her friends or passes along the recipes they gave her.

Verta Mae explains the title of her book this way: "When I cook I never measure or weigh anything. I cook by vibration. I can tell by the look and smell of it."

A lady, who is herself a good cook, to whom I showed the book says it's a first rate cook book, and I take her word for it. The names of a lot of the recipes intrigued me ("Third World Onions," "Pumpkin Soup," "Souse," "Castro con Pollo" and "Outlaw Spaghetti"). But in reading the book, I concentrated on the stories and skipped the recipes.

At least, I think I skipped the recipes. Yet somehow I seem to remember making an unusual number of trips to the kitchen and the icebox while I was reading the book. My hunch is you will, too.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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March 21, 1970

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Somberly

As IT MUST to everyone, it fell to my lot some months ago to be appointed, for the first time, the "arranger" of a funeral. A close and cherished member of the family had died.

He had not passed on, or passed over, or departed, or left us. He died. Years before his span. Suddenly.

The shock absorbed, replaced by the usual and unreasonable bitterness and the asking of why, I entered the funeral parlor. Black-suited, black-tied attendants directed me softly to the man in charge of such details. He sat behind a desk spotlessly clean of all clutter. I resented him for that. But I realized here was a man who knew where everything, and everybody, belonged.

"This won't take long, will it?" I asked.

"No," he replied, drawing a long printed form from his desk, "only about thirty minutes." An eternity.

With pen poised, he asked the first startling question. "What was his Social Security number?"

I shook my head. He could see I didn't know. He could also see how inept an arranger I was going to be. Other questions followed, and he was helpful in leading me to answers. I don't remember all the questions, but I have total recall of the last four:

"Now what about flowers?" he asked.

"We have asked that flowers be omitted," I replied.

"No, I mean the spray on the casket. Do you want a spray?"

"Well, I guess so."

"They come in three sizes. There's the small piece placed in the center, or the three-quarter length, or the blanket of flowers that covers the entire casket."

"Well, I don't know. What would you think?"

"May I suggest the three-quarter length?"

I nodded.

He made the entry as he said, "Flowers, seventy-nine dollars. Now, what about music? Something classical?"

"I suppose so."

"Bach? Beethoven? Mozart?"

"Yes," I replied, as I felt myself disintegrating.

"Which one?"

"I don't know," I said rising, unreasonably disturbed at my own inadequacy to answer a few simple questions.

As I paced, he remained calm and made a note on the form, and asked the next question.

"Now, what about clothes?"

I sat again in utter bewilderment. This was to be a cremation. Did it matter? I gathered it did from his next remark.

"We can furnish a suit, if you like. Or some prefer a robe or even pajamas."

He waited for my answer while I sat there thinking, "This too shall pass." But it didn't.

"I suggest pajamas," he offered.

I nodded.

He wrote, as he said, "Pajamas, twelve dollars and sixty cents." And then he added, "That includes the sales tax."

And there you have it—the two irrevocables, death and taxes.

As I was about to leave, he asked the fourth question, almost in passing. "By the way," he said, "have you signed the paper for the release of the deceased from the hospital?"

I hadn't. He said I should. He was right. All my other arrangements would have been rather flat without it.

He was quite helpful here. He phoned the hospital to tell them I was coming down to sign. Then he wrote down the window and the name of the doctor I was to ask for.

When I arrived at the hospital, the doctor I was to see was out to lunch. There was some scurrying around to find him, and finally I was rescued by a courteous young man in an office who benevolently suggested that I sign the paper and he would have the doctor fill out the details later. I signed.

"I will mail you a copy," he said.

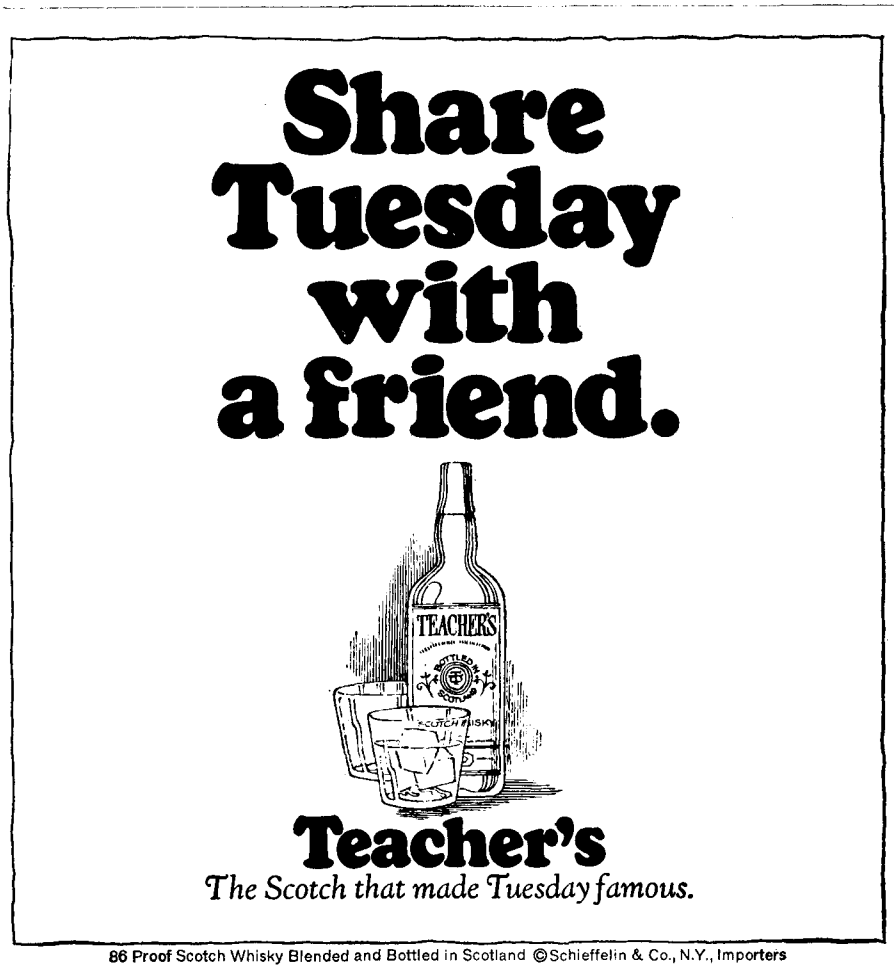
I thanked him for his help.

"Glad to be of service," he replied. He put out his hand, "Good-by, and I hope the next time we meet it will be under more pleasant circumstances." We shook on it.

In the cab on the way back I thought that over. "The next time we meet?" When? Where? When were we going to meet again? Socially? Hardly. Did he mean as a bereaved or as a client?

A day to remember. Thinking back on it, I have the feeling that the man for whom I made the arrangements would have laughed at my discomfiture and joined with me in my disapprobation of this "civilized" ritual.

What it amounts to is we go into a funeral shop to buy a man something that he wouldn't get for himself, and that he has never had before.



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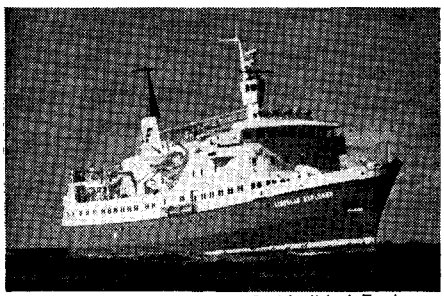

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

St. Patrick's Day

WELL, he wasn't Irish, and there it is.

Traditionally, which means "a wild stab by an expert who has read everything available and still doesn't know," he was born in Dumbartonshire, Scotland. Or in England at Daventry or in Wales or in France. Or in 389 (probable). His father, Calpurnius, named the boy Pothrige. Romans!

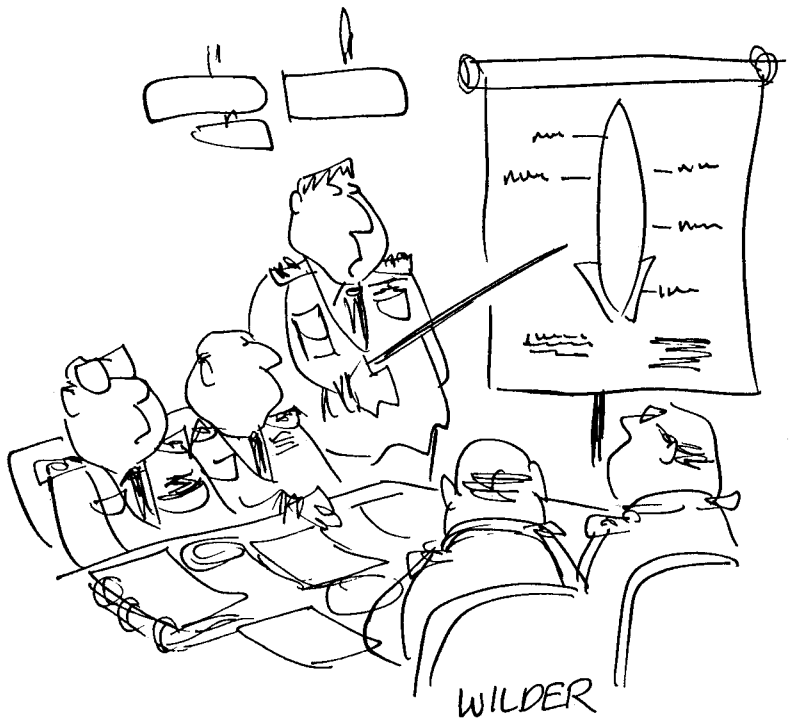
Part two. In 405 Patrick was kidnaped and taken to Ireland, where he was a slave-shepherd for six years. He escaped on a boat that was taking a cargo of Irish wolfhounds to France. Boy, this is unbelievable. After fourteen years in a monastery at Tours, or Auxerre, or Lérins, he returned to England—if that's where he started—and was consecrated a bishop. They sent him to Ireland to combat the influence of a monk named Pelagius, who went around teaching everything backwards. St. Augustine in particular didn't like Pelagianism one bit. Patrick taught the tribes in Latin but considered himself to be illiterate and left a letter to prove it. Still, this must have been an extraordinary man because there were kings in Ireland in those days for sure and a rough bunch they were. He brought in the faith and made it stick.

The New York Times advertises its Encyclopedic Almanac as "The newest, most complete annual of *usable* (their underlining) information in print today." It finds Sts. Paul and Augustine usable but not Patrick. It follows that it has no information on why the day is March 17th. Nobody else has the information either. —HENRY MORGAN.

Thomas Mann Makes the Top Forty

RING LARDNER once wrote a short story called "Rhythm" in which musical thievery in popular songs figured prominently as an element in the plot. The hero, Harry Hart, admits with refreshing candor that he steals all his hit tunes from the classics. Charged with pilfering a theme from *Gioconda,* Harry straightens out his accuser by pointing out that the tune actually came from Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix.* On another occasion he explains where he got a catchy rhythm number in F sharp "that seemed to be waltz time in the right hand and two-four in the left." He got it, he said, from *Aïda* and was confident nobody would recognize the source "except maybe Deems Taylor and Alma Gluck."

This used to be common practice



"The propulsion for this new ICBM will be the usual type—the middle-class taxpayer."

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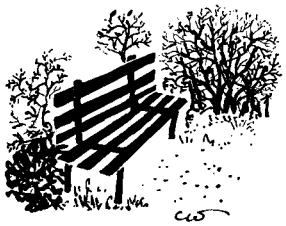
along what used to be called Tin Pan Alley, but the new tendency is to steal the *words* from the classics—probably on the assumption that nobody will recognize where they came from except maybe Archibald MacLeish and Marya Mannes.

For instance, the disc jockeys are currently giving a big play to a recording by Judy Collins called "Turn, Turn, Turn." Sung in that reverent whimper folk singers use to let you know that this is serious, folks, and accompanied by the usual lugubrious guitar, it explains that there is a time for everything, a time to be born, and a time to die, a time to weep, and a time to laugh, and so on. All the words are recognizable as coming from the opening verses of Chapter III of the Book of Ecclesiastes.

Another recent hit, and much higher



on the charts, has a more recondite provenance, but it, too, cloaks its origins in class, so that one isn't quite sure whether to scold the lyricist for his heist job or applaud him for being so cultured.

The song is called "Is That All There Is?" and the big hit record of it is by Peggy Lee. Some stations, such as WNEW in New York, have been playing it incessantly for months, apparently under the impression that it makes a deep philosophical point and is therefore a cut above the usual tin-pan twad-

WIT TWISTER #156

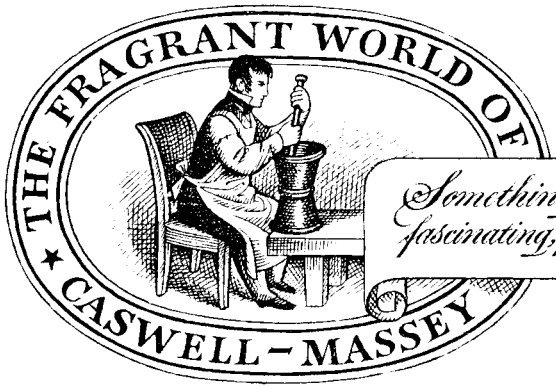
Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

She _ _ _ _ _ _ and prosed till our ears were quite weary,
With "Listen to this!" and "I'll tell you what, dearie!"
So when she once said, "I'll _ _ _ _ _ _ on the morrow,"
We _ _ _ _ _ _ from her without feeling much sorrow!

—ANNA P. HANNUM, Secane, Pa.

(*Answer on page* 80)



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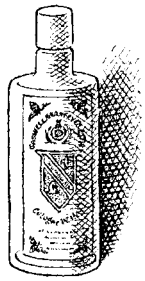

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The
Change of Pace
Place

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dle that fills the fleeting intervals between commercials. The lyrics tell of a girl who finds something lacking in all the great emotional moments of her life. She keeps asking herself, "Is that all there is?" The opening is spoken to a musical background, and goes like this:

I remember when I was a very little (girl) (boy)
Our house caught on fire. . . .
I'll never forget the look on my father's face as he gathered me up in his arms and raced through the burning building out onto the pavement. . . .
I stood there shivering in pajamas . . .
And watched the whole world go up in flames . . .
And when it was all over . . . I said to myself,
"Is that all there is to a fire?"

It goes like that through various episodes in the (girl's) (boy's) life, including of course (his) (her) love affairs, always with the refrain: "Is that all there is?"

The words, according to the sheet music, are "by" Jerry Leiber, and the song is represented as being "From the forthcoming production *International Wrestling Match.*"

Well, in 1896 Thomas Mann, not yet a Nobel Prize winner in literature but on his way, wrote a short story called *Enttäuschung* ("Disillusionment"). It's about a man who finds something lacking in all the emotional moments of his life. He keeps asking himself, "*Das ist das Ganze?*" or "Is that all there is?"

> There was a fire at night in my parents' house, when I was hardly more than a child. . . . I remember that I went rushing through the house shouting over and over 'Fire, fire!' I know exactly what I said and what feeling underlay the words. . . . "So this," I thought, "is a fire. This is what it is like to have the house on fire. Is this all there is to it?"

In the song, (he) (she) confidently predicts that death itself will cause (him) (her) to say: "Is that all there is?" And, by George, the narrator in the Mann story has the very same idea: "At my last moment [it's 'final moment' in the song] I shall be saying to myself . . . 'Well, what of it?'"

Thomas Mann, a great ironist himself, would probably be amused, as well as amazed, to learn that his 1896 story in German wound up on the American hit parade in 1969.

Still, if Ecclesiastes and the works of Thomas Mann are going to be turned into pop tunes, a vast new field is opening to song writers. All it takes is a library card, the right touch, and enough brass.

Back to work, Jerry!

—RICHARD HANSER.

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THE
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PRESS

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1389

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1389 will be found in the next issue.

VM VZ GWCLZM VCILZZVSWO

ML DOCOCSOD BLE MDGUVA G

IWGAO MBO ELDWT VZ EBOX

LXO VZ IWGNVXU ULWK.

—DLSODM WNXT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1388

My father was a God-fearing man, but he never missed a copy of the New York Times *either.*

—E. B. WHITE.

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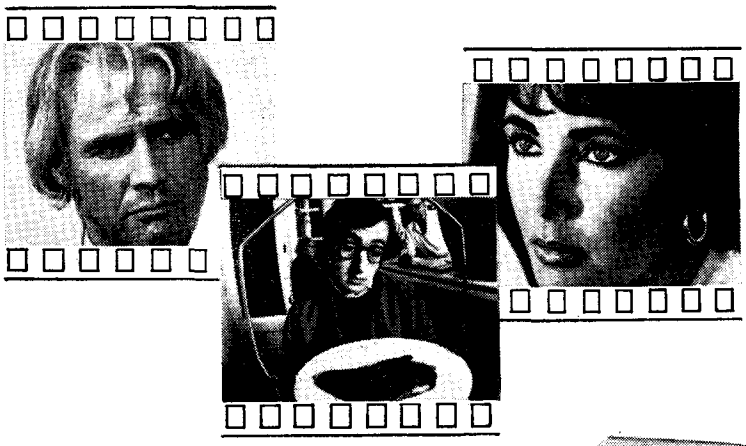
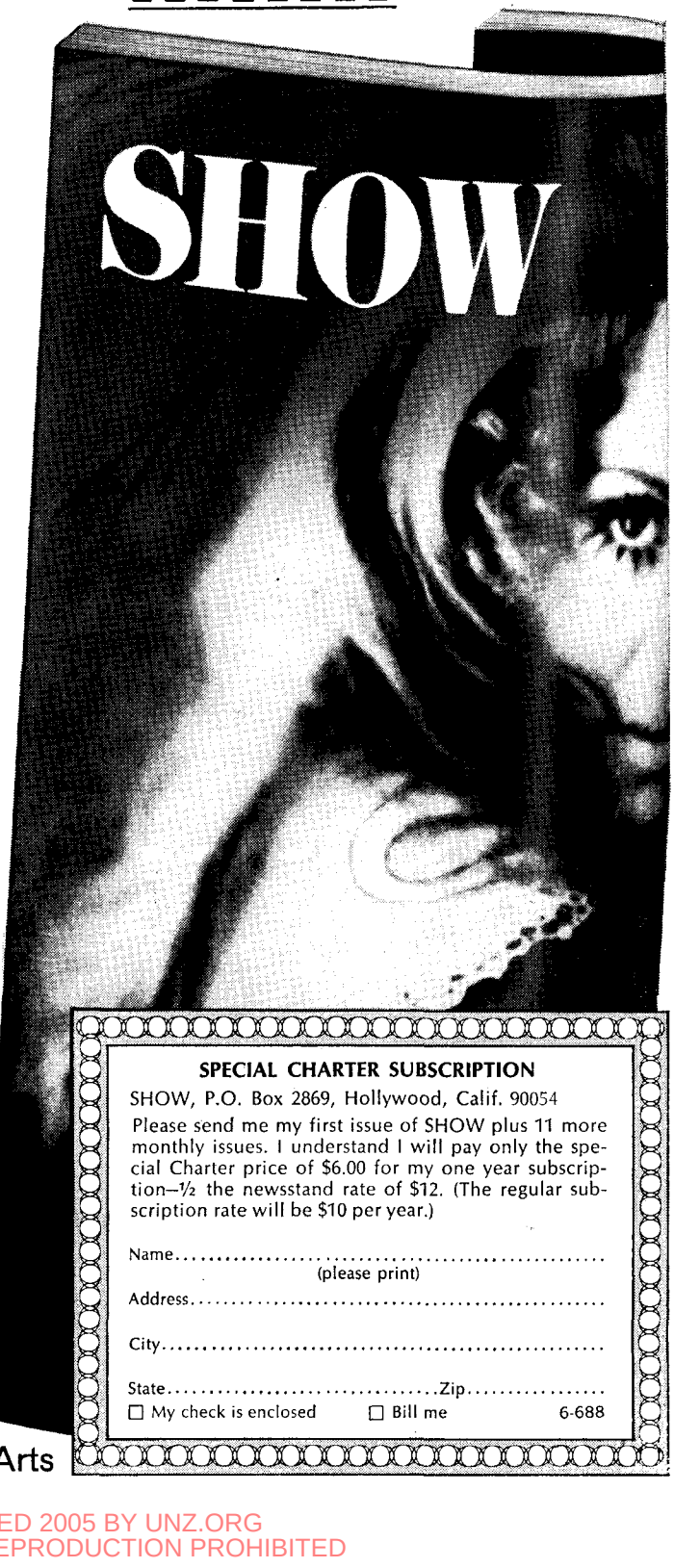
Announcing the only film magazine **rated "M"**





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If you'd walk out of a movie that bores you, no matter who called it ART . . . if you'd get a kick out of being first to know who's going to play Portnoy . . . if you have your own ideas about the loser-hero gunning for his fate on a motorcycle . . . you'll enjoy seeing SHOW each month.

Critical, witty, nostalgic (what's going to happen when John Wayne wanes?), SHOW is a front-row center insight into all the things you want to know about. Not just in films, but in dance, the visual arts, music and the legitimate theatre. And the people who contribute to SHOW are not outsiders, but men and women who are the real movers and shakers in the arts they write about.

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Robert Christgau turns the hand-held camera on its most successful exponent: Leacock-Pennebaker.

Dede Allen: the force on the cutting room floor.
How America's top film editor *(Rachel, Rachel; Bonnie and Clyde; Alice's Restaurant)* separates the good from the ordinary with a scissors.

The man who loves Lana.
A thirty-year-old art director tells why he keeps 20,000 pictures of Lana Turner in his basement.

Shelley Plimpton: a girl for this season.
Scene-stealer in three hip hits—*Hair, Putney Swope* and *Alice's Restaurant*—Shelley is now starring in Jim McBride's story of the last two hippies alive.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Big Adventures

MILWAUKEE.

A COUPLE of seasons ago, my review of the Arena Stage production of *The Great White Hope* pointed out the value of a resident theater producing a large-cast multiscene play whose cost would have made it too risky for Broadway. The following season it appeared on Broadway, where it not only won the New York Drama Critics Circle Award but even registered a profit.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that most such plays are so expensive for Broadway to produce that they will never come to life onstage unless they are undertaken by a resident professional or a university theater. Thus the Milwaukee Repertory Theater Company, with financial assistance from the National Endowment for the Arts, is doing the theater a service and itself proud with a dazzling presentation of Frank Gagliano's fantastic allegory *The Prince of Peasantmania*. This ambitious extravaganza originally was given a staged reading by director Michael A. Schultz at the Eugene O' Neill Memorial Theatre Center two summers ago, where critics in general were impressed with the wild humor of its first act and somewhat disappointed that the playwright did not fully sustain it through the rest of the play. Since that time, MRTC's artistic director, Tunc Yalman, has encouraged Gagliano to revise and shorten the play, with the promise of a production at the company's new Todd Wehr Theater.

The 504-seat playhouse, part of the new Milwaukee Arts Center complex, features an open stage with the audience seated on three sides of the acting area. Like New York's Public Theatre, which it resembles, it has a lot of space above the stage floor, and designer William James Wall has accordingly constructed his handsome settings vertically. On the floor level there is a simple background of revolving screens against which images are projected, but through which actors and scenic elements can enter or exit. Above this is an upper stage shelf that is connected to the stage floor by two playground chutes that actors slide down or run up. From the ceiling hang a trapeze and a rope ladder, both of which are used by the performers on occasion.

Understandably, director Eugene Lesser and Mr. Wall have seen the play as an opportunity to employ Pop art techniques. The costumes are plastic and mod, with much use made of masks. And James Reichert has composed a variety of music to accompany Gagliano's lyrics.

The whole spectacle is a kind of overpowering assault on the audience's sense of values. The ridiculous story, obviously a spoof of old operettas, presents us with two brothers, the shining Prince Innocent and the wicked Prince Rudolph, fighting each other for the crown of Peasantmania. However, the stock court characters are presented as modern sophisticates, with a hippie leader added to the power struggle. Furthermore, there is abundant candor in the dialogue, with the characters frequently slipping into four-letter-word vernacular to remind us that real life is not a fairy tale.

Indeed, Gagliano's objective seems very much to be an upsetting of the take-it-for-granted world that pretends that there is a sharp dividing line between good and evil and that rationalizes power as good, despite blatant daily evidence to the contrary.

Gagliano's allegorical references are difficult for the audience to interpret. In addition to Peasantmania's internal strife, which somewhat resembles our own, the play is occasionally interrupted to announce war casualties that list enemy dead, Peasantmanian dead, and Mainlanders temporarily disabled. Since the play states that Peasantmania is controlled by "the Mainland" and since the war is taking place elsewhere, Peasantmania might be a small country inside the American sphere of influence. We can also interpret the play's ending as a prediction that leaders of these countries will move from innocence to sophistication and ultimately will defy Mainland domination with some success.

But this is balanced by the lament of Peasantmania's ill-fated court jester, who says, "I'd draw them out of themselves. I'd be whatever I'd have to be to get them to spit out their inside crap. . . . I don't know what did me in exactly. My own feeling was that there was honesty in the result and honesty could not be tolerated by the Mainlanders. They stopped the audience from coming to see my act. So I went back to trickery and the audiences were allowed back to see me. It made me mad. And I took out my rage on the audience. Verbal hostility. *That* they loved. . . . The audience got bigger. So what? By being dishonest to myself I've destroyed any honest creativity in myself." This description of the artist's dilemma makes us think of the Soviet Union more than of the United States, but perhaps Gagliano wants the Mainland to be an abstraction of all power-ridden governments.

Unfortunately, the play is so densely packed with artificial characters and elusive references that the moments of

(*Continued on page* 16)

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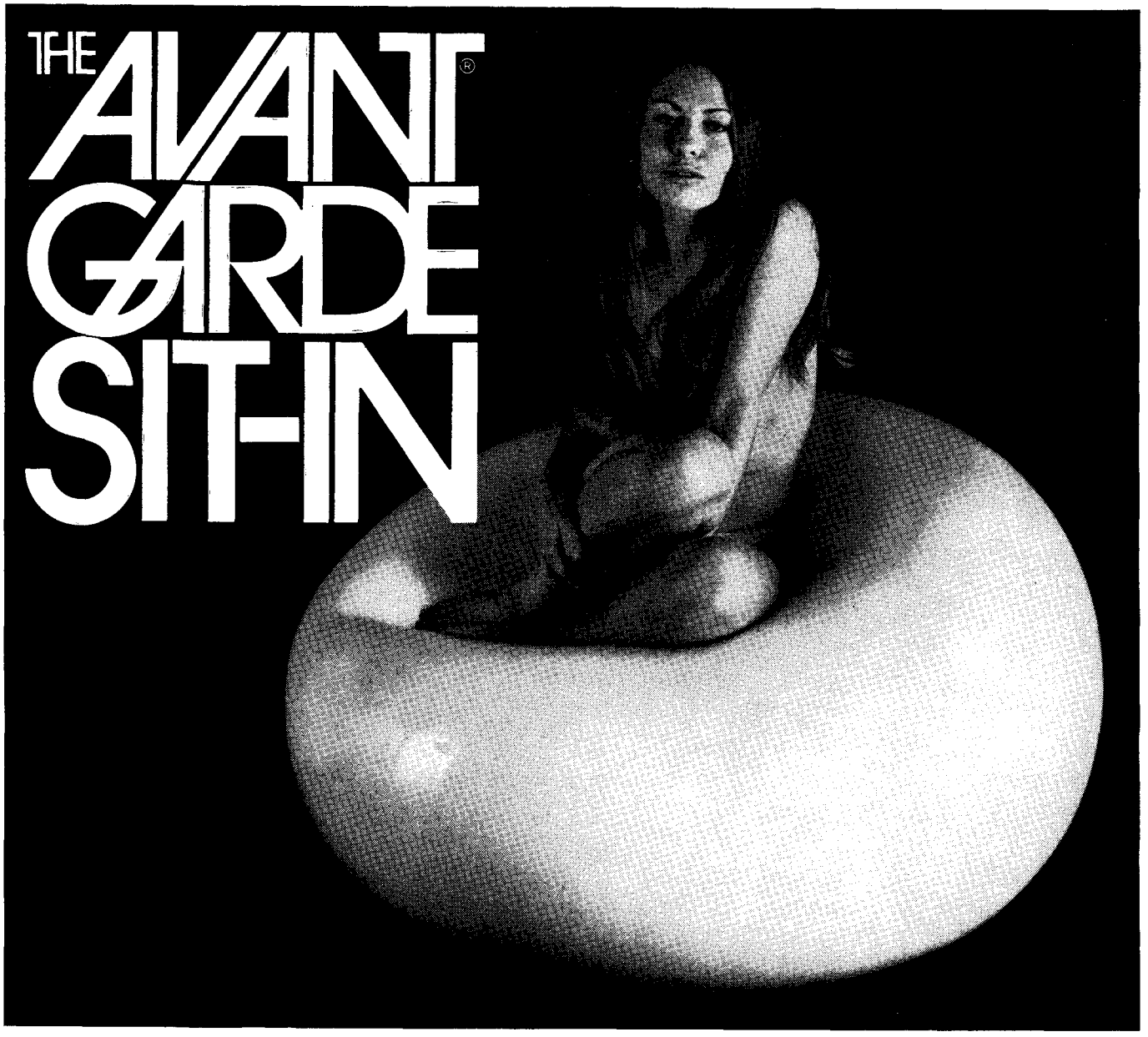

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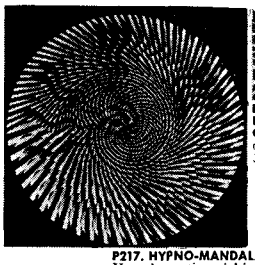

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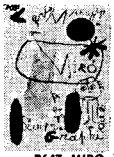

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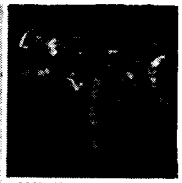

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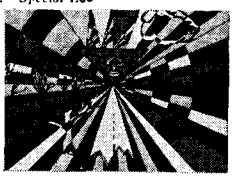

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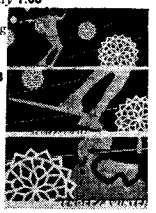

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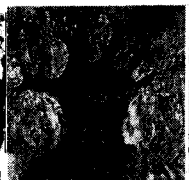

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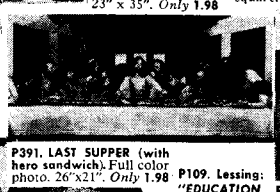

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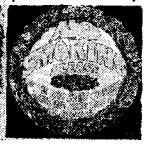

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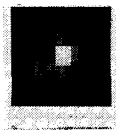

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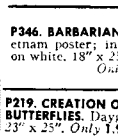

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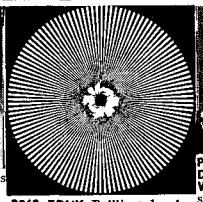

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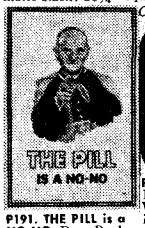

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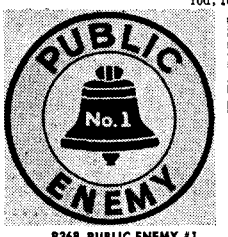

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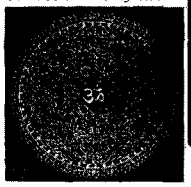

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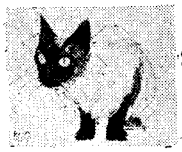

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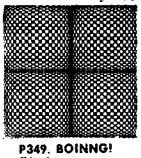

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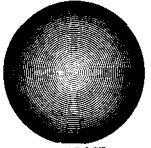

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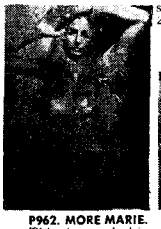

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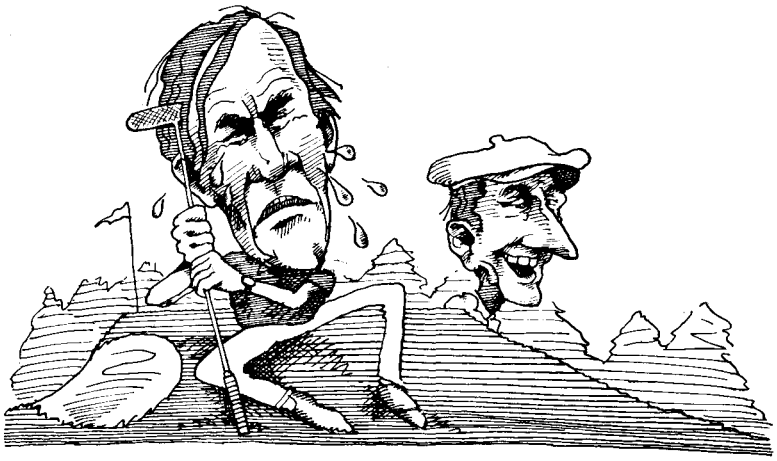

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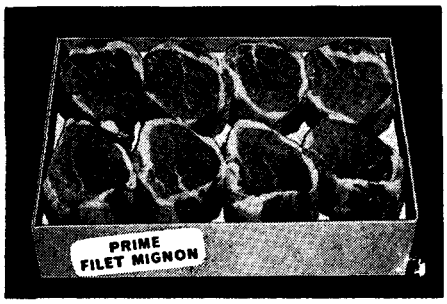

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(Continued from page 12)

significance are outnumbered by the excursions into irreverent and often irrelevant theatrics. Although this splendid company performs these stylishly, the protagonist's progress from innocence to sophistication seems fitful.

Should Milwaukee have attempted it? Absolutely. For with 15,700 adventurous subscribers guaranteeing a minimum of 87 per cent capacity attendance, it can afford to tackle a difficult but worthy large-scale project like *The Prince of Peasantmania* in the hope that the production result will inspire the playwright to find the work's true identity and deal with it.

Elsewhere around the country there were other instances of big new works receiving impressive productions. At the University of California at Davis, Robert Murray's *Donner* was given its world premiere by the UCD Professional Resident Theatre. Thanks to the financial assistance of the Office of Advanced Drama Research of the University of Minnesota under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, the UCD company's director, Alfred Rossi, was able to mount a handsome production of this poetic saga about some Americans driven by the impulse for adventure to leave a relatively prosperous life in Illinois and attempt incredible hardships by taking a new route to California. If the play suffers from lack of focus and the author's reluctance either to let his work become a historical narrative or to find some profound significance in the trip's agonies, it nevertheless emerges as a memorable experience.

Boston University's Theatre Arts Division commissioned Megan Terry to write *Approaching Simone*, a biographical treatment of the life and thought of Simone Weil that would involve a large group of its students. Miss Terry supplied brilliantly creative director Maxine Klein with a scenario in which thirty-four students in anonymous blue coveralls used pantomime, improvisation, and song to express with reckless vitality the introverted Simone's experiences and her mystical philosophy. Although the details of her life are not intensely dramatic and do not very convincingly lead to revelatory statement, the students manage to keep the theater engagingly alive with their energy, their discipline, and their imagination.

Deservedly proud of its work, BU brought *Approaching Simone* to New York's Café La Mama for a week's engagement. This liaison is a most fortunate one and will undoubtedly be repeated by BU and other university theaters doing work that fits in with La Mama's growing new tradition.

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Chess Corner No. 150

The book *Terms and Themes* covers a glossary of forms and movements in composition more or less in standardized settings. In problem chess, the field is large and diverse. Though hardly comprehensive, it ranges over leitmotivs, with their will-o'-the-wisp flutterings, to hard "taskers," with almost impossible conditions. To a certain extent, over-the-board strategy and tactics also have been categorized. Yet, their infinite mathematical potential precludes a profound format.

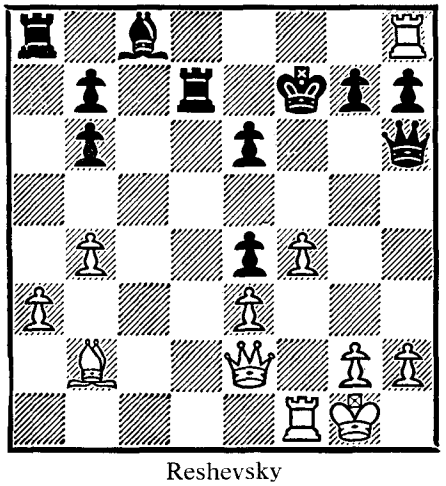
It is only happenstance, then, that the Nimzo-Indian Defense between Sammy Reshevsky of Spring Valley, New York, seven-time U.S. chess champion, and Dr. Karl Burger of Brooklyn, from the last U.S. title tournament, a twelve-man round robin, pre-empts a formidable spot in problem chess. It has the earmarks of the "tasker."

Certainly, without any conscious effort, Reshevsky describes a geometric diagonal line with his queen rook—a hyperbolic hypotenuse. Beginning with 16 R-R2 to 17 R-B2 to 23 R-B7 to 24 RxN to 25 R-K8ch to 26 R-R8, the rook traverses the path, from its original square, clearly across the large middle diagonal to the very opposite end of the board.

NIMZO-INDIAN DEFENSE

Reshevsky White	Burger Black	Reshevsky White	Burger Black
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	14 P-QN4	Q-B5
2 P-QB4	P-K3	15 N-Q2	Q-B6
3 N-QB3	B-N5	16 R-R2	R-Q1
4 P-K3	O-O	17 R-B2	Q-K4
5 B-Q3	P-B4	18 B-N2	Q-KN4
6 N-B3	P-Q4	19 Q-K2	N-K2
7 O-O	N-B3	20 P-B4	Q-R3
8 P-QR3	PxBP	21 N-B4	P-B4
9 BxP	B-R4	22 NxB	PxN
10 B-Q3	Q-K2	23 R-B7	PxB
11 N-K4	NxN	24 RxN	R-Q2
12 BxN	B-N3	25 R-K8ch	K-B2
13 PxP	QxP	26 R-R8	Resigns

Burger



Reshevsky

—AL HOROWITZ.

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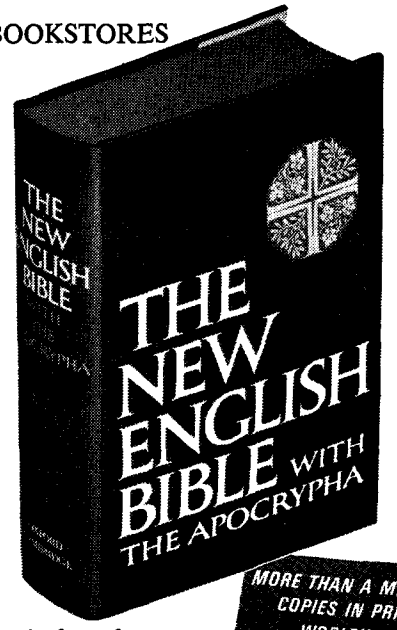

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

I certainly am grateful to Kenneth Rexroth, the poet from San Francisco. In the midst of the formal ceremony at which the National Book Awards were being made on March 4 in Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center, he leaped to his feet and shouted, "I wish to disassociate myself from the use of the podium for a Fascist, anti-Semitic demonstration!" And then he sat down. (Those were his exact words, no matter what has been printed elsewhere.)

The sight of Mr. Rexroth, his impressive white sideburns waving, his finger pointed dramatically in the air, was a welcome relief to me. The three days of seminars and announcements had not produced anything very exciting. In previous years we had witnessed such incidents as a walkout on Hubert Humphrey; a winner's presentation of his $1,000 check to a representative of a draft resistance movement; and the acceptance of an award by another winner who was noticeably three sheets to the wind. Mr. Rexroth saved the 1970 National Book Awards from complete blandness.

As a member of the jury (along with Senator Eugene McCarthy and William Meredith) that chose the poetry winner, Rexroth was seated on the stage with many other distinguished folk in the literary world. Elizabeth Bishop, whose *Complete Poems* won, was unable to attend the ceremony and had asked Robert Lowell to accept for her. She lives in a little town in Brazil called Ouro Prêto, where there is a minimum of transportation, telephone service, and mail delivery. She wasn't able to get a statement to New York; so Lowell—poet, former NBA winner, and her close friend—made his own. He told the audience that it was a shame that Ezra Pound hadn't been nominated for an award, and then gave a beautiful reading of a Bishop poem entitled "Visits to St. Elizabeth's," written after she visited Pound in the hospital for the insane where he was confined some years ago.

That was when Rexroth made his move. But he was checkmated immediately by one of the cleverest bits of repartee heard in many a day. Almost before Rexroth had sat down again Robert Cromie, Chicago journalist and television personality, who was master of ceremonies, replied, "I wish to disassociate myself from the idea that that was either Fascist or anti-Semitic." The audience approved with a burst of applause. Rexroth, I might point out, was wrong on another count: The piece of furniture was not a podium, but a lectern.

The remaining prize winners were: *An Unfinished Woman,* a kind of autobiography by playwright Lillian Hellman (published by Little, Brown); *A Day of Pleasure: Stories of a Boy Growing Up in Warsaw* by Isaac Bashevis Singer, with photographs by Roman Vishniac (published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux); *Them,* a novel by Joyce Carol Oates (Vanguard); *Huey Long,* a biography by T. Harry Williams (Knopf); *Gandhi's Truth: On the Origins of Militant Nonviolence* by Erik H. Erikson (Norton); and Ralph Mannheim's translation from the French of *Castle to Castle,* a novel by Louis-Ferdinand Céline (Seymour Lawrence-Delacorte Press).

Three of the seven prizes were won by women, which proves whatever you want it to. Two of the books, Bishop's and Singer's, were published by the same house, Farrar, Straus & Giroux. That firm, in fact, had seven books nominated, and, after the awards were announced, Trudy Schafer of Viking chided Julie Coryn of Farrar: "Five losers!"

It was rather disappointing to have three of the winners fail to appear. Professor Williams was bedded down with pneumonia in Baton Rouge; Ralph Mannheim had influenza in Paris; Miss Bishop, as I explained, was practically incommunicado. When the members of the press gathered for interviews before the ceremony, only Messrs. Singer and Erikson and Mrs. Oates represented the winners, and a rumor swept through the room that Miss Hellman had fallen and broken a tibia. Thirty minutes later she appeared, in apparent good health, merely a bit tardy.

The interviews, in any case, did not produce much startling news. Miss Hellman, explaining why she had given up writing plays, declared that the Broadway theater is "an unpleasant place to be." When pressed to elaborate, she didn't. Mr. Erikson stated that he would "see to it that some of the [prize] money reaches men and women who are working and suffering for causes that Gandhi would have considered his own." When asked for specifics, he, too, declined to give them. Mr. Singer, whose sense of humor and accent made a charming combination, replied at great length to a reporter's query, then concluded: "Maybe I didn't understand your question, but I have a principle if I don't understand a question, I answer a different question."

In his remarks later Mr. Singer, calling himself "a mere beginner in juvenile literature," listed ten of the reasons he began to write for children:

1) Children read books, not reviews. They don't give a hoot about the critics.

2) They don't read to find their identity.

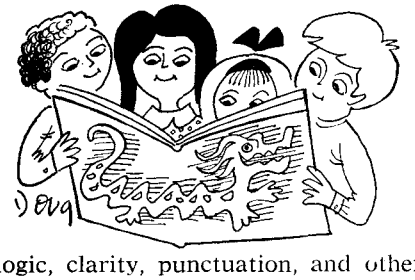
3) They don't read to free themselves of guilt, to quench the thirst for rebellion, or to get rid of alienation.

4) They have no use for psychology.

5) They detest sociology.

6) They don't try to understand Kafka or *Finnegans Wake.*

7) They still believe in God, the family, angels, devils, witches, goblins,



logic, clarity, punctuation, and other such obsolete stuff.

8) They love interesting stories, not commentary, guides, or footnotes.

9) When a book is boring, they yawn openly, without any shame or fear of authority.

10) They don't expect their beloved writer to redeem humanity. Young as they are, they know that it is not in his power. Only the adults have such childish illusions.

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(Arthur) Guiterman:
(On the Vanity of)
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The tusks that clashed in mighty brawls
Of mastodons, are billiard balls.

The sword of Charlemagne the Just
Is ferric oxide, known as rust.

The grizzly bear whose potent hug
Was feared by all, is now a rug.

Great Caesar's dead and on the shelf,
And I don't feel so well myself.

(From "Pith and Vinegar," edited by William Cole)

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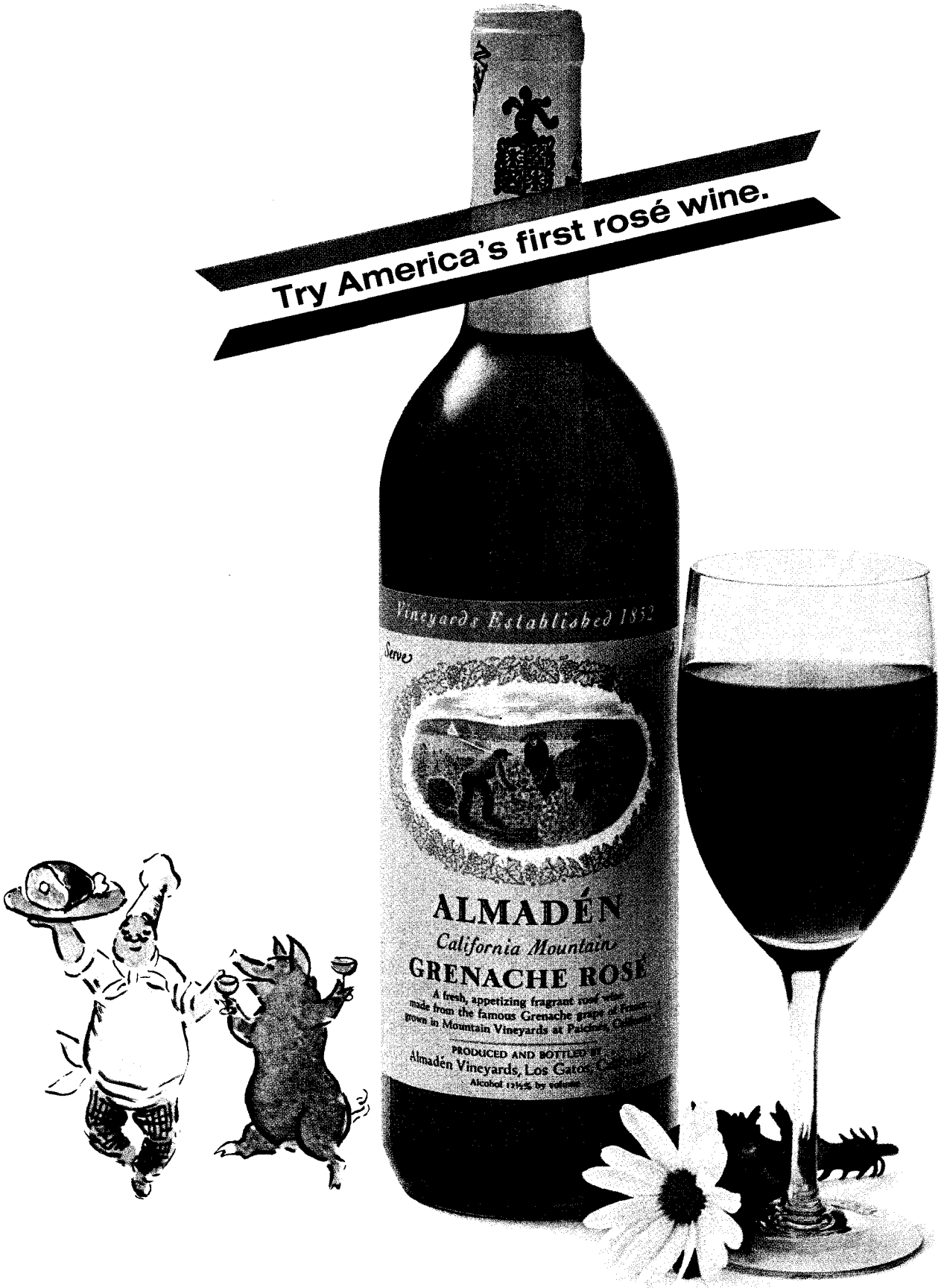

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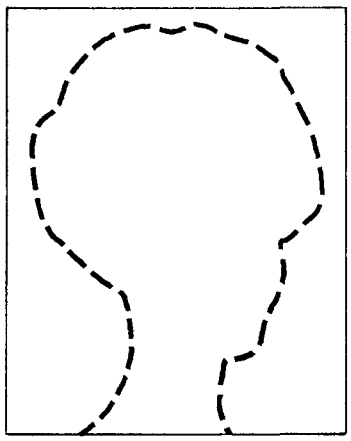

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Saturday Review
March 21, 1970

A Proposal to End the Vietnam Fighting

"It is the ferocity of life at village level, with its unquenched and interlocked impulses of vengeance, that mocks the glib solution of 'coalition government,' as well as the diplomatic rigidities of Paris."

by THEODORE H. WHITE

In a few weeks, two years of futility will have elapsed at the Theater of the Absurd in Paris.

In twenty-two months of Vietnam negotiations, more than 18,000 Americans have died; countless Vietnamese have perished; and peace is no closer. Hung high on their rigid ideologies, frozen in a dialogue of the deaf, the parties to the Paris talks have buried reality in rhetoric. And the rhetoric of both barely conceals the fact that neither has offered the other anything more than impossible and humiliating surrender.

It is best, therefore, to abandon the Paris rhetoric entirely and stab for the underlying realism of Vietnamese politics. For if these politics cannot be untangled, then no solution at all is possible.

Vietnamese politics begin in the villages; the root of the deadlock there is fear; and the heart of the matter is murder—murder on a scale so merciless and enduring that few outsiders can comprehend it. Fifteen years of civil war have pitted village against village, family against family until fear is the environment of the entire countryside—fear not so much of marauding main-force battalions in the field, but of neighbor for neighbor.

This fear is invisible. Few sights are more bucolic than a Vietnamese hamlet that has not been shattered by bombs or artillery. One can wander through the dirt paths or cobbled streets of such an unscarred village, shaded by its bamboo, banana, or palm trees, its hedgerows twined with yellow or scarlet flowers, and the war seems far away. But the terror is not. In the hills beyond the rice paddies lurk guerrillas who can enter and kill by night. In the ten years, 1957-67, Vietcong executioners with their blank warrants assassinated 12,000 civilians in the villages—both the finest and the most vile of those who support the government. And the government apparatus, supported by the popular forces in their mud-ball garrisons, acting through village chiefs or police agents, can capriciously finger any Vietcong sympathizer or suspect for arrest or execution by day. Vietnam provides sanctuary for no one—no place where a man can be sure he is safe night or day; it offers nothing a man can have and be sure of holding. It is beyond human reason that the people of South Vietnam should be expected to trust each other.

It is the ferocity of life at village level, with its unquenched and interlocked impulses of vengeance, that mocks the glib solution of "coalition government," as well as the diplomatic rigidities of Paris. At the grassroots, in the streets of the hamlets, live thousands of families side by side, some of whose sons fight with the government, others with the night raiders in the hills. Hate is skin-close. A little more than two years ago, I spent an evening with a Vietnamese Civil Action Marine squad posted fifteen miles out of Danang, patrolling the village of Nam-O. All through the night, from their sandbagged wooden tower, the young Marines intermittently poked their floodlight down the village streets. The glaring light came to rest again and again on a large and solid hut no more than 300 feet down the slope. I asked what it was. They explained that it was a farmer's house; they knew two of his sons were fighting with the Vietcong, but they couldn't do anything about him. The government garrison with whom the Marines then worked thought otherwise: "That old sergeant of theirs," said one of the young Marines, "he thinks we just ought to chop him." The Marine made a chopping motion across the neck, and then added, "But we can't." How many get chopped without trial in other Vietnamese villages, no one can count.

No government in Saigon, dignified with the title of coalition government, or any other label, can protect these families in their homes. It is the local police and the night killers who count, and neither side will trust the other in administration of justice or protection of person. Nor should they —any more than Harlem should accept George Wallace as police commissioner, or Birmingham, Alabama, accept Eldridge Cleaver.

This is the root reality of Vietnamese politics.

Such politics of murder and terror in the Orient first forced themselves

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THEODORE H. WHITE, whose *The Making of the President, 1960* won a Pulitzer Prize in 1962, is a veteran correspondent and political commentator.

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on American diplomacy twenty-five years ago, when Gen. George Catlett Marshall was sent to China to seek a solution to that country's torment. In a foretaste of the concept of coalition government which has since become dogma to some Americans and anathema to others, Marshall was specifically instructed by Truman to urge a "national conference among the major political elements to bring about the reunification of China."

It is worth recalling that mission now, and Marshall's year-long groping toward the solution that still eludes us in Vietnam. The war against Japan had just ended in victory. But decades of civil war between Nationalists and Communists, before and during the Japanese invasion, had made China a wasteland of blood hatreds. Leaders on both sides had brothers, children, families killed by the other. No previous experience in representative government could guide the Chinese. There existed no tradition of civil decency or impersonal standard of justice that could be trusted. No leader or partisan of either side dared, therefore, to trust his personal security to control by the other side.

There are, of course, vast dissimilarities between the condition of China at the end of 1945 and that of Vietnam today. The Japanese had to be disarmed. The Russians occupied Manchuria, which was certain to be the chief prize if civil war burst out afresh. Thousands of puppet Chinese, who had served the Japanese invaders, gingerly tried to find out whether they could expect greater mercy from the Nationalists or Communists.

But certain realities rose clearly. First, the Communists *did* control, with their guerrillas and political institutions, all five provinces in the Yellow River basin except for the railway towns that the Japanese garrisons had occupied. Second was the rapid metastasis of Communist guerrilla units in the last two years of the war, during which they gained pockets of armed control near Shanghai, near Canton, in Hainan, in Anhua, and other areas that had become no man's land. The fragmentation of loyalties, village by village, had begun. The process was nowhere near as widespread as the fragmentation in Vietnam today, but the pattern was set. Lastly, the essence of the deadlock was the same as in Vietnam—the total mistrust of one side for the other, a mistrust engrained by a generation of blood and duplicity.

Over a six-month period in early 1946, General Marshall groped his way toward what seemed to his practical eye to be the only reasonable solution. Protocols and papers multiplied, all coated with political aphorisms and pious gloss. Yet the final understanding, in June 1946, had a solid core. China was to be divided into five main military regions. In four, the Chiang government's armies and garrisons would be completely dominant. But in the Yellow River Valley, three armies would be recognized, under Communist commanders, two-thirds of whose troops would be hard-core, outright Communist veterans. The rhetorical amenities were taken care of by promising freedom of speech and movement for everyone everywhere. A federal government was envisioned that ultimately would control China's common economy, foreign affairs, external defense. The vital understanding, however, rested on the explicit partition of the country into areas where Communists would be free of terror, and areas where the Nationalists would be equally free of Communist attack; both would be able to build their China as they saw it. It is essential to recall how eagerly the Communists sought this kind of realistic partition. They would settle for nothing less than their own zones of security; when they were promised, it was Chou En-lai, now Premier of Red China, who signed the truce agreements.

The truce agreements admittedly were fuzzy and complicated. They broke up, first, because the Russians, who controlled Manchuria, wanted to see the Communists installed there and Chiang Kai-shek, with our full logistical support, set out to frustrate them in that critical border area. The truce was patched up after an initial outburst of Manchurian fighting; then broke up again because Chiang's armies, in an insane misjudgment, set out to attack and wipe out the Communists wherever they were. Chiang took as a guarantee unofficial American voices that assured him the United States would always support him no matter what his breach of faith. In offensive after vain offensive, he thrust his armies against Communist strongholds throughout the Yellow River Valley as well as Manchuria. Ignoring official American advice, he wasted energies in the north that should have been invested in rebuilding the Nationalist base in the Yangtze Valley. His was to be a war of no quarter and no sanctuary; and when, in 1948, America withdrew its support, Chiang collapsed and the Communists swept over the mainland.

Our involvement in Vietnam today is incomparably greater than it was in China in 1948. Conceivably, a solution that seemed acceptable to us as "neutral" referee in China in 1946 should now be re-examined when our direct interests as a nation are at stake. The Marshall proposal for peace in China hung on the concept that each side must recognize the other's need for physical security; it was the only agreement that the Communists could be persuaded to accept. Historians still argue whether the Marshall proposals ultimately resulted in Communist victory — but their debate is irrelevant.

"Let's hope his heart's in the right place."

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We lacked the power and appetite to police or enforce the agreements, to give them a chance to work; Chiang's insistence on a monolithic all-powerful central government left no alternative to us but to withdraw when he pushed his ambition beyond the federalism envisioned by Americans.

Today, the Paris proposals of both sides insist on the same winner-take-all solution—"Vietnamization" is our way of getting there, a new government in Saigon is the Communists' way of getting there. Yet a partition of South Vietnam into zones of security under a federal government is certainly a more manageable proposal for negotiating an end to fighting than discussing the total surrender terms each side now offers the other. And it is certainly much more in our capacity to buttress and maintain such a federal solution in Vietnam than it was in China.

One must start down the road to such a solution by first looking pragmatically at the politics and history of Vietnam.

Vietnam has never in modern times known any centralized state unified under its own government. Put together on the map by French conquest, savaged by French colonialism, the tormented land has succeeded in breeding only two native institutions that aspire to govern. And both of these are tainted with a cruelty bred into them by an experience utterly alien to political behavior of Americans at home.

The first institution is, of course, the Communist Party of Vietnam, both North and South. It is, certainly, the most powerful creation of the Vietnamese people—but an utterly merciless one. The early record of the Vietminh in ruthlessly eliminating other freedom-fighters and parties resistant to French colonialism dates back to the Thirties and Forties; excesses by the Communists in the North during the Fifties, after they were installed in power, are an abomination. Yet there can be no doubt that their control is an authentic expression of a huge segment of Vietnamese will—by now, surely, an unshakable majority in North Vietnam.

The second institution is equally authentic: the resistance to the Communists, shaped up in the fragile government and military dictatorship of Saigon and South Vietnam. Military dictatorships also are repellent to American taste—yet they are, in developing countries, a phase that history seems unable to eliminate. However odious the Thieu and Ky regime, with all its corruption and inefficiency, may appear to us, hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese have preferred to fight, and scores of thousands to die, on the anti-Communist side—and continue to do so.

"It hurts only when I cackle."

Setting aside North Vietnam, whose right to exist as a Communist state has never been challenged, logic leads us to an examination of reality in South Vietnam.

Of the sixteen million people who live in South Vietnam today, approximately half are Buddhists of varying sects; two million are believed to be Catholics; almost two million may belong to the Cao Dai sect; up to a million may be Hoa Hao. Refugees from the North number almost a million; aboriginal montagnards perhaps a million; ethnic Cambodians about a half-million; ethnic Chinese more than a half-million. All are gathered in a melting pot that has never melted. South Vietnam is fundamentally different from North Vietnam; it is a far more heterogeneous and diverse community.

We know shamefully little about the subtleties of the politics of these sixteen million. But one gross fact rises clear—after fifteen years of civil war and terror, millions of South Vietnamese will never willingly submit to Communist rule—and other millions, substantially fewer, will never willingly submit to government rule. Whoever has the upper hand in a "central" or "coalition" government in Saigon, that government will never be able to assure all the villagers and demobilized veterans that they will be safe in their own cottages and streets, from search, seizure, arrest, imprisonment, or the atavistic revenge of embittered neighbors. Union Blue and Rebel Gray never were expected, after our own civil war, to live quietly, side by side, in the same streets of the same town. Some way must be found to separate South Vietnam into communities where all can be secure, with each community in control of its own safety and police, yet bracketed under a federal government that can cause all to thrive.

Only if the reality of the situation at the grassroots is recognized can there be a glimmer of a long-range solution. And such perspectives should lead us, therefore, to shape our military operations in the field, particularly in this phase of withdrawal, to the given solution: the partition of South Vietnam, under a federal government, into political cantonments or states.

The time for a fresh approach has never been more propitious than now. The sober yet enigmatic diplomacy of Richard Nixon in Asia has, up to now, led us to no commitments of a Johnsonian quality. It still retains its flexibility; and its constant re-examination of field strategy is a virtue. In the field of battle, allied forces momentarily have the upper hand. Pacification apparently proceeds encouragingly, and it is from this strength, rather than from the paralysis of a post-Tet shock, that a more generous and rea-

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Laos

President Nixon is right in saying that knowledge of the full historical background is essential to an understanding of the present situation in Laos. His public statement on Laos reviews most of the principal events since 1949, with special emphasis on the Geneva Treaty of 1962, signed by fourteen nations, including the United States, Soviet Union, North Vietnam, Communist China, France, and the United Kingdom. The statement then cites the large-scale violations of that treaty by North Vietnam as major factors in the present fighting in Laos.

These facts are vital to any judgment on the Laotian problem in general or America's involvement in particular. But there was a large omission in the President's recital that impairs a full understanding of the historical background. This omission pertains to events following the first national elections in Laos in 1956, as a result of which Prince Souvanna Phouma became Prime Minister. The United States gave full support to the Souvanna government, spending $325-million from 1955 through 1960 in direct aid. Of this amount, 80 per cent went into military supplies or salaries; the remainder went into public health, education, agricultural improvement, and industrial development. We were seeking to strengthen a moderate government that was attempting to upgrade the social conditions of its people, under a policy that resisted ideological or other pressure from Communist China.

Then, in the summer of 1960, General Phoumi Nosavan, son-in-law of the Prime Minister of Thailand, led a military coup against the legitimate government of Souvanna Phouma. The insurgents were armed with American weapons. It was clear that the coup had U.S. support. Not only did the United States not protect the legitimate government of Souvanna Phouma; it financed the rebellion. Souvanna's government fought on. Thus began the civil war. Meanwhile, the United States was trapped by its miscalculation. For several months, the U.S. was in the bizarre and incredible position of meeting the payrolls of both armies and of supplying them with uniforms and weapons.

Before long, the U.S. openly shifted its support to the insurgents. Prime Minister Souvanna warned that, if Washington withdrew its help, he would have to turn to Moscow. In the end he did, and the United States and the Soviet Union found themselves on opposite ends of a supply line in an Asian civil war. Thirty thousand people died.

Another direct result of the war was that the Pathet Lao movement became stronger in the North. Also an indeterminate number of Laotian citizens came to associate the Pathet Lao with the goal of freedom from outside intervention or rule. There was little question that leaders of the Pathet Lao were Communist; similarly, there was little question that not everyone who supported or joined was Communist. The essential point here is that the American-supported attempt to subvert the legitimate Souvanna government not only failed, but actually succeeded in bolstering the very ideological forces we were seeking to combat.

President John F. Kennedy in 1962 took the initiative in holding direct discussions with Premier Nikita Khrushchev for the purpose of restoring the Souvanna government. Both the United States and Soviet Union agreed to disengage themselves militarily from Laos. Prince Souvanna Phouma's government was to be re-established on a coalition basis.

The full story of the events leading to the 1962 Geneva meeting was not revealed by Washington at the time but was known to other governments, including France and Great Britain, and has since become generally known piece by piece.

Our involvement in Indo-China over the years has meaning for the entire process of decision-making in U.S. foreign policy. Contrary to its history and its own Constitution, and without the knowledge or expressed desire of the American people and its Congress, the government of the United States has become involved in subversion or attempts at subversion of other governments. It happened not just in Laos. It happened in Vietnam in 1963 when President Ngo Dinh Diem was assassinated. It happened in Cambodia in 1965, according to a recent story in *The New York Times,* when U.S. secret operatives were foiled in their attempt to overthrow Prince Sihanouk.

The given justification is that we are combatting communism. How simple is it to corrupt ourselves, disfigure our own institutions, and do evil in the world so long as we can say we are trying to hurt an enemy. The trouble with accepting any justification for terrible deeds is that it tends not just to produce supposedly isolated expedients but to create something of a pattern and eventually a way of life.

If an American agency has the power to murder other heads of state, what is to stop it from turning against the American President himself? The principal effect of everything we have been doing in Indo-China—Vietnam and Laos in particular—is to undermine our society, our standing in the world, and our place in history. In the name of containing communism, we actually have been strengthening it. Is Souvanna Phouma a Communist? President Nixon says he is not. Yet we

(*Continued on page* 82)

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Letters to the Editor

Accounting for Culture

THERE ARE two basic errors in the general theses of the essays pertaining to the arts and artists in "The Business of Culture" [*SR*, Feb. 28].

1) The government of a modern mass society should never subsidize artists or the arts. Appreciation of and participation in the arts should be the knowledgeable pleasure and contribution of each individual citizen.

2) The "productivity" of the artist *can* be raised to parallel or exceed that of the "worker." Anytime that those who command economic control of television broadcasting material will support programing featuring artists of all disciplines, the artist will begin to take his rightful position in the development of a cultured civilization.

These proposals depend on the dedication and courage of those individuals, institutions, and corporations that will offer financial support for prime-time programing for the arts and artists. With such pioneering support we could predict that, ten years from now, broad public support and understanding of the arts would be healthy and growing. Only when a majority of Americans have been made esthetically aware can we begin to hope that the art forms and the individual artist will become an integrated part of an American civilization. Only when the art forms and the artist are as influential as commerce and the businessman will America *be* a civilization.

It would be ideal if the millions of potentially appreciative and creative Americans could get their exposure to the arts and artists in personal encounters. It is not a practical solution. This *is* a mass society. It is not a society of the elite. The masses today tend to feel that the arts and the artists are for the few. Television is *the* medium for mass communication. Corporations and politicians all acknowledge this fact. If these corporations and politicians have any nonexploitative visions of the future of America, now is the time for them to act. They alone have the power (television) to create a nation of appreciative citizens.

We *all* need, desperately, extended experiences with some kinds of beauty, with those arts and artists who desire to communicate that which is *the* human quality: compassionate imagination.

HARRY G. BEDFORD,
Escondido, Calif.

NATURALLY the confusion of the times achieves geometrical intensity in the field of art, and *SR*'s effort to get constructive suggestions from leading figures is admirable. Those selected seem to agree that expansion of the audience is desirable, but unfortunately they view this as a quantitative rather than as a qualitative matter.

No significant expansion of interest in the arts will be accomplished simply by pouring more funds into the existing establishment. Consumption of art today is limited by its lack of appeal, due to the fallacy that sophistication is a categorical virtue that must constantly be pushed to further extremes.

Refinement of all phases of life is of course an admirably humanistic tendency, but only so far as positive recognizable values are produced for the benefit of all intelligent and sensitive beings. Esoteric development beyond that point must remain a special pursuit of the few, accepted as such and not permitted to overshadow or displace broadly accessible expression. This is not to say that value can be gauged by the volume of response, but that there is today a worthy audience that would respond to simple direct *meaning* in esthetically admirable forms, much greater than that which is interested in "connoisseurship."

LINCOLN ROTHSCHILD,
Editor, *The Pragmatist in Art*,
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

Men, Women, and the Feminists

LUCY KOMISAR in "The New Feminism" [*SR*, Feb. 21] declares that "free child care is likely to become the most significant demand made by the [feminist] movement," and urges free day-care centers for all working mothers. Who would take care of the children in these centers, men or women?

If women, would their employment be considered as "menial and inferior" (as Miss Komisar describes the occupation of a mother taking care of her own children) or as "creative and fulfilling" (as she suggests cannot describe the occupation of bearing children and bringing them up to be well-developed, useful adults)?

And, if it's a menial and inferior occupation, who is going to insist that the thousands of women necessary for this work be condemned to do the job? The new feminists? It all seems very confusing to a mere man.

L. Y. ERSKINE,
New Hope, Pa.

THE FEMINISTS do not seem to realize what most of us have recognized for years: Women *can* do anything men can do, if they are foolish enough to want to. Of course, they must be willing to discipline themselves, possibly postpone marriage and childbearing, and compete *honestly* if they wish to succeed. (No time out for "cramps.")

I never *really* believed there was such a thing as "penis-envy," until I met up with some of these unhappy females in the Liberation Front. They're a sad lot, really, for none of their protestations will change their physiology.

Women live longer, control the nation's wealth, and can play any role men can play and be a mother besides. In fact, we enjoy the best of *all* worlds. What is there to fight about?

JANET HOOD, M.D.,
Director, Student Health Service,
State University of New York at Albany,
Albany, N.Y.

"A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar, Pangborn.
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon."

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

The Sutherland-Horne "Norma"; Britten, Niska, and Nilsson

SOME OF the most divinely beautiful music ever written is being almost as divinely well sung in the Metropolitan's new production of Bellini's *Norma*, which culminates, caps, and otherwise climaxes the short list of such ventures for this shortened season. Among its other distinctions, the occasion marked the ascension to equal rank, with the established trio of Joan Sutherland (Norma), Cesare Siepi (Oroveso), and Carlo Bergonzi (Pollione), of the American-born Marilyn Horne, who made her debut as Norma's twin in tragedy, Adalgisa.

For Miss Sutherland, this marked her first appearance in a new Metropolitan production in much too long a time (during which her appearances of any kind in the new theater have been few). Such a career as hers, however long, is always too short, and to have a year or two of it spent entirely elsewhere is a deprivation New Yorkers can ill afford. She returns with vocal splendor undiminished, with her all but inhuman accuracy wholly at her bidding, and the fastidious kind of musicianship that is almost as much a "trademark" as her extravagant coiffure, more subtly employed than before.

In this Miss Horne was Castor to her Pollux. There was neither indecision nor uncertainty in anything she did, despite the conspicuous circumstances. A picture of confidence from the outset, Miss Horne added a new chapter to the history of native-born vocal art, if for virtuosity alone. She was, to this taste, at her finest when she used her lovely *mezzo forte* sound (which carries beautifully), less so when she pushed it a *fortissimo*, and least of all when she leaned heavily on the so-called "chest tones." There are some isolated instances in opera where this heavy, dark sound can be employed to advantage, but there are few such in *Norma*. Her tendency to pull out this stop according to range rather than reason cheapened its value and vulgarized Bellini's intent (the role was, after all, conceived for a soprano rather than an alto).

For the casual operagoer, this version of *Norma* will appeal, then, for the virtuosity of the two female principals, and the compatibility of their "Mira, o Norma" in particular. Thanks to Miss Sutherland's more than ordinarily substantial low range and Miss Horne's more than ordinarily bright high register, they sometimes create the illusion of the same voice singing two different lines (easy enough in the recording studio but not in the opera house). Indeed, the duetists elected a transposition downward (from F to E flat), though neither would appear to have a range problem. On the other hand, Miss Sutherland provided the listener with the rare experience of hearing "Casta Diva" in G, as written, rather than the lower key of F, in which it is almost invariably performed.

So far as vocalism is concerned; similar compliments could be extended to Siepi, a splendid Oroveso as always, to Bergonzi, a little undersized vocally for Pollione but generally capable (after some initial uncertainties); and also to Rod MacWherter as a superior Flavio. With a full complement of partisans for each present and accounted for, and some partisans just for vocal expertise, generally, they had a fashionable, vocal-minded audience shouting from the outset, and especially on Miss Horne's behalf after Act III (as arranged in this three-intermission affair).

But what of the tensions and the torments, the agonies and the exultations that have, on some occasions, raised Norma to the heroic stature of a Medea, Elektra, or other destiny-fated figure of tragedy? None of those "excesses" this time. In fact, this was on most accounts decidedly an old-fashioned *Norma*, in merits as well as demerits. Beautifully sung, it was almost devoid of effective direction, meaningful action, verbal eloquence, or shafts of dramatic lightning, thus dating to about 25 B.C. (Before Callas).

Despite the fact that the Met's revolving stage was utilized for the first time, to bridge the final pair of scenes (would that it had bridged one of the needless intermissions!) and to move silently, effectively, one of the alignments of Desmond Heeley's unit of huge semicircular "stones" that alternately formed altar, house for Norma, gathering place for the Druids, etc.), the whole thing could have been done on the stage of Carnegie Hall for all the dramatic involvement it conveyed.

There was less direction, from Paul-Emile Deiber, in the sense of establishing a credible relationship resulting in drama, than staging, in the sense of moving groups in and out of position and preventing arboreal traffic jams. This may satisfy those who come to hear Sutherland's Norma, but to those interested in Bellini's *Norma*, whose much-labored-over manuscript betrays an inner agitation not always conveyed by traditional performances of this score, it is simply insufficient, limited, and unsatisfying.

Aside from Siepi, whose impulses are, as they have been for the twenty years since his debut here in 1950, from the inside out, there was altogether too much performance from the outside in —a vocal gloss on a dramatic shell. Admirable as it was in its own restrained way, Richard Bonynge's conducting was all too disposed to favor the vocal patina at a cost to the dramatic structure of which it is a prominent part, but only a part.

At another extreme of the operatic gamut was the first venture since its removal to the New York State Theater of the New York City Opera with Benjamin Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*. The values of the sets designed by Jac Venza were enhanced by the State Theater's stage facilities, though it was arguable whether the layout of the present facility serves the chamber orchestra directed by Charles Wilson as well as the more commodious but more compact surroundings on 55th Street.

One sure gain was the direction of Theodore Mann; another was the first appearance by Maralin Niska as The Governess. This turn of the wheel has provided *The Turn of the Screw* with one of its best embodiments ever of this part. Miss Niska is brighter and stronger in voice than most of the good acting protagonists of The Governess, more powerful in dramatic line and enunciation of the text than most of its good singers. Miss Niska was, in short, first-class.

Also contributory to the good musical and superior theatrical results were John Lankston as narrator of the Prologue, William Dupree as Quint, and the greatly talented Robert Puleo as the doom-destined Miles (June Angela was also admirable as Flora). The roster of principals was completed by Ellen Faull (Mrs. Grose) and Lois Crane (Miss Jessel). The audience for the Thursday night performance did not approach capacity, but it was wholly absorbed in what it saw and heard.

The series of musical events being presented by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in its Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium on behalf of its hundredth anniversary celebration has presented such rarities as Artur Rubinstein in a program of chamber music and Sviatoslav Richter in a piano recital in its intimate surroundings, but hardly anything to compare in

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An essay review of "Nunquam," by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton, 318 pp., $7.95)

Durrell and the Homunculi

by ANTHONY BURGESS

"Freedom, freedom, prison of the free"—the phrase comes unbidden to Felix Charlock, narrator of *Nunquam*. It is a line, he says, "from the best of our modern poets," and in Lawrence Durrell's footnote we learn that this is Lawrence Durrell. Critic-bait, evidently: snatch at this, reviewer, gnaw egotism, mock or real, while neglecting some of the faults of the novel itself. On the other hand, it is not a bad thing for Durrell to remind us that he is primarily a poet, and (one has to admit it in the teeth of his avowal) a quite considerable one. The virtues of his novels are the virtues of a poet writing a novel—verbal exactness, wit, color, memorability, the sensorium dew-washed, the feet light. Whenever it can, the prose lyrically takes off, as when the seaplane starts its descent into the bay of Athens:

> We moved now in a great fat bubble of violet and green sunlight, sinking softly down into the darkening bowl to where the city lay atrembling. The night was darkling up over Salamis way. The outlines were turning to blue chalk, or the sheeny blue of carbon paper. But always the little white abstract dice of the Acropolis held, like a spread sail, the last of the white light as the whole of the rest of the world foundered into darkness. Hymettus turned on its slow turntable, showing us its shaven nape. We were just in time. We circled the city and its central symbol in time to see what was to be seen.

That is very fine, highly poetic. It has a couple of archaic touches—*darkling* and *atrembling*, which are rather Keatsian—and it turns to something like clumsiness at the end (listen to that *time*-chime), but it is unquestionably the writing of a poet—"modern" if not contemporary.

Unfortunately, the successful writing of novels requires more than a lyric gift. A novelist can have a style like a provincial gossip-columnist's and still produce fine fiction. The prose of *The Way of All Flesh* is decent, like a shabby, well-cleaned suit, but it is hardly up to Durrell at his best. Yet Samuel Butler's people are alive and their actions wholly credible. Butler, along with other non-poetic novelists, such as George Eliot, Trollope, and Arnold Bennett, had the dramatic gift, and this is rarely vouchsafed to lyric poets. Sad but true: Tennyson, as well as Keats, failed at plays, and we can be sure that they would have failed equally (indeed, *did* fail: Look at *The Princess, Enoch Arden*, and Keats's jejune epics) in works of fiction. It is in the lyricist's nature to care only about himself, and novels are essentially about other people.

Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet* was a great commercial success, chiefly because it followed the best-selling counsel of Pursewarden, the novelist within the novel: "The answer, old man, is sex and plenty of it . . . lashings of sex . . . but remember . . . *stay buttoned up* . . . Try and look as if you had a stricture, a book society choice." There was also plenty of cruelty, *vide* a camel being carved to pieces live in the streets. Above all, there was the exotic, the heavily perfumed, the sense of *sin* as a shopgirl of the Thirties might be taught by *Poppie's Paper* to understand it. But what there was not was character, living people a reader could care about. In best-sellers this doesn't matter much, but many critics have taken seriously the claim of the *Alexandria Quartet* to be literature, a contribution to the art of serious fiction.

In that it showed the old Huysmans

ANTHONY BURGESS, British novelist and critic, has just completed a biography of Shakespeare, to be published later this year, and is working on a new novel called *M. F.* His last published work was *Urgent Copy*, a volume of literary essays.

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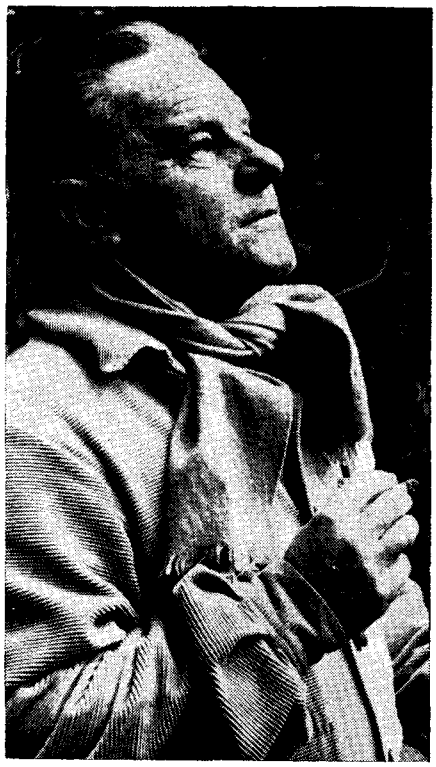
spirit, beloved of Dorian Gray, to be capable of new life, in that it reminded novel-readers of the claims of romance and high words (for it appeared when the angry young books full of wet mackintoshes, fag-ends, and the shagging of high-class birds were popular), the *Quartet* did make a viable contribution. But now its gilts are tarnished and its draperies shabby, as in an Alexandrian brothel shorn of tourists, and many are ashamed of having been taken in by those waxwork lay-figures. They looked alive, true, because Durrell knew all the poetic tricks—clever *maquillage* and a cunning arrangement of shadows—but the only way he could put them in motion was, paradoxically, by dealing out voltaic shocks to the reader. He couldn't find reasonable motivations or even credible actions for his characters, so he took a whip or a knife to them, cutting off a nose here, an ear there, gouging out eyes (at least five characters are monocular), slashing flesh to a bloody blancmange. There were backgrounds of rape, sodomy, incest. The reader jumped, and he thought it was the characters moving. But the piling on of horror and perversity to keep the reader concerned inevitably resulted in diminishing returns. A character could no longer go into a tearoom for a pot of Orange Pekoe and a meringue: the snack had to be garnished with dying screams from upstairs, moans of tumescence behind the tea urn. Something like that, anyway. The terrors of Durrell's Alexandria become part of the furniture, disregarded or, when looked at, seen as rather charming.



—Mark Gerson.

Lawrence Durrell—"poetic tricks."

This ties up, in a sense, with the nature of Durrell's lyric gift. The thrust of a lyric line is rather like a knife, and striking metaphors have to be justified by striking events. The intensity of language can find no counterpart in a peaceful walk by the sea and a quiet postprandial snooze behind the jalousies: it needs action, meaning violence, and, by God, violence is what it gets. Yet one is aware that the violence means nothing referentially, extralinguistically, to Durrell. We gain the impression of a nice man with a nice little job in a boys' preparatory school. On his bookshelves there are lots of nice violent stories, and he reads some of these out to the boys. "Gosh, sir, did that really happen?" "Well, Hoskins, it depends what you mean by *happen.*" And he works out a nice little horror story about what *happened* when he was on holiday in Alexandria. "Gosh, sir, *really?*" It's all schoolboy stuff—jolly decent romantic poetry and horrors. The two don't just go well together; they go ineluctably together.

In 1968, eight years after *Clea*, the last movement of the *Quartet*, Durrell produced *Tunc*, "the first deck of a double-decker novel." In it, Durrell said, "attentive readers may discern the odd echo from *The Alexandria Quartet.*" The reader did not have to be especially attentive: it was, is, very much the old Durrell of the romantic horrors, and so is its sequel, *Nunquam.* (I hope I need not translate either title, Hoskins.) But, at least, Durrell has come to terms at last with his incapacity for dealing in fiction with real life. The themes of the double-decker are totally fantastic: only the exactly noted minutiae of the everyday world (like the lavatory "clearing its throat") hold us to any tradition of naturalism; for the rest, we have to do what we should have done with the *Quartet*—suspend disbelief for the sake of rather tenuous entertainment. For the underpinning "profundities"—Spengler, Freud, and the meaning of culture—needn't be taken seriously, any more than the pseudo-relativism of the *Quartet* had to be taken seriously. Durrell is a light entertainer equipped with a poetic faculty, a singer of clever-silly ribaldries supported by a Wagnerian orchestra.

Aut Tunc Aut Nunquam, as we may call the whole work (following the epigraph from Petronius—"It was then or never . . ."), is about Felix Charlock, the inventor of a diabolically brilliant machine called Abel, which can do anything, and even ends up creating a perfect simulacrum of a human being. Felix is employed by a firm called Merlin, an organization committed to controlling every aspect of human life. Its chief is Julian, a great theorist, gambler, ultra-tycoon, and endless boring talker, whose sister Benedicta Felix marries. There are other talkers, too, members of the firm: monomaniacal experts. There is also Iolanthe, a courtesan of terrible innocence and devastating glamour, who becomes the ultimate in screen goddesses. Toward the end of *Tunc* she dies. In *Nunquam* she is recreated for Julian's benefit, an artifact of dewy skin surrogate, "fine plastic musculature," and an infinitude of filaments. What sounds like crude Gothic Frankensteinery is elevated to high craft by Durrell the poet:

> I said: "Darling, wake up, it's Felix." For a moment nothing, and then the whole face seemed to draw a waking breath. The lids fluttered and very slowly opened . . . But I was staring entranced through the eye sockets of the model into her skull with its intricate nest of coils and wires in different-colored threads, finer than the finest cotton. Marchant passed his palms over the eyelids to close them, as one does with the dead; I felt rather sick in an elated sort of way. "The eyes are over there," he said, indicating a small white glass bowl in which the eyes of the goddess floated in some sort of mucus—gum arabic? They lay there like oysters—unrecognizable now as the most famous eyes in the world, simply because they were detached from context.

But Merlin has other projects in hand, and they all give Durrell scope for the harmless ribaldry of the unusually cultivated medical student. There is a plan for enjarring fresh semen as skinfood, home donors enticed in these words: "Why not give your all for Lovecraft and be in the swim? You can make a fortune if you work at it . . . . Why not have fun with the firm? Take life in hand and double your income," etc. Ejax, a peripheral brainchild of Abel, is devised to strengthen ejaculations and increase feminine pleasure. The fun turns, for me at any rate, a little sour when the Oriental disease Koro, or Shook Yong, is invoked so that it can be childishly-ribaldly cured. Koro is a genuine disease (as Durrell kindly informs us in a footnote), and it consists of a pathetic conviction on the part of the male sufferer that his penis is retracting into his belly. In Singapore I saw a man try to pin the member down with a jeweler's knife. It is not funny. To Durrell and his characters it is uproarious. An *ex voto* with TUNC arranged in a magic square is distributed, and Durrell spells out the pubic anagram that we all, tittering or not, knew was there all the time. Sometimes the total unwillingness of the

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author to take either life or death seriously seems to comprise the elements of a genuine *Democritus ridet* philosophy, but this is belied by the changing-room grins and sniggers as well as—more worthily—the yea-saying verve of the writing.

This would not be a Durrell novel if some of the characters did not assert themselves by being physically maimed. As Clea lost a hand and Nessim a finger (a bonus, or *malus*, added to his loss of sight), so we remember that Benedicta, in *Tunc*, swam in blood after chopping off a supernumerary toe, and we are given a brisk account of how her brother Julian was turned into a eunuch. "One's nose comes off in one's handkerchief," broods Felix; "an arm drops off like Nelson's." Where bodies are unanimated by character, it is reasonable to think in such terms. Inevitably we move on from the pleasures of mutilation—which means rather less than a lizard's losing its tail—to the ecstasies of necrophilia. For page after page we are enlightened—absorbingly, genuinely so—by Mr. Goytz, who, to the soft strains of *In a Monastery Garden*, instructs his neophytes in the agonies and glories of embalming—Mr. Joyboy in excelsis. (Marchant, the sniggerer, cannot resist the crack of an embalmer's motto: "The More the Messier or the Nausea the Better.") If Mr. Goytz merely makes the dead beautiful, Merlin can make the beautiful dead live again. Perhaps the posthumous Iolanthe, forever young and fair and done forever "with those two time-wasting and boring activities, eating and excreting," is meant to be the summation of all Mr. Durrell's characters. She thinks she is a person, but everybody else—not just the reader—knows she is not.

When Iolanthe II springs, fully armed, from the head of Merlin, we follow the story with painful delight. It is SF with good writing added, though a rather old-fashioned kind of SF. It dates right back to Fritz Lang's film *Metropolis*, with the beauty turning into a witch. She runs berserk in St. Paul's Cathedral, right up there—highly cinematic—in the Whispering Gallery. She leaps over the rail and Julian goes with her, slain by his ultimate ambition, which is to create rather better than Nature. The sick machine that is Iolanthe has to be destroyed. "I suppose," Felix says, "I should have used a thermal lance, but all we could raise was a boy scout's sheath knife." But what else? "I crawled into the magic circle she was tracing with that lovely body of hers, and plunged my knife into her throat.

(*Continued on page* 41)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Black Panthers

I APPRECIATE YOUR PRINTING almost verbatim my review of Earl Anthony's *Picking Up the Gun* [*SR*, Feb. 28]. It is rare that the truth about the Black Panther Party ever appears in the establishment press.

However, in my manuscript I quoted point 3 of the Party's program as saying: "We want an end to the robbery by the *capitalist* of our Black Community." But you printed: "We want an end to the robbery by the white man . . . ," probably trusting Earl Anthony's version of the program. It is true that the original Panther program used "white man." But this was changed when the Nixon administration began heavily promoting black capitalism and the Panthers realized that white exploiters might eventually be replaced by black exploiters.

Fred Hampton, deputy chairman of the Black Panther Party, who was killed by Chicago police last December 4, had discussed the program change in a speech printed in the Black Panther newspaper: "We admit we made mistakes. Our ten-point program is in the midst of being changed right now because we used the word white when we should have used the word capitalist."

MARLENE CHARYN,
San Jose, Calif.

THOUGH HER SUMMARY of *Picking Up the Gun* was not too favorable to the author, Marlene Charyn did give excellent insight into the general thinking and motives of the Black Panther movement.

Of particular concern is their ten-point program. Is not this approach exactly opposite from that required to accomplish their goals? It but reflects the attitude of a resentful child who wants all privileges of the home, yet is not mature enough to accept the responsibility to gain and maintain them. Fortunately, most blacks in this nation have reached this maturity, and are proving their worth to society through productivity, not guns.

WILLIAM L. BAKER,
Atlanta, Ga.

Matthew Did Not Misread

ISAAC ASIMOV in his essay "Bettering the Good Book" [*SR*, Feb. 28] tries to show how much *The New English Bible* surpasses the old King James version in both quality and literal accuracy. I must confess I agree with much of what he says, though I wonder how many people would become all that upset by the newer version's translation of Isaiah 7:14: "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: a young woman is with child . . ." After all, the RSV translation has been with us for a long time and that version also translates *almah* as "young woman."

I would like to make one point of clarification. Mr. Asimov seems to suggest that there is no explanation why Matthew should have misread Isaiah at this point (Matthew 1:22-23). Actually, the explanation is quite simple. Matthew was quoting from the Greek version of the Old Testament that was being used then, the Septuagint. This version had translated the Hebrew *almah* with the Greek *parthenos*, which rarely means anything but "virgin." Why the Septuagint misread Isaiah is really the mystery.

(REV.) RICHARD W. KRAEMER,
Cookeville, Tenn.

PROBABLY A NUMBER of people have written to point out Isaac Asimov's slip of the pen when he wrote that Isaiah 7:14 was addressed to King Hezekiah (instead of King Ahaz). Perhaps fewer caught the error that 2 Samuel 7:14 refers to David rather than Solomon.

CECIL L. FRANKLIN,
Denver, Colo.

Christianity and Slavery

HALLOWELL BOWSER is wise to suspect that the views expressed in Malachi Martin's *The Encounter* [*SR*, Feb. 28] are not "as sound as they are stimulating." Mr. Bowser would have been even wiser to show as much suspicion about his own pronouncements. The statement in *The Encounter* that none of the three religions condemned slavery until secular reformers raised a hue and cry is untrue. Christianity has been considered a force in eradicating slavery from medieval Western Europe and Pope Paul III (1534-1549) forbade the enslavement of the Indians.

ROBERT T. MCLANE,
Dixon, Ill.

Detested Pastoral

WHILE I WAS HAPPY to describe Harry Levin in my review of his book [*SR*, Feb. 21] as a profoundly erudite man, I do not enjoy being converted into a kind of idiot by editorial changes. The printed version reads: ". . . the pastoral, which ought to have been the expression par excellence of this yearning for an unfettered primitive life, became the most artificial of all poetic modes, and was detected by such men of common sense as Samuel Johnson. (He failed, of course, to see how much of the pastoral tradition there was in *Lycidas*.)" What I had actually written was that the pastoral became "because of literary convention the most artificial of all poetic modes, and, as such, hated by men of common sense like Samuel Johnson. (He failed, of course, to see how much of the countryside there was in the lines and music of *Lycidas*.)"

BERNARD GREBANIER,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We regret the misprint of "detected" for "detested."*

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One Thing and Another

John K. Hutchens

NORMAN, OKLA.

If spies for the Swedish Academy were lurking around the thirty-sixth International Congress of the PEN at Menton last September, it's quite likely that they didn't get the message. The message was delivered by a University of Oklahoma professor who, referring only indirectly to the Nobel Prize for Literature, served notice that his institution and its renowned literary quarterly, *Books Abroad,* were planning to challenge the Nobel Prize's preeminence.

Or perhaps the Swedish Academy people did get the message but smiled tolerantly as they lolled in the Mediterranean sun. Norman, Oklahoma, *vs.* Stockholm? Another Dubonnet, *garçon,* and while you are about it take one to this Dr. Ivar Ivask and ask him please not to annoy his elders with silly jokes like his proposed $10,000 Books Abroad International Prize for Literature.

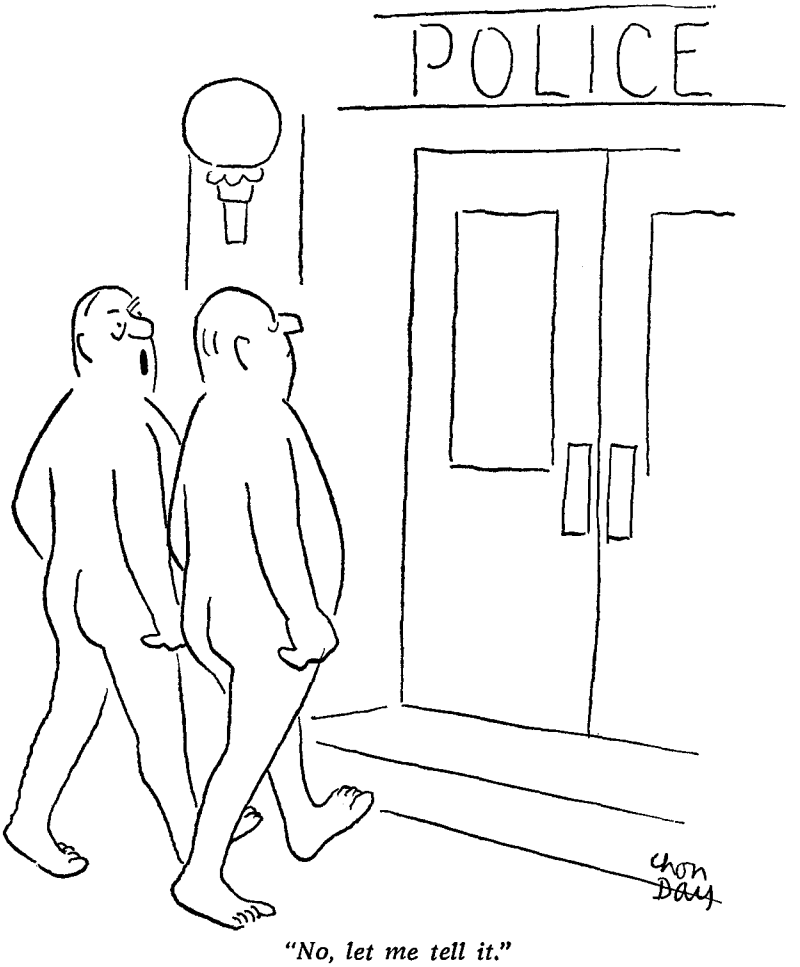
But out here on the broad prairie of central Oklahoma over a recent weekend things happened, as Dr. Ivask promised they would. An international jury of twelve, headed by himself, had placed seventeen names in nomination for the prize. Although six of the jurors could not be here for the two-day deliberations, their respective choices were of course taken into consideration by the five who attended the sessions chaired by Dr. Ivask. The winner: Giuseppe Ungaretti, dean of Italian poets, who on the day following his victory celebrated his eighty-second birthday, and was due in Norman this month to be honored in person. His fellow-countryman and sponsor on the jury, Piero Bigongiari of the University of Florence, announced that Mr. Ungaretti has lately completed a volume of love poems, and that he regards himself not as an octogenarian but as merely four-times-twenty years old—an engaging notion for students of geriatrics.

Oklahoma is a state proud of its pioneer heritage, and there was a touch of pioneering in the air as Dr. Ivask, professor of modern languages and editor of *Books Abroad,* and the five attending jurors sat down to their task. There wasn't much in the way of ground rules. Each juror had been allowed to propose as many as three candidates, if he wanted to. While representative works by the nominees must be available in a major Western language, writers in lesser-known tongues were to be judged on equal terms. Politics were not to enter into any decision.

Otherwise the blue Oklahoma sky was the limit, with Dr. Ivask clearly seeking to distinguish the conditions of this prize from those surrounding the Nobel. Unlike the Swedish Academy, whose members are elected for life, the Books Abroad jury will change every two years, with the exception of one permanent juror, Dr. Ivask, forty-two-year-old Estonian poet, critic, and scholar who immigrated to the United States in 1949 and arrived in Oklahoma by way of the University of Minnesota and St. Olaf College. The prize may be given for the body of a writer's work, or for a work in progress, or to a young writer still experimenting.

A number of candidates were dismissed immediately. Although there had been strong preliminary sponsor-support for Eugenio Montale, Italian poet, and René Char, French poet, both were dropped when it was disclosed that each had declined in advance, on grounds of principle, to accept any literary prize whatever. Anna Akhmatova, the Russian poet who died in 1967, was put out of the running by the jury's decision to make no posthumous awards.

During the first afternoon some other names dropped by the wayside, among them that of John Berryman. Mr. Bigongiari, while declaring his admiration for Mr. Berryman, politely inquired if it was not to his disadvantage that he was a native of Oklahoma, and would not an award to Mr. Berryman be deemed on the parochial side? Exit Mr. Berryman. Graham Greene, another entry, was summarily put down by juror Jan Kott, Polish drama critic now teaching at the State University of New York, Stony Brook. "He is too old and is at the end of his literary life," said Dr. Kott. At sixty-five, Mr. Greene is seventeen years younger than Mr. Ungaretti, but there was no audible dissent. Eloquent and mildly patriotic cases were advanced by Dr. Kott for his fellow-Pole Zbigniew Herbert, avant-garde poet, and by Gaetan Picon, French critic and novelist now at Princeton, for Pierre-Jean Jouve, French poet and critic. Their praises were heard by the other jurors with respect but without conspicuous



"No, let me tell it."

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enthusiasm. Mr. Bigongiari concluded the first-day session with a stirring statement on behalf of Mr. Ungaretti: "He is the greatest living poet." On the following morning Dr. John Pepper Clark, Nigerian poet, playwright, and professor at the University of Lagos, delivered a no less ardent paean on behalf of Edward Braithwaite of the West Indies, author of "the most ambitious sequence of poems since T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*." Whether because his esteem for Mr. Braithwaite did not seem to be shared by the other jurors, or because of some dissent about procedure, Dr. Clark assembled his papers and stalked out of the meeting. The tactful Dr. Ivask fetched him back.

When only two contenders—Mr. Ungaretti and Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet—remained, and in a seemingly hopeless deadlock, Dr. Ivask as chairman was authorized to cast a tie-breaking vote. Would Mr. Neruda have been free to accept the prize even if he had won it? Probably not. He is running for the presidency of Chile on an anti-American platform.

So good will reigned and, with money for the 1972 Books Abroad Prize already assured, the local literary community looks forward to the next go-around. By that time the procedures will have become more specific, but your correspondent is glad to have sat in on this trail-blazing first show. For it is not hard to believe that this award may come to be the New World counterpart of the Nobel, its equal in quality if not in the prestige that comes only with time. Why should it not be what its founders hope for it? Already its jury system has a greater built-in flexibility than the essentially non-literary Swedish Academy. It is in a position to avoid the grotesque errors of omission and commission to which, perhaps significantly, *Books Abroad* called attention three years ago in a Nobel Prize symposium, in which one was reminded that the Academy had passed over such eminently eligible artists as Henry James, Joseph Conrad, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, E. M. Forster, Theodore Dreiser, and Robert Frost, to cite only those who wrote in English.

The Books Abroad Prize, while less remunerative than the Nobel (worth approximately $70,000), is scarcely inconsequential, and its auspices are imposing. The jurors for this first one, besides those named elsewhere in this report, were Juan Marichal, chairman of the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures at Harvard; Allen Tate, poet; A. K. Ramanujan of India, now at the University of Chicago; Mario Vargas Llosa, Peruvian

(*Continued on page 47*)

Jurisprudence

JUSTICE:
The Crisis of Law, Order, and Freedom in America

by Richard Harris
Dutton, 269 pp., $6.95

If Richard M. Nixon emphasized any single domestic issue in the 1968 campaign it was "law and order," and—more specifically—the refrain that it was the courts and the Attorney General who were primarily responsible for the nation's increasing rate of crime. Nixon thereby implied that it was the task of the federal government to fight crime, even though the states and municipalities have always had the prime Constitutional responsibility for law enforcement. By thus playing up to the public's fear of crime, especially crime in the streets, black crime, demonstrations, riots, he exacerbated an issue that already had many Americans on the verge of terror, and which required, more than anything else, resources for and understanding of crime control, instead of slogans and simplifications.

When he took office Nixon brought to Washington his former law partner, John Mitchell, to serve in the overlapping roles of Attorney General of the United States and chief political adviser to the President. Law enforcement was subverted to political considerations, and the Justice Department became a political arm of the administration. This is the theme of Richard Harris's book. It is detailed, it is documented, and it is frightening.

I wish there were a way to treat the book with dispassion. But at a time like this I find that impossible. We have just witnessed the travesty of justice represented by the conspiracy trial of the Chicago Seven, Vice President Agnew's attacks on the press, and the Justice Department's attempts to force journalists and major news organizations to divulge notes, unused tapes and films, and other documents pertaining to black militant organizations. We are now witnessing other efforts, originating with the administration and Congress, to dampen dissent and to crack down on political deviation.

Harris writes:

> By the time the election was over, the contention [about law and order] had created in some people more fear about the fear of crime than about crime itself, because they interpreted the fervent cry for law and order, without an equally fervent cry for justice, as heralding a move toward repression and tyranny. In their view, once the people were sufficiently aroused over the threat of being engulfed by criminality and public disorders, they might be persuaded to set down their own Constitutional safeguards as the only way to preserve society, and thereby utterly destroy it.

I confess I'm one of those people, and that any doubts I had about the Justice Department were erased by the documentation of Harris's book. I read it first when it was serialized in *The New Yorker*, where it quickly developed a word-of-mouth reputation. I have now read it again. It made me even angrier the second time.

Harris is concerned primarily with the steps that the Justice Department under Mitchell took during the first year of the new administration to try to make good on Nixon's promises. Most of his material is beyond conjec-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

PROFESSIONALS

Each of the professions or ranks in Column 2 is part of the title of a literary work and refers to one of the characters in Column 1. Linda Garvey of Laramie, Wyoming, challenges you to make the correct associations and assign the right author. If you falter, there's help on page 41.

1. Harvey Birch ( )	A. artist	a. Barrie
2. Stephen Dedalus ( )	B. builder	b. Cather
3. Gavin Dishart ( )	C. doctor	c. Cooper
4. Jack Easy ( )	D. gambler	d. Dostoevsky
5. Alexey Ivanovitch ( )	E. major	e. Goldsmith
6. Willy Loman ( )	F. midshipman	f. Hasek
7. Charles Primrose ( )	G. minister	g. Ibsen
8. Josef Schweik ( )	H. professor	h. Joyce
9. Halvard Solness ( )	I. salesman	i. Marryat
10. Godfrey St. Peter ( )	J. soldier	j. Miller
11. Barbara Undershaft ( )	K. spy	k. Pasternak
12. Yuri Zhivago ( )	L. vicar	l. Shaw

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ture: it comes from the public record, from testimony before Congressional committees, public statements, and the overt actions of the Department itself. It sets out what amounts to a policy that is more concerned with rhetoric than with crime control, more interested in curbing political dissent than run-of-the-mill street crime, and which, so far, has shown little interest in pressing for the enforcement of the civil rights laws but considerable interest in getting them watered down. The book describes the shock of the outgoing members of the Department's staff on discovering what they regarded as the unfathomable ignorance of some of their high replacements—men who had no idea of the scope of the Department's work, of the size of the staff or its duties, and no sensitivity about Constitutional issues in the areas of civil rights and civil liberties. The new men were, in Harris's view, political people who, on moving into Justice, continued to do political jobs.

What makes it hard to be dispassionate is that Harris is not writing about some period of the past (occasionally the book reminds one of similar accounts of the McCarthy years) but about the present. It is an instant replay, and it becomes overwhelming when one realizes that everything described has taken place during the past twelve months and that the news of the day, far from promising change, indicates more of the same, and still more. For what Harris documents most of all is not the establishment of policy, not a series of individual acts, but the creation of a mood that seems to be affecting every area of public life and law.

The jurists who are making our headlines are not Earl Warren and Hugo Black or Learned Hand, but Clement Haynesworth, G. Harrold Carswell, and Julius Hoffman. Robert G. Morgenthau, perhaps the most effective federal prosecutor in America, is dismissed for what he feels was his interest not only in prosecuting hoods and Mafiosi but in investigating white-collar crime, the crimes of the rich and powerful, and the manipulations of fat cats who use Swiss bank accounts for tax evasion. There is increasing—and overt—use of wiretapping, not only in cases affecting national security (where previous attorneys general had used it) but in a variety of investigations, including those concerned with politically suspect organizations: peace organizations, the SDS, and similar groups of "subversives."

At the same time, federal funds to help modernize local police methods and training, and to do the expensive and painstaking job of routine law enforcement, are not available, or available only in small amounts. (Vietnam, you know.) While every major police force in America has stocked up on Mace and riot-control equipment, few, according to recent studies, have any idea of how to use it, or how to handle disturbances before they reach riot dimensions. Meanwhile, crime in the ghetto (which is where a disproportionate number of murders, assaults, burglaries, and other thefts occur) goes on.

The point of Harris's book is that—in its actions if not in its rhetoric—the Justice Department isn't terribly concerned about attacking the sources of crime, or even ordinary crime itself. In an interview shortly after he was appointed, Mitchell said that he was not interested in social reform but in controlling crime. Yet in ignoring the one he probably jeopardized his chances to do either. At the same time, the public fear of crime has not been appeased, and there is a chance that when the substantive changes fail to materialize, there will be more pressure, more rhetoric, more repression, and more contempt for Constitutional protections.

What the phrase "law and order" seems to mean, most of all, not only in Washington but in many other parts of the country, is a crackdown on those who are politically weak or socially offensive: the poor, the black, the young militants, and those who side with them. And within the Justice Department, according to Harris's evidence, that means selective crime enforcement to compile a record which is politically popular and will not antagonize those people and regions that provide the administration's greatest support. The first representative of the new administration to move into Justice during the transition period in the winter of 1968-69 was Kevin H. Phillips, author of *The Emerging Republican Majority*. It was an indication of how the Department was to be used, and between the headlines and the Harris book you can read all about it. But the book alone is like a fire bell in the night, probably the most important volume to be published so far this year.

Peter Schrag

Peter Schrag is an editor-at-large for Saturday Review.

AMERICAN LAW:
The Case for Radical Reform

by John P. Frank

Macmillan, 216 pp., $5.95

THE GREAT VIRTUE of this book is its unashamed attention to the real world. Though John P. Frank has taught Constitutional law and written extensively about the Supreme Court, he writes here as a plain practitioner with clients for whom the rule of law boots not, because none of the judges in the courthouse seems to have time to hear their cases. Honor, Falstaff pointed out, hath no skill in surgery; and the great abstractions of justice and rights and due process, however rotundly they roll from the pens of high-school seniors and newspaper columnists and appellate judges, cannot remedy the wrongs of litigants who are waiting . . . waiting . . . waiting. Four years in Brooklyn, five years in Philadelphia, six years in Chicago—these are the averages for state court civil cases to come to a jury trial. If the loser then appeals, there is no average.

Mr. Frank runs over his own practice in the relatively speedy jurisdiction of Phoenix, Arizona: four years on this case, five years on that, nine years on a commercial litigation, seven on a case still pending with "at least two years more of life expectancy." And the situation grows steadily worse. "If a fundamental social value of the rule of law is to permit people to settle their disputes in an orderly and efficient way," Mr. Frank writes, "then the system itself is failing . . . The gloom is unadulterated by a ray of hope."

Until recently, nearly all lawyers and judges believed (some still do) that the condition could be cured by a dose of the sovereign American remedy: more money, more courtrooms, more judges. This was, as Mr. Frank puts it, "an unplayed ace in the hole." But during the 1960s judges and courtrooms were added in quantity to both the federal and state systems, and the delays grew worse. "We have now played it, and we have lost the pot, and we have nothing to show for it." Mere device will not work: pre-trial conferences in judges' chambers do shorten trials and prevent visible breakdown of the system, but they don't much reduce delay; farming out parts of the trial to special masters takes more time than trial itself; even automation of the trial calendar, which was done in Philadelphia too late for Mr. Frank to report on it, has dented rather than cracked the problem, and the dent is already filling in again.

Yet something, obviously, must be done. In one of his few purple passages, Mr. Frank proclaims that "What

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we took from George Washington and John Marshall, what was preserved on this continent by Abraham Lincoln, what we cherish as the great contribution of the English-speaking people cannot be allowed to bloat into immobility." If neither expenditure nor technology will save the courts, a "radical reform" must be endured: we must have less law.

Mr. Frank would like to see both substantive and procedural reductions. In two areas—automobile accidents and divorce—he would rid the law of the burden of assessing blame, and thus of all the trial work of gathering evidence (or lies) as to "fault." Victims of automobile accidents would be compensated by some form of social insurance, with awards to be allocated by an administrative tribunal. Divorce, Mr. Frank suspects, should become consensual, but even if some grounds continue to be required and division of property must be established by third parties, the question should be taken out of the hands of judges.

"Assume," Mr. Frank proposes, "the all too frequent case: speedy acquaintance, speedy fornication, speedy marriage, speedy reproduction, and speedy repentance. Hypothetically, both parties were twenty when they met, and twenty-one when they had had enough ... We ... face the question of just how much time, energy, and money the community is willing to spend in ameliorating the consequences of the young couple's improvidence. Let me start with the brutal assertion that although this problem needs to be handled somehow, the young couple does not have a God-given right to tie up the legal system of the United States."

Regarding procedure, Mr. Frank is equally tough. He wants to reduce the number of "decision points" by adopting (or returning to) simple rules that prevent the introduction of evidence to support trivial or frivolous or farfetched arguments. He wants to see a great expansion in the judges' use of their powers of summary judgment, and a great deal more stipulation rather than contested proof of fact. Following Roscoe Pound's famous denunciation of the "sporting theory of justice" (which dates back to 1906), Mr. Frank is even willing to question whether the time-devouring adversary system is always and everywhere the best way to get at the truth of the matter.

Some of Mr. Frank's proposed medicines may not be strong enough. To remedy the dilatory habits of the bar, for example, he suggests nothing more than exhortation and education. (He would like to speed up what he charmingly calls "the case-of-the-month-club" law school course.) Much can be done, though, without increased education. It is within the power of the courts to require lawyers to be ready on a set trial date, with no postponements except in utter need. Judges have been reluctant to make such demands, supposedly because it's the innocent client who gets hurt if his case is thrown out or mangled by his lawyer's nonfeasance. But as Chief Judge J. Edward Lumbard of the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit pointed out a few years ago (refusing to reinstate a case which a trial judge had dismissed when plaintiff's lawyer failed to show up due to the press of other business), the damaged client is not without recourse: he can, and should, sue his lawyer. Bar Associations presumably could insure representation to such victims of legal malpractice.

Elsewhere, Mr. Frank may be too draconian. It is by no means obvious that commercial disputes deserve the priority over personal injury actions and divorces which his radical reforms would, in effect, provide: the business community seems to have moved large numbers of such disputes out of the courts and into arbitration with no harm done to anyone. Expanding judicial powers of summary judgment is, as Mr. Frank notes, a dangerous business. A case can be made for even the excesses of the adversary system along the lines of Winston Churchill's case for democracy—a very bad form of government, except by comparison with the alternatives.

But those are merely lawyers' worries, for in fact the situation is much worse than even Mr. Frank has admitted. Underlying the crisis he describes is a severe and incurable mismatch between the handicraft nature of courtroom trials and society's need for volume processing of disputes. The present façade of adjudication conceals an unsound structure of bludgeoned settlements in civil cases and bargained guilty pleas in criminal cases. The insistence on detailed justice for each individual case may in fact be incompatible with a guarantee of fairness for all cases; by clinging to myths of law we may merely be avoiding the hard, sad job of building the new and better administrative processes we really need.

Mr. Frank is not to be faulted for choosing to examine the worms he knows well rather than the whole mysterious can. He is a lawyer writing for other lawyers, though his grace of expression and sense of the real world make this short book—which started as a set of three lectures in honor of former Chief Justice Earl Warren—easily approachable by anyone who is both literate and curious about what really happens in the world. Adoption of Mr. Frank's thirty-eight highly practical recommendations would do some good, too; but in one form or another the crisis he describes is going to be with us for a long time to come.

Martin Mayer

Martin Mayer is the author of "The Lawyers."

"I never let my left hand know what my right hand is doing. Hello ... hello ... operator! I've been cut off!"

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Sovereignty

IMPERIAL SUNSET:
Vol. I: Britain's Liberal Empire, 1897-1921

by Max Beloff
Knopf, 387 pp., $8.95

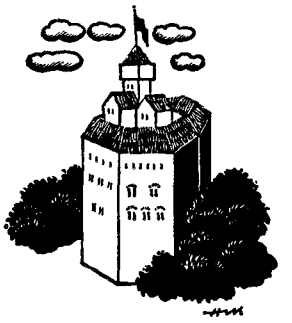
IN 1921 PAX BRITANNICA stood at a geographical and demographic zenith that has never been—and may never be—approached by any other global power. The Union Jack flew over 15 million square miles of our planet, and England's King George V claimed the allegiance of half a billion subjects. It was almost too big to be true. And, in fact, the immensity was deceptive, for although world maps in 1921 displayed more red than at any other time in history, Britain had to all practical purposes lost her largest and most virile overseas possessions. Only the frailest of ties bound Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand to the imperial framework; in a very real sense the dominions had become independent nations, with identities, needs, and aspirations no longer shaped by Westminster or Whitehall. Their withdrawal from the increasingly questionable protection of Britannia's shield marked the first major step toward the British Empire's ultimate collapse.

The elements that hastened the dominions' emergence into their own place in the sun between 1897 and 1921 are examined with considerable perception—and almost excruciating attention to detail—in Volume I of Max Beloff's *Imperial Sunset*. This is not a book for the casual reader. Beloff, a professor of government and fellow of All Souls College at Oxford, has written a work of prodigious scholarship on a phenomenon of such awesome complexity that it could at times confound the individuals closest to its workings. Even Lord Lothian, one of the more prominent figures in the tortuous drama, was able to recognize, as Beloff notes, that "imperial problems were too big for any single mind to grasp." Yet any single mind prepared to follow the labyrinthine path of *Imperial Sunset* will be rewarded with a clearer appreciation of how and why the Empire, at the summit of its sway, began to come apart at the seams.

Limitations of space make it impossible to do proper justice to this outstanding study, but attention should be drawn to the most conspicuous pattern that emerges: a struggle between what might be called centrifugal and centripetal forces seeking to guide the Empire's destiny. The former are specially visible in the growing role of the United States as a military-economic partner and rival, in the Indian question, and in England's mounting preoccupation with European affairs at the expense of imperial solidarity. The inner-directed drive is perhaps best seen in the efforts, inspired largely by Joseph Chamberlain, to impose sweeping tariff reforms that would jettison Britain's nineteenth-century free-trade practices in favor of an imperial preference system aimed at strengthening the bonds between the mother country and the dominions.

It is hardly news that the centrifugal impulses proved the more powerful. Imperial preference, bold in conception, also contained built-in drawbacks. Even before World War I, both the European continent and the United States were better customers in British overseas markets than was Britain herself. The prewar Liberal government, moreover, held to the strong conviction that if proposals such as Chamberlain's were put into effect, the result would have been to "set the interests of the homeland against those of other parts of the Empire, and render the whole idea of empire odious to the mass of the people." Despite some implementation of imperial preference in 1919 and 1932, it was erroneous to believe that Britain might "create out of her Empire a closed economic system that could enable her to ignore developments in the rest of the world."

From the standpoint of imperial aims, Beloff sees the American colossus as simultaneously indispensable and lethal. At the end of the war "it was obviously in Britain's interests that the two countries' policies should coincide as far as possible," but concord was more easily imagined than achieved, "in view of the revealed antagonism of the United States to British naval strength and to the British imperial system as a whole." In this connection it is worth noting that the harsh American attitude toward the Empire seems somewhat macabre today, when one considers the draconian character of our own imperialism in Southeast Asia. Yet Britain, her energies and resources badly depleted after four years of armed conflict, found herself obliged not only to swallow American sanctimoniousness but to accept an American role in the shaping of her postwar imperial program. In 1921, when it was decided that the Royal Navy would concentrate its strength in European waters, "the British government was in fact replacing a formal alliance with Japan by a mere understanding with the United States, and assuming that the latter's interests would be served by defending the security of the Pacific dominions." This move was welcomed by Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, which "found in the United States a power closer to



their own way of thinking and better placed to assist them than the distant mother-country." Clearly, however, "to place the defense of empire in the hands of the Americans was to accept its ultimate demise."

The decomposition process was also accelerated by the Empire's jewel and pariah. Uncertainty over the moral and political validity of British rule in India could be noted as early as 1907, when no less a figure than the Secretary of State for India, Lord Morley, remarked on "how intensely artificial and unnatural is our mighty Raj. And it sets one wondering whether it can possibly last. It surely cannot and our only business is to do what we can to make the next transition . . . something of an improvement." That transition, embodied in the India Councils Act of 1909, paved the way for the Government of India Act of 1919 and a correspondingly stronger Indian voice both in domestic and imperial councils.

But such advances were given a markedly cool reception by the dominions. In 1921 South Africa's Smuts "refused to contemplate any equality of treatment between Indians and white citizens," while the prime ministers of Australia and New Zealand, although "refusing to accept Smuts's basic principle of racial discrimination as compatible with the declared ideals of the Empire . . . defended the exclusion of Asian immigrants on economic grounds." Nor were the dominions alone in their distaste for the repeal of India's second-class citizenship. Beloff tells us that Clemenceau, during a visit to India in 1920, "was surprised to find so many Englishmen saying there was nothing left to do but to get out . . . being unprepared to envisage working as a team or on terms of equality with Indians." The Indians themselves tended to view the concessions toward constitutional advance as too little and too late. By 1920 "there was for the first time a powerful section of opinion in India contemplating full independence outside the Empire."

Finally, England herself, although she stood to gain the most from keeping the Empire intact, can be seen as the prime mover of dissolution, simply

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because she was unable to isolate herself from Europe. The German naval challenge, which was looked on quite correctly as a threat to imperial security, touched off a defense reaction that snowballed into a predominantly European war—and an inextricable involvement in postwar Europe. Given the conditions of Versailles and the alarming X-factor of the Russian revolution, "Britain could not . . . fail to respond economically as well as politically to the changing face of the continent." Interestingly, British political concerns in Europe turned in no small measure on imperial considerations (not the least of which was fear of a Soviet thrust at India), but this preoccupation with matters largely removed from parochial dominion interests could only widen the gulf between England and the overseas possessions she no longer in fact possessed. In 1918 both Canada and South Africa "made it clear that if . . . Britain were to take an active share in reshaping Europe and in upholding a European settlement, then she would sooner or later be forced to contemplate parting from the dominions."

Citing the above elements alone is an exercise in oversimplification. To oversimplify even further, it might be said that nearly every political, economic, or ideological factor at work in the British Empire between 1897 and 1921—and particularly during the decade before the war—can be viewed from a certain perspective as contributory to the Empire's breakup. Even England's most energetic advocates of imperial unity at times appeared damaging to their cause. Within the influential pro-Empire group known as the Round Table, there was seldom common ground; "the members . . . though agreed that closer union was essential, continued to differ on how best to attain it." And, even on the infrequent occasions when they might come to a meeting of minds, their views "seemed too remote from practical politics to appeal to the party leaders." Lord Milner, perhaps the staunchest of all imperialists of the era, was "unconcerned with the parliamentary game at home," and "quite ready to see all Britain's 'world business' looked after by a 'real imperial council' "; but, as Beloff observes, "such ideas were not only alien to a Britain deeply engaged in one of its periodic bouts of internal reform but also to the overseas democracies of the dominions."

While not necessarily giving uniform endorsement to the various ideologies of the Empire, Beloff none the less finds room to voice respect for the manner in which Britain's imperial statesmen dealt with the all but insoluble problems confronting them. Thus he himself is to be commended for his empathy at a time when even a detached view of anything imperial courts damnation by the New Left. Beloff's real accomplishment, however, lies in having managed somehow to rise above the numbing mass of his own footnotes, and to produce a vividly impressive diorama of the British Empire in its most perplexing hour.

Charles Miller

Charles Miller is currently working on a book about the British Empire and East Africa.

EUROPE: An Emergent Nation?

by Carl J. Friedrich

Harper & Row, 269 pp., $8.95

IN HIS EXILE AT ST. HELENA, Napoleon was consumed by a combination of self-pity and illness. The French conqueror was desperately anxious to prove to posterity the necessity of his mission as the unifier and lawgiver of Europe. In a conversation with the Comte de Las Cases, who shared his exile, Napoleon described his imperialism as an effort to unite Europe under his imperial banner:

> Then, perhaps, by the help of the universal diffusion of knowledge, one might have thought of attempting, in the great European family, the application of the American Congress, or the Amphictyons of Greece; and then what a perspective of power, greatness, and happiness! What a grand, what a magnificent, spectacle!

What the ambitious Napoleon did not say was that he was considerably more interested in the happiness and prosperity of himself and his own Corsican relatives than of "the great European family."

Whether Napoleon's goal was a nebulous dream or a rationalization of his impulsive aggressiveness, the idea of a united Europe expressed a decided need. The concept was old and persistent. From the Grand Design (1610) of the Duc de Sully, the great minister of Henry IV of France, to Immanuel Kant's essay *On Eternal Peace* (1795) there had been many proposals for organizing the European political community. Scholars and activists have been fascinated by the possibility of a United States of Europe.

The latest study comes from the pen of Carl J. Friedrich, Eaton Professor of the Science of Government at Harvard University, and one of the world's distinguished political scientists. Not only is Professor Friedrich directing a major research project, "The Political Implications of Informal Community Formation in Europe," under the auspices of the Harvard Center for International Affairs, but he is also an active participant in the International Political Science Association's Research Committee on European Integration. His new book is a welcome and first-rate addition to the vast literature on European unity.

The opening chapter is devoted to the background of the European Community, the carrier of European civilization. "Little Europe," centering in France, Germany, and Italy, is the actual as well as ideological core of the communal problem of Europe. Despite bloody wars and bitter hatreds, thoughtful Europeans have seen the need for recreating a common political structure.

In successive chapters of what he calls a "macroanalysis" Friedrich presents his case: that a "growing consensus is molding all those who live within the boundary of the Common Market into a community possessing legitimate authorities engaged in governing and defending it."

The business community, both in enterprises and associations, has had the largest share in building the new European Community after the framework had been erected by the politi-

cians. The European farmer, despite his allegiance to *la patrie*, has been mobilized successfully in support of the emergent Europe. The labor community in the factory and the migrant worker have come to develop a sentiment of European community, and a common labor market with all its implications is in the process of formation. While links between the working force are sporadic, "the bonds which unite the trade unions of the Common Market . . . are structured, formally institutionalized, and of considerable operational importance."

Friedrich believes that the European local communities, which have proved to be surprisingly resistant to the pressures of totalitarian government, provide some of the genuine grassroots support of an eventual European government by contributing a sense of community. And, finally, growing partnership among the European universities, "may prove a decisive factor in coping with these deep-seated reluctances of the academic community to

(*Continued on page* 40)

The critic, Louis L. Snyder, is professor of history at The City College of The City University of New York and author of "The New Nationalism."

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Potpourri 1969

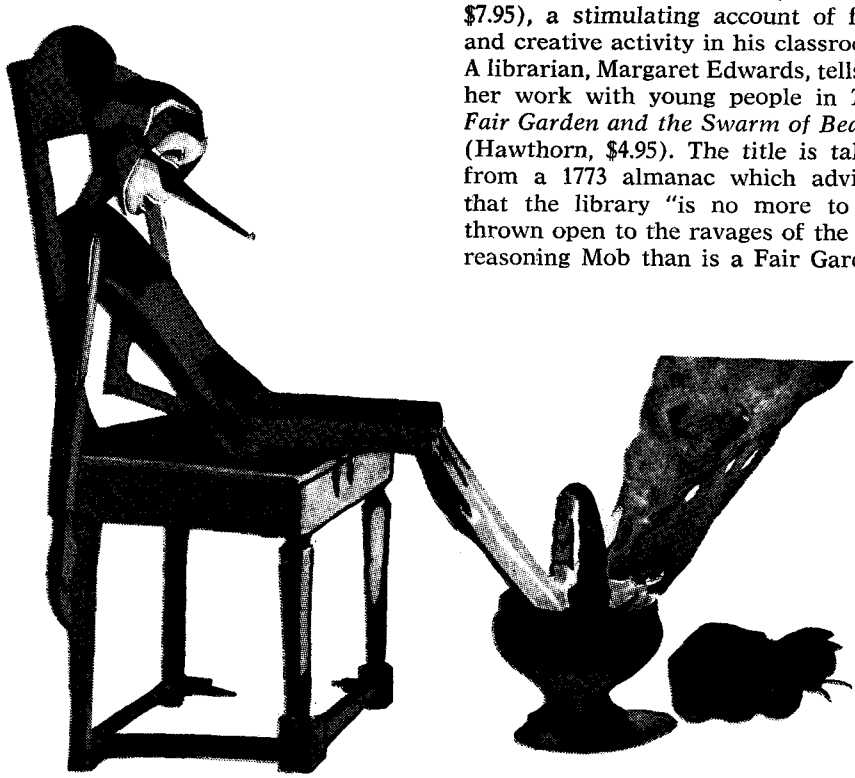
by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Last month in this column Theodore Taylor took the long view in planning his son's reading. Looking back at 1969, one finds so many books to help adults guide children's reading, so evident an increased recognition of the importance of children's literature, that it seems an appropriate time to consider some of the highlights of the year: books of criticism, bibliographies, new editions of old favorites, reminiscences, and awards.

Two of the most durable, authoritative guides, newly revised, are Josette Frank's *Your Child's Reading Today* (Doubleday, $5.95), which is addressed to parents and their role in children's reading and has extensive lists of books (divided by ages and interests), and *A Critical History of Children's Literature,* by Cornelia Meigs, Anne Thaxter Eaton, Elizabeth Nesbitt, and Ruth Hill Viguers (Macmillan, $12.95), a good basic reference book. May Hill Arbuthnot's *Children's Reading in the Home* (Lothrop, $7.50) discusses criteria, selection, and special areas, and has annotated lists of suggested books.

Horn Book Reflections (Horn Book, $6.50) contains papers selected from the magazine by Elinor Whitney Field, chiefly articles written by authors and illustrators in the years 1949-1966. A similar volume is *Books in Search of Children* (Macmillan, $6.95), in which are collected speeches and essays by Louise Seaman Bechtel, a distinguished editor of children's books. Perhaps the most intensely critical work of the year is Eleanor Cameron's *The Green and Burning Tree* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.95). Finally, *Only Connect* is an excellent anthology of readings on children's literature compiled by Sheila Egoff, G. T. Stubbs, and L. F. Ashley (Oxford, $7.50).

Four books look back on their author's own experiences. All are different, and all interesting. In *Journey to the People* (Viking, $4.50) Ann Nolan Clark, a Newbery Award winner, describes her work with Indian children, and Jella Lepman in *A Bridge of Children's Books* (American Library Association, $5) writes of her struggle to establish an international library for children in postwar Germany. From New Zealand comes Elwyn Richardson's *In the Early World* (Pantheon, $7.95), a stimulating account of free and creative activity in his classroom. A librarian, Margaret Edwards, tells of her work with young people in *The Fair Garden and the Swarm of Beasts* (Hawthorn, $4.95). The title is taken from a 1773 almanac which advises that the library "is no more to be thrown open to the ravages of the unreasoning Mob than is a Fair Garden to be laid unprotected at the Mercy of a Swarm of Beasts."



—*From "The Adventures of Pinocchio."*

Unquestionably the loveliest 1969 edition of an old book is George Macdonald's *The Light Princess* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.95), with pictures by Maurice Sendak that have a grave and graceful beauty. Another classic, C. Collodi's *Pinocchio* (Macmillan, $9.95), is big and handsome, and includes the original Attilio Mussion illustrations. Too long unobtainable, Countee Cullen's *The Lost Zoo* (Follett, $4.95) appears with delicate, humorous drawings by Joseph Low.

Close on the heels of the announcement that E. B. White has at last written another book for children (due in May) comes the happy news that he has received the Laura Ingalls Wilder Award, given every five years by the American Library Association to the author or illustrator whose books have made "a substantial contribution to literature for children." The May Hill Arbuthnot Lecture, established by Scott, Foresman in Mrs. Arbuthnot's honor, will be delivered this spring by Margery Fisher, editor of the British publication *Growing Point* and author of *Intent Upon Reading* (Watts, $4.95). Just chosen as the 1971 lecturer is John Rowe Townsend, author of *Written for Children* (Lothrop, $4.50) and many fine children's books. An eminent Negro author and librarian, Charlemae Rollins, will receive in April the Constance Lindsay Skinner Award, given by the Women's National Book Association for a distinguished contribution to our culture through books.

And glorious news for all admirers of Maurice Sendak: He has been named 1970 winner of the Hans Christian Andersen Award, presented biennially by the International Board on Books for Young People in recognition of an author's or illustrator's entire body of work. Mr. Sendak, in the first happy (and, he says, incredulous) hour after receiving the notifying cable, telephoned his father and announced the news. "Hang up, Maurice," he said, "and I'll call your brother Jack." Twenty minutes later Jack Sendak called, but he somehow didn't sound overwhelmed. "Maurice? Pop just told me. Congratulations, it's great. But what the hell is the Skitch Henderson Award?"

The Circus in the Mist. *Written and illustrated by Bruno Munari. World.* 54 *pp.* $4.50. A trip through a city shrouded in fog and the contrasting brilliance of a circus scene afford a gifted Italian artist material to create a beautifully designed, imaginative book. The first few pages are of heavy transparent paper, and the dark shapes of trees and vehicles loom through them, with only the glowing traffic lights

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to relieve the grays and blacks. The depiction of the circus, on colorful pages with cutout peepholes, is done with visual humor. The text is free and rambling, often mildly nonsensical. Ages 3-6.

Rrra-ah. *Written and illustrated by Eros Keith. Bradbury.* 31 *pp.* $4.95. Rrra-ah, sitting peacefully on his favorite clover, was the world's most surprised toad when he found himself in the dark prison of a child's cupped hands. In fact, there were three children. "How big and ugly they are," thought the toad. "Ugh! Is he ugly!" said a child. Rrra-ah is taken home, fed turtle food, and put in a matchbox. Twice he escapes, causing the pursuing children to create such havoc that their mother orders them to take their "frog" back where they found it. The story ends with a happy twilight scene in which Rrra-ah, his nose in a pink clover, listens to the *kleine nachtmusik* of other voices calling "Rrra-ah, Rrra-ah." The lovely illustrations are in pastel, save for the picture of the captured toad. Dramatic against the black background, the child's fingers pulse with life and the woebegone Rrra-ah sits stupefied. Ages 4-6.

The Elephant and the Bad Baby. *By Elfrida Vipont. Illustrated by Raymond Briggs. Coward-McCann.* 32 *pp.* $4.50. "Once upon a time there was an elephant. One day the elephant went for a walk and met a Bad Baby. And the elephant said to the Bad Baby, 'Would you like a ride?' " On this simple note begins an adventure in which the elephant steals ice cream, a meat pie, a lollipop, and some gingersnaps, and the shop owners chase him as he goes "rumpeta, rumpeta, rumpeta, all down the road." The prim but humorous details of the pastel illustrations provide a good contrast for the vigorous chase scenes in black-and-white on alternating pages. The story builds up to a bland surprise ending. Ages 4-7.

Jonah and the Lord. *By George Macbeth. Illustrated by Margaret Gordon. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 30 *pp.* $3.95. Now Jonah was a proud man, and he did not heed the Lord, so he was humbled and chastised until he accepted the ways of the Lord. That's the way it is in the Bible, and that is basically the way it is here—but with a modern beat. "Sloaf! Came the high waves. . ." and Jonah was cast into the belly of a huge fish, "Galoomf!" The rainbow-hued fish was certainly no whale, and after three days of harboring the praying Jonah it "swam around and around in the high seas, growing very sick in the ways of the Lord." The story is cleverly balanced between reverence and fun, and the illustrations are bright, stylized, and designed with flair. Ages 5-8.

The One Bad Thing About Father. *By F. N. Monjo. Illustrated by Rocco Negri. Harper & Row.* 62 *pp.* $2.50. A child's-eye view of a father is apt to be refreshingly different from the public image of a President of the United States, and this imaginary diary of Quentin Roosevelt portrays Theodore Roosevelt in engaging fashion. Quentin complains frequently about having to be careful, since everything around him

—From "The Light Princess."

is government property, but on the whole he and his brother Archie have a busy, happy life. Although the loving and ebullient father almost eclipses the President, the book gives a real sense of both the man and the era. Bully! Ages 7-8.

The Adventures of Oolakuk. *By Robert A. Ruttan. Illustrated by Vivian Berger. Prentice-Hall.* 96 *pp.* $3.95. Half-story, half-documentary is a literary recipe that can be disastrous but in the right hands gains a quiet strength and a validity that fiction alone seldom achieves. Robert Ruttan is a Canadian biologist who has lived among Eskimos, and his sympathetic description of their lives is neither sentimental nor didactic. Oolakuk is twelve, eagerly facing the responsibilities and privileges of adulthood, accepting the wisdom of tribal lore just as he accepts the teaching of Miss Kelly at the government school. No conflict here, but a blending of cultural patterns; no plot, but many action-filled episodes and an appreciation of the dignity of Eskimo life, which is echoed by the woodcut illustrations. Ages 9-11.

Grover. *By Vera and Bill Cleaver. Illustrated by Frederic Marvin. Lippincott.* 125 *pp.* $3.50. Grover's mother had always told him he was more like her side of the family than his father's; he hadn't even cried the day he was born. So he knew he had better not howl when he realized his mother was going to die of cancer, and he didn't, nor did he howl when she died. Grover couldn't seem to penetrate his father's grief, and his father certainly made no effort to help his son. A serious and poignant situation is handled with honesty and sympathy, the tragic situation alleviated by the intrinsic humor of the many conversations between Grover and his friend Ellen Grae, and by the tender understanding of some of the adults who try to help in the difficult adjustment to death. Ages 9-11.

The King of the Copper Mountains. *By Paul Biegel. Illustrated by Babs van Wely. English version by Gillian Hume and Paul Biegel. Watts.* 176 *pp.* $4.95. The gentle and beloved old king is close to death, and only a potion made from the golden speedwell will strengthen his failing heart. Once a day, says the doctor as he goes off on a quest for the magic plant, the king's interest must be piqued so that he will live —and what better way to do it than with a rousing tale? So each night a different animal speaks, until eventually the doctor returns and the king is saved. The stories are tied together deftly, especially the last set of tales (told by a dwarf) in which the king plays a role. Written with fluent charm and delightfully illustrated, this winner of the 1965 Dutch Children's Book Prize is one of the nicest original fairy tales in a long time. Ages 9-11.

How the Children Stopped the Wars. *By Jan Wahl. Illustrated by Mitchell Miller. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 95 *pp.* $3.75. Once upon a time there came to the quiet hillside where a young boy was tending sheep a stranger with a vision, and his vision was that of murderous battles far away. The boy, Uillame, wondered why nobody stopped the war, and the stranger said, "Why don't you?" This then is the story of a children's crusade. Like the Pied Piper, Uillame gathered up the children as he passed, and they marched the long way, filled with danger and adventure, to the battlefield. When their fathers and brothers saw the children, they were ashamed and laid down their arms, the red stars of war faded, and the soldiers marched home again. Although the baroque embroidering of incident slows the story here and there, the book is written with grace and guile, a potent message in a fanciful disguise. Ages 10-11.

The Moon in the Cloud. *By Rosemary Harris. Macmillan.* 182 *pp.* $4.95. Awarded the 1969 Carnegie Medal, *The Moon in the Cloud* is a clever bit of embroidery on the story of Noah and the Ark. Noah is troubled in the night by a sense of impending disaster. His wife asks, "Noah, have you got a stomach pain?" But Noah has heard the voice of the Lord, and sets about his building. Unfortunately, lions are scarce and there is only one cat available. Ham is supposed to supply the missing animals, but he is lazy and promises Reuben, a neighbor, safe passage if he will find them. The story centers on Reuben's search, accompanied by the cat, a dog, and a camel, and their experiences as captives in Egypt. The animals talk delightfully, while the people are drawn with barbed brilliance. The writing is articulate and sophisticated. A fine book for reading aloud to those younger than the intended audience of 10-13.

Museum Adventures: An Introduction to Discovery. *By Herbert and Marjorie Katz. Illustrated with drawings by Peter Burchard and photographs. Coward-McCann.* 253 *pp.* $6.95. Not a catalogue of all major museums but only of those the authors believe may particularly appeal to children, this survey presents some fascinating facts. It discusses the origins of the institutions, the assembling of the collections, the special exhibits, and the backgrounds of unusual items. Separate lists

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of museums (including many not described in the text) are arranged by state with addresses, and by area of specialization. Ages 10-14.

Somebody's Angel Child: The Story of Bessie Smith. *By Carman Moore. Illustrated with photographs. Crowell.* 123 *pp.* $4.50. Though Bessie Smith never heard the television commercial that advises, "If you've got it, flaunt it," that was the way she lived. When she was eight she won an amateur contest (prize, $1) in Chattanooga; a year later her mother died and she was left to the haphazard care of an older sister. Kidnapped at eleven by Ma Rainey, the blues singer, Bessie learned all the tricks of her trade and invented a few of her own. It was a tough business, and big-hearted Bessie was a tough woman, acknowledged Empress of the Blues when she hit the cafés and the record market. She was always moody and often drunk, and her career dwindled sadly to near-oblivion. The author is a black composer and critic whose knowledgeable comments about the origin and development of the blues permeate a book that is sometimes trite in style but enthusiastic in tone and always candid. Ages 11-14.

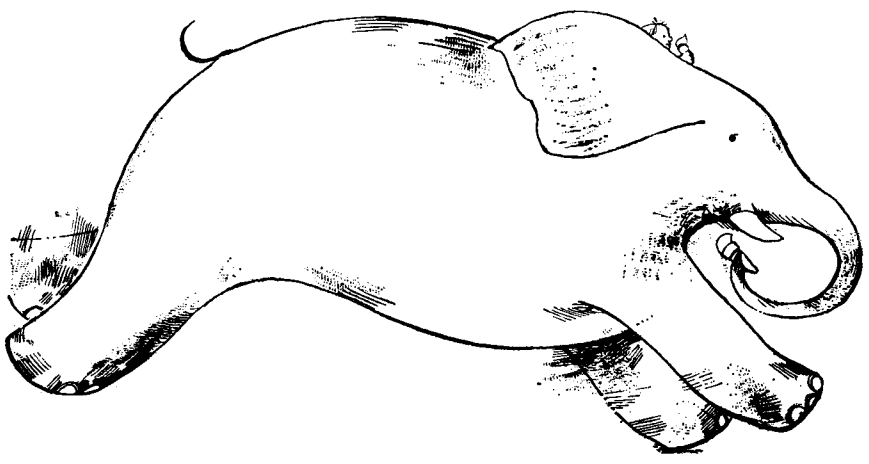
Jamberoo Road. *By Eleanor Spence. Illustrated by Doreen Roberts. Roy.* 162 *pp.* $4.75. "The Jamberoo Road was not a road at all, even by colonial standards. . . ." Somewhere in the Australian Colony, it led to Falls Farm, where Cassie and Luke had been hired as governess and stablehand to the Marlow family. The two were part of a group of orphans who had come from England with Miss Arabella, a spinster of breeding and determination, to make a better life than was possible at home. Cassie, spirited and forthright, adapts to the genteel atmosphere of Falls Farm. Luke rebels at the discipline and joins an outlaw band, but balks at a kidnapping attempt and returns to the fold, much to the relief of Miss Arabella and the orphan family. The setting is romantic, the plot lively, and the style vigorous, but the chief appeal of the book is in the diversity and sharpness of the characterizations. Ages 11-14.

The World of the Impressionists. *By Hans L. C. Jaffé. Hammond.* 256 *pp.* $14.95. A discussion of the tenets and techniques of fifteen impressionists, with brief biographies of each, is followed by 112 full-page reproductions of their works. While the text, written by a professor of art history at an Amsterdam university, is both informative and sensitive, it is the last section that is most impressive. Many black-and-white illustrations, and some photographs of the artists, are included in the textual section and are indexed under the painters' names. The full-color plates are separately numbered and indexed, but not dependably—although some Monet paintings are included, none is listed. Nevertheless, for art students and art lovers *The World of the Impressionists* is a valuable book. Ages 12 up.

The 21st Century: The Control of Life. *By Fred Warshofsky. Illustrated with photographs. Viking.* 181 *pp.* $6.95. This is less about the control of life in the next century than about the amazing progress of today, though some prognostication of future medical advances is inevitable. The subject is intriguing and the author's style an embellishment, for Mr. Warshofsky explains theoretical or technical practices with wit and crisp lucidity. Among the subjects covered are genetic control, fetology, transplant rejection, the nature of memory and the "memory pill," DNA research, and new techniques in heart surgery. A provocative and informative book, with a notably good index and a bibliography. For young adults.

The Sound of Summer Voices. *By Helen Tucker. Stein & Day.* 256. *pp.* $5.95. You'll remember Patrick Quincannon Tolson. Twelve years old, he lives with an irascible and dogmatic grandfather and two aunts, Athena and Beryl, and is constantly being reminded of the past glory of the Quincannon family and of the obligations of Southern gentlefolk. Patrick's family will not talk about his parents, and he comes to the conclusion that he is actually the illegitimate son of one of his aunts. By zealously eavesdropping and quizzing Aunt Beryl, Patrick gradually ferrets out the truth.

Patrick is a sturdy character, but it is in the family conflict that the strength of the book lies. The writing is flowing and intimate. For young adults.



—From "The Elephant and the Bad Baby."

Sovereignty

Continued from page 37

abandon the familiar haven of national culture and community in which they have for so long played the central role."

In his final chapter, "Trends and Prospects," the author denounces the "clever talk" about the "end" of European integration, about "dead alleys," "crises," and "impending collapse." Instead, he sees such realities as the continued growth of economic bonds and continuing effective integration. Europe is bound to go forward in the direction of unification, "for such unification is the ineluctable condition for its survival as a major factor and force in the world that is emerging."

The argument is presented in clear, condensed form with flow and snap. The organization of the material is impeccable. Friedrich presents his case as if he were an able lawyer garnering evidence to bolster his brief. The reader cannot help but be impressed by the author's insight and enthusiasm.

Yet the discerning reader will be bothered by a shadow of a doubt. The integration of business, labor, agriculture, mass communication, and education remains on the periphery. Deep down inside the core of the problem is the persistent and continuing force of national sovereignty, alive, kicking, and as hardened as Epoxy cement. The critical question remains: How much of its political sovereignty is any European nation, large or small, willing to relinquish in facing the ultimate cliché—when the chips are down?

This study gives one side of a clash among political scientists. Friedrich presents the case for a supranational framework of operation as a reality in contemporary Europe. The contrasting position is led by Karl W. Deutsch and his associates, Lewis J. Edinger, Roy C. Macridis, and Richard L. Merritt. In a study titled *France, Germany and the Western Alliance—A Study of Elite Attitudes on European Integration and World Politics* (1967), they argue that European integration has slowed down since the mid-1950s and has stopped or reached a plateau since 1957-58. On this basis they predict that the prospects for any form of European political integration will fade rapidly as the Common Market encounters major obstacles. They add that the next decade of European politics will likely be dominated still further by the politics of nation-states, and not by any supranational European institutions.

Friedrich finds that such views have

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already been proved in error "by the actual course of events." He objects to Deutsch's emphasis on "élite opinions," criticizes the projected "relative acceptance index," and contends that "there is the question of whether European unification and national sentiment can properly be treated as necessarily antagonistic." Friedrich also confirms the position of Daniel Lerner and Morton Gordon, who, in their "significant research on European (French and German) leaders," came to the conclusion that over a ten-year period there has been developing in Europe a genuine consensus that national answers to many pressing problems are no longer viable. Therefore, only supranational ("transnational") choices will do.

Only reluctantly does the present reviewer as a historian enter the controversy among political scientists. Friedrich's position is theoretically satisfying: he is certainly correct in his contention that the hardheaded, humdrum work of moderating the weaknesses of the traditional European nation-state has continued. He has made a pertinent presentation of significant moves toward European integration. But this is far from demolishing Deutsch's conclusions that nationalism is as vigorous as ever and that the tendency of European politics is to be dominated by the politics of nation-states and not by supranational European institutions.

Friedrich does not help his case by labeling his opponents "clever prophets" (for speaking of the "dead end" of integration) and "impatient writers" ("who in the fashion of the day . . . proclaim the political community dead"). One need not be either "clever" or "impatient" to recognize that, despite significant progress in European nonpolitical operations, the idea of national sovereignty is still politically as vigorous as ever.

A clue to Friedrich's thinking may be found in the opening lines of his preface:

> It is now over forty years since Coudenhove-Kalergi published his *Paneuropa* (1924). . . . Ever since then, I have been a partisan of European unification. This needs to be said so that the reader may know where my heart is.

Undoubtedly, this great scholar is dedicated to peace and is aware of the enormous obstacles in its way. It is only reasonable to remind him gently that the heart is not always a reliable barometer of political reality. One of the Bard's most striking lines is "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought."

Louis L. Snyder

Durrell

Continued from page 31

I knew just where, in order to stop the whole works."

And so Merlin comes to an end, and all its archives are incinerated. Felix ends happy and Benedicta blessed, and they dance to "some fine black jazz," totally content. "And we will keep on this way, dancing and dancing, even though Rome burn." What does it all add up to? Perhaps the *tunc* and the *nunquam* can be teased into representing the 1 (clockhand of action) and 0 (creative passivity) of the Kabbala, male and female, happy and blessed, from which all else springs. We are free to love, and love is the only source of creation. We can never be wholly enslaved by the great forces that sneer at free will and think they can do better than Nature. It is a comforting conclusion to reach, but we have to come a long way to reach it. We have to have many prolix philosophical set-pieces, including Freudian musings on the anal sources of what we call Culture ("Was this the *merde* that launched a thousand ships," etc.), and these, since Durrell is not primarily a thinker, go round like a bagel. He likes to play with ideas, but they are caught up in the lyric whirlpool, gaining glamour but losing intellectual life. Ultimately, both people and ideas join the world of lyric metaphors, but what do the metaphors stand for?

It is best to take *Nunquam* as one takes any other Durrell novel—as a loose parcel in which tawdry costume jewelry is mixed up with genuine gems. The parts are always greater than the whole: indeed, as with a volume of poems, the whole can hardly be said to exist. I do not really wish to denigrate a book capable of giving considerable entertainment; I merely want to warn of the danger of being bedazzled into thinking it is something more. Accept the lyric flashes thankfully—the wonderful descriptions of cities, the snowscapes, even the poetry of the laboratory and embalming room—but go elsewhere for fictional nourishment. Go to writers without an ounce of poetry in their arteries but with whole blood banks full of human concern.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Kc; 2Ah, *Portrait of the Artist. . .*; 3Ga, *Little Minister;* 4Fi, *Mr. Midshipman Easy;* 5Dd; 6Ij, *Death of a Salesman;* 7Le, *Vicar of Wakefield;* 8Jf, *Good Soldier Schweik;* 9Bg, *Master Builder;* 10Hb, *Professor's House;* 11 E l, *Major Barbara;* 12Ck.

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Fiction

VITAL PARTS

by Thomas Berger

Baron/Dutton, 432 pp., $6.95

THE TRAGICOMIC SAGA of Ohio's Carlo Reinhart, World War II corporal in *Crazy in Berlin* (1958) and maladjusted veteran in *Reinhart in Love* (1962), is carried forward brilliantly into the late Sixties in *Vital Parts*, the third of Thomas Berger's novels devoted to his likable Midwestern slob. *Vital Parts* confirms Berger's rank as a major American novelist, one whose stylistic fecundity, psychological insight, and social knowledge are seemingly inexhaustible. Reinhart continues to move, clownlike, through his familiar world of "asymmetrical impulses, like a laughter hopelessly mad, hopelessly free," large in physique, generosity, honesty, gullibility, optimism, and capacity for enduring psychosocial wounds.

In *Vital Parts* Reinhart comes closer than ever before to being a total mess of nonheroism. Forty-four years old, he thinks of himself as virtually senile. His taut muscles have turned to helpless fat; he has failed miserably at real estate, film exhibiting, and sundry other forms of money-making; his twenty-one-year-old son berates him for being "far worse" than a "fascist"—namely, "a liberal, Northern style"; his wife forbids him to sleep in their bed any more; the local Italian restaurateur expels Reinhart from the "in" eatery; the whore he infrequently visits rejects his desperate offer of a post-dated check in place of the usual cash.

Similar rebuffs in earlier decades had not dented Reinhart's apparently resilient innocence. In *Vital Parts*, however, the dark undercurrents of Thomas Berger's art emerge more strongly. Reinhart's continued openness is shown to have been deliberate and desirable rather than accidental and trivial—"younger, he had sought control over experience, basic to which was an escape from imposed rituals, like church, rigid political credos, and social biases. The object was not to repeat anything compulsively." Giddy, amusing passages depict Reinhart's adventures with contemporary forms of socio-personal liberation and the startlingly foul and funny characters he encounters en route. The experience proves de-individualizing rather than liberating. Reinhart's generally laissez-faire philosophy is transformed into bitterness:

> Human beings are vile. . . . Like any other general rule it has as many exceptions as applications, but it is a useful position from which to start. Then you won't be disillusioned by swinishness on the one hand, while on the other you will be pleasantly surprised occasionally when decency appears unexpectedly.

Little wonder, then, that in exchange for $10,000 with two final weeks of life in which to spend it, Reinhart promises two ridiculously sinister charlatans—an American go-getting businessman and an alleged Swiss scientist who may well be the ex-Nazi "Schatzi" of *Crazy in Berlin*—that they may deep-freeze him into suspended animation. Their ostensible purpose is to initiate a nonprofit effort to circumvent death, though they are obviously irresponsible and self-seeking. The chicanery and slapstick that enliven this fraudulent philanthropy are enveloped in the extravagant humor which surrounded the espionage of *Crazy in Berlin* and the political skulduggery of *Reinhart in Love*.

As in earlier Reinhart novels, the pace of events in *Vital Parts* is as phenomenally rapid as the tempo of the prose, the outcome is unexpected, explanations emerge late, and one is bombarded with continual novelty. *Vital Parts* demands an attentive reader who can accept frenetic change with the aplomb of Eunice, the girl in whose company Reinhart explores youthful sex, rock, and drugs. "Jews are out, I think," she says. "Blacks may not last much longer, either. I am beginning to turn off from the ethnic bag. Do you dig soul food? It's all fried." Not surprisingly, Reinhart, whose natural optimism has been weakened by his acquired pessimism, is lured back into continued life only by a profoundly felt need to sustain his physically injured sixteen-year-old daughter, who is as fat, gluttonous, insecure, foolish, innocent, and loving as Reinhart, and as much detested and repudiated by her mother and brother.

The laughter threading *Vital Parts* brightens rather than obscures the depth of thought and emotion evoked by Thomas Berger's fiction. In *Crazy in Berlin* Reinhart had expressed in action more than in words the moral distinction between Jew and Nazi. In *Reinhart in Love* he again depicted ideas, in this case the essential humanity of the Negro and the fragility of love. Berger's newest novel dramatizes the tenuous contemporary existence of old-fashioned qualities anathema to Reinhart's son: "Our enemy is liberal, agnostic, rationalistic, moral relativists, 'men of goodwill,' 'common decency,' 'humanitarianism,' and all those frauds."

Will Reinhart, fat, anachronistic fool, survive the 1970s? One hopes so, for he has a basic humanism that should not be lost. Tricked into marriage by a false alarm of pregnancy, encouraged to scrounge for money and social prestige instead of wasting his hours studying under the GI Bill of Rights, he is the kind of decent bungler about whose existence we might well begin to care a little more. Nobody really spectacular, but at least no hot prospect for authoritarianism of any kind.

A comic allegorist of the worthwhile Middle American, skillfully wielding a colloquial diction and rhythm of extraordinary expressiveness, Thomas Berger is one of the most successful satiric observers of the ebb and flow of American life after World War II. His prolificacy promises a continued development of the tragicomic mode of vision, something American literature badly needs to compensate for the overextended silence of such formerly active writers as Ralph Ellison, Joseph Heller, and Thomas Pynchon.

Brom Weber

Brom Weber is writing a book on the American novel of the 1960s.

WAR OF TIME

by Alejo Carpentier, translated from the Spanish by Frances Partridge

Knopf, 179 pp., $4.95

ALEJO CARPENTIER is one of the principal pioneers of the new Latin American novel, which in recent years has developed into a veritable boom. Born in Havana in 1904 of French and Russian parentage, Carpentier spent many years in France and Venezuela. In 1959 he returned to Cuba, where he served as Castro's director of the National Press. As evidenced by his works, Carpentier's range of interests includes musicology, mythology, anthropology, history, philosophy and politics. He is probably best known for his two widely translated novels, *The Lost Steps* (1953), which traces civilization to its primitive source, and *Explosion in the Cathedral* (1962), set in the Age of Enlightenment but with philosophical overtones applicable to the twentieth-century situation.

War of Time consists of five tales (masterfully translated by Frances Partridge) whose central theme is the eternal human traits that cross over all temporal boundaries.

The collection's longest and most sig-

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nificant work is "The Highroad of Saint James" (the phrase is the Spanish name for the Milky Way). A sixteenth-century Spaniard named Juan, who has abandoned his monastic training in order to see the world as an army drummer, falls ill with the plague in Antwerp, and vows that if he survives he will make a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela, reputed site of the tomb of St. James. But upon his return to Spain he succumbs again to earthly desires, and embarks for the New World in search of wealth and glory. He finds only poverty and wretchedness. Back in Spain, where the Inquisition is in full swing, "Juan the West Indian" confronts "Juan the Pilgrim." The alter-

ego Juans—greedy adventurer and religious zealot—again set off for the colonies. "Like the Night" presents an archetypal soldier about to leave for war. In successive episodes that take place in ancient Greece, sixteenth-century Spain, eighteenth-century France, and twentieth-century Britain the author negates the idea of progress and stresses the immutability of human folly.

"Right of Sanctuary" describes the sense of timelessness experienced by an official of an unnamed Latin American country during the long months he spends in asylum in a neighboring nation's embassy after a *coup d'état*. "Journey to the Source" resembles a film run backwards, unveiling layers of memory to disclose the lost innocence of its leading figure. The last tale, "The Chosen," gives an ironic twist to the legend of the Flood.

Carpentier views our present-day circumstances as an end-product of historical forces. His quest for man's true essence, however, leads him to evoke the ever-recurring myths that fuse past, present and future into a unified whole. Because of his verbal flourishes, twisted syntax, and grotesque imagery ("when a carcass was thrown into the middle of the street, black baldheaded vultures would unwind its tripes like ribbons on a maypole"), he has been acclaimed as a master of neo-baroque prose.

For American readers unfamiliar with Carpentier's previously translated books, *War of Time* introduces a mature, imaginative artist, one of the first to universalize in fiction the Latin American experience.

George R. McMurray

George R. McMurray is professor of Latin American literature at Colorado State University.

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Vietnam

Continued from page 25

sonable approach can be made to the enemy.

At present, for example, we support the Saigon government's grip on all forty-four provincial capitals in South Vietnam. About such provincial capitals fan the hamlets—12,000 to 14,000 of them. In some, the Communists have, indeed, won enduring loyalty. Many more are profoundly anti-Communist, whether or not they are pro-Thieu/Ky. But the political approach and field operations in South Vietnam bear almost no relation to these underlying political realities.

A first step to realistic cantonment and ultimate peace might be for us to *abandon* three or four such provincial capitals and recognize Vietcong control over them. This must be a most delicate operation, for fragmentation in many Vietnamese provinces runs hamlet by neighboring hamlet, and in some cases house by house. Yet it is easier for us to proceed with the separation of communities in South Vietnam now, while we hold the upper hand in battle, than it may be a year hence when the tide of war may have been reversed. Advance notice would have to be given to government loyalists in capitals or towns to be turned over to the Vietcong, so that they might have the option of leaving before Communist police and justice take over. Compensation would have to be paid the dispossessed. Free entry to and egress from all areas, during the transition months, would have to be guaranteed so people would have time to think matters over and make their decisions without risk.

The thinking behind such a move would have to be made publicly clear. The provinces turned over by our side to the Vietcong would be recognized as outright Communist sanctuaries, free from all bombings, all search-and-destroy missions, either by Americans or Saigon forces. Realism would dictate a further declaration: Such enclaves would remain sanctuaries only so long as the Communists did not use them as bases for raiding or molesting adjacent anti-Communist provinces. In which case, it sternly would be made clear that retaliation from the government side would come instantly, with American air and artillery support.

Thus, in some areas of South Vietnam, under American protection, there would be communities in which Communists would be safe, zones of security where Communist officials would retain their posts and Communist leaders would remain leaders. Somewhere Communist partisans and veterans could rebuild their lives without constant fear, could accumulate land or build shelter worth preserving that only their own aggression could endanger again. The essence of the thinking, made clear to friend and foe alike, is that the Communists, too, should have a stake in South Vietnam, hostage to fortune and renewed war.

Such a solution obviously might be unacceptable to the North Vietnamese and to Hanoi's negotiating team in Paris. But it offers the Vietcong, the Communists in the South, and their sympathizers, more than ever has been offered before. It is they and their families who bear the brunt of the air bombings, the raids, the random artillery shellings. No American intelligence agency boasts any real expertise on the rifts and fissions between the Communists, North and South. But the division is historic—and whatever widens it is in our interest. No matter how small the beginning enclaves of sanctuary and cease-fire, we can lose little by experimenting, and can gain, abundantly, if the spread of sanctuaries and cease-fire moves toward a generalized peace.

One cannot blueprint such a partition of South Vietnam from Paris or Washington—such a map would have to develop from tentative beginnings, by local negotiations, open or secret, covering specific village clusters, known roads, visible terrain. Certain areas of South Vietnam—notably parts of the Delta and pockets of the coastal plain—are probably irrevocably Communist in sympathy. But far greater areas of Vietnam and the decisive preponderance of its people are anti-Communist. Between both kinds of provinces, trades might be encouraged over the roads the Americans have built that lead to and from market towns. Indeed such trade already goes on today, although it is clandestine. If the mollifying process goes far enough, one can even envision a tentative resumption of trade between North and South Vietnam, such as now goes on between East and West Germany.

A federal government, aided by America, might begin to make schools, electricity, medical care, and irrigation available to all provinces—while leaving the internal security of each province to its own politics, as Americans leave local police to local authorities. Individuals — farmers, teachers, agitators, veterans, traitors—must be convinced that they will not be at the mercy of the other side's retaliation. And it is here, in morally underwriting and, during the withdrawal period, physically guaranteeing positive mercy, that America can play its most creative role.

No echo of the Paris talks promises what Vietnamese need most—a self-insuring guarantee of person and life. The premise of each side in Paris calls for a unitary state in which is implicit large-scale slaughter—either of anti-Communists by the Cong, or of Communists by government police.

In the several years left on the timetable of our withdrawal, we still have the opportunity to set a new political perspective and explore an initiative never yet attempted. It would not be wrong for us to indicate to the Saigon government that a new federal government, cantoned into provinces of different political hues, is what we envision. Nor would it be impossible to proclaim publicly that to insure a thriving federal Vietnam, our substantial aid would go to all provinces, loyalist and Communist alike, so that healing might come where our arms have spread sorrow.

"Just because you're declining doesn't mean Western civilization is declining."

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

A Freeport That Isn't

WITHOUT ITS golf courses and gaming tables, Freeport on Grand Bahama Island would be devoid of greenery, unless one counts as green the acres of skinny Georgia pines that cover the island like the bristles on a hairbrush. Freeport could scarcely survive without golf and gambling, established as it was some fifteen years ago to entice the practitioners of those two arts, who are legion.

I am not among their number, having played a total of four holes of golf in thirty years and having shaken hands with perhaps a half-dozen one-arm bandits, but the glory of being a travel writer, of seeing places like Freeport, is the chance to sample alien cultures you may never have to embrace for longer than a weekend. The challenge when you arrive in such a place is to make the most of the stay, however short; to absorb what there is and perhaps even leave a bit of yourself behind.

Another of Freeport's attractions I should not neglect, as the *Newsweek* tower outside my window registers 36 degrees, is the winter sun. Weather in the southern latitudes has generally had a bad run this season, but visitors to Freeport probably depend less on the sun than do escapees to more beach-oriented islands. As long as a golfer can see the flag on the 18th hole, he's content. The only flush a gambler seeks is in the cards.

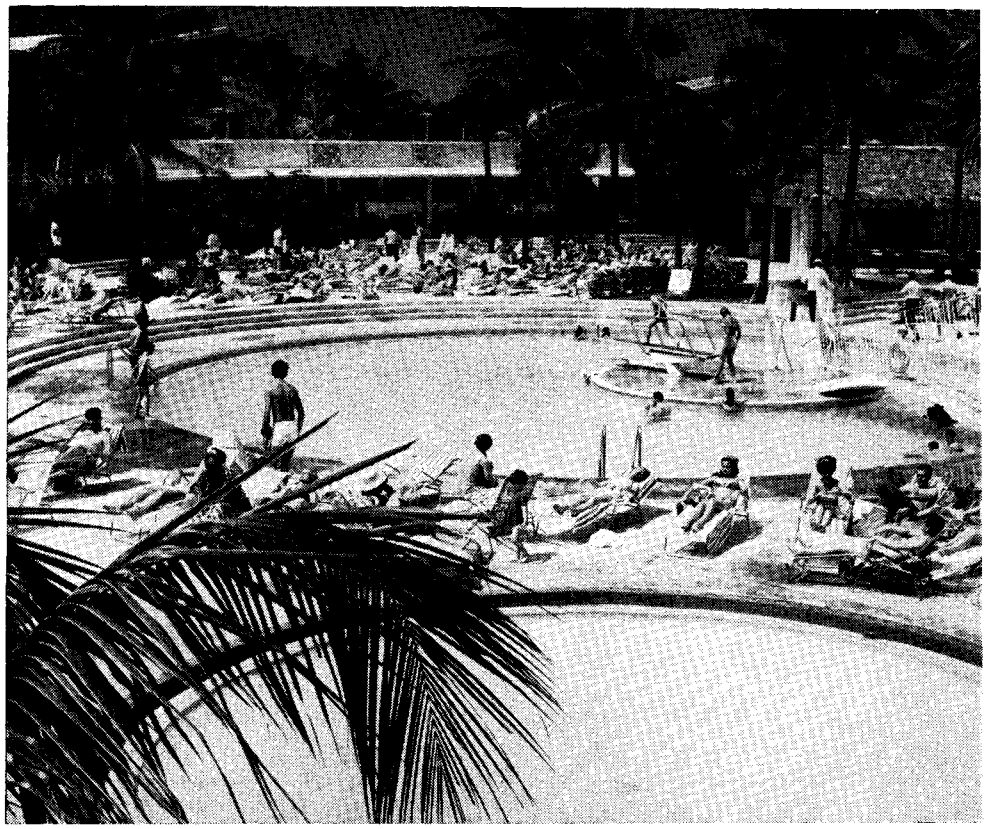
Winging southward on a Saturday morning, I said a little prayer over my breakfast tray for the sun. I might have prayed for Northeast Airlines, too, for one day soon, if the CAB approves, Northeast will surrender its corporate existence to Northwest Airlines, and the Yellow Bird may be gone forever. I am not saying a premature Kaddish for the airline, but there is something sad or at least sobering about the passing of any institution one has learned to live with. It takes some special effort for an airline to assert its individuality in a field so committed to uniformity, and Northeast, in its waning stages, seemed to be struggling toward that goal. The last time I noticed, it was advertising ultra-wide arm rests that, when lowered, could turn three seats into two. Before that I remember the furry lap robes, and the steaks that were broiled while you flew. The lap robes were gorgeous, so much so that, as a stewardess once lamented to me, passengers were spiriting them away beneath their coats. I don't know how the steaks went over, but after the novelty of eating an airborne meal straight from the grill had worn away, one might have begun to ask: Can't I have a cheese sandwich this time?

With barely a half house that morning, the three stewardesses had time to lean back and muse about their changing lot. I wondered if an employee's morale and performance weren't affected by the prospect of a sinking ship. "Definitely," said one. "The girls are taking more sick days now, knowing it won't go on their record when Northwest takes over." She admitted passengers have been lodging more complaints as a result of her colleagues' spreading insouciance. For the record or not, my three handmaids—Candace Watson, Carol Reilly, and Amy Dengler—boosted considerably the morale of at least one passenger. And it became no small task as our Yellow Bird, gliding south of Norfolk, left behind a blue sky stretching all the way back to Manhattan and nosed into a demoralizing zone of expanding gray.

Freeport, seventy miles east of Palm Beach, has sprouted from the coral and pines in the last fifteen years under the careful cultivation of a private combine with a public-sounding monicker, the Grand Bahama Port Authority. It was founded by a lapsed Virginian named Wallace Groves, who had done penance in the States for mail fraud, and has been recently bought out by a Philippine group, although Groves and the Port Authority continue to run the shop. Among its holdings are the airport, said to be the largest privately operated international terminal on Earth. Freeport, sadly for bargain-hungry tourists, who also come ashore in cruise ships, is not really a free port. That's only a name. A package of cigarettes costs 75 cents in a machine, and bottles of liquor run only about 10 per cent less than in U.S. stores.

What's free about Freeport is that residents and companies are exempt from taxes—on income, capital gains, real estate, and personal property—until 1990. Freeport depends heavily on the tourist dollar, but it has also permitted a half-dozen companies to set up plants in its western sector, among them a Revlon finishing and distribution center, a Guerlain perfumery, and the Syntex Corporation, a pharmaceuticals manufacturer that mainly turns out a compound used to make the Pill.

There are a dozen hotels and condominiums on Freeport property with



Freeport's King's Inn—"I was transported back to the mid-Fifties by a shake-rattle-and-roll revival of Bill Haley and the Comets."

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upwards of 4,000 beds, roughly the number of native Bahamians who were living in peace if not prosperity before the instant settlement began to rise. Now the town of Freeport has about 17,000 residents, and a half-million tourists come and go in a year. The Lucayan Beach Hotel, the first to open in Freeport, is six years old this season, and I found it beginning to show its age (although six is hardly ancient for a hotel). Maybe mine was just the odd room among 249 others that functioned perfectly, but everything I touched, every button I pushed didn't work quite right. Music was coming out of the bedstand stereo when I entered the room. Presently, it went off. I happened to push a light switch, and the music came on again. Thereafter, it played its own tune no matter what adjustments I made with the bedstand controls. The hotel's telephone operator was harder to raise than an airline reservation desk over the Christmas holidays. The stopper in my washbasin came up only for the maid, who gladly demonstrated the necessary piece of legerdemain. My fingernails proved too short for the task.

None of which succeeded in bringing me down once the sun came out. There was time enough late Saturday afternoon to catch the first blush of a tan if one was willing to put up with a buffeting wind that drove most of the hotel's guests, those who weren't on the links or in the adjoining casino, to the cover of a beachside bar. They seemed to be part of a tour group, to judge from the roistering camaraderie displayed beneath the frond roof. "Not necessarily," my companion, a Freeport resident, opined. "Freeport is always compared to Miami Beach and Las Vegas, but I think the tourists here are a friendlier lot. Everybody seems to get along, whether they're in a tour group or not."

By Sunday the wind and clouds had blown away, leaving a perfect day for sand creatures. The water was yet too cold to do anything more than toe the gentle green shore break, but the sand was warm and firm under foot, and there were miles of it to cover. Freeport may be devoted to the gamesmanship of golfers and gamblers, but the island also attracts some of the world's most devout divers and fishermen. The Underwater Explorers Society makes its international headquarters in the Oceanus Hotel, near the Lucayan Beach. Gary Simmons, a young charter-boat captain, frequents the waters off Grand Bahama in search of the particularly strapping yellow-fin tuna, as well as wahoo, blue-fin tuna, sailfish, white marlin, dolphin, and various junior species. Five years ago, Simmons discovered the wreck of a Spanish treasure ship about three-quarters of a mile off the south coast, its holds crammed with enough fifteenth-century coins to net $2.8-million on today's market. All 15,000 coins are still in Barclays Bank in Freeport, while Simmons fights his way through the legal entanglements surrounding his find. Another Simmons catch—a 700-pound blue marlin, the biggest fish ever taken in local waters—decorates the wall at the Freeport Airport, providing visitors needed diversion in the long line at Immigration.

I found the Holiday Inn, just down the shore from the Oceanus, looking suspiciously Hiltonesque. In fact, it is one of the Inns' international showpieces, the first in the chain to be built outside the United States, and scarcely a reminder of its poor relations back home. The guests that morning were enjoying an un-Holiday Inn, bellies-to-the-sun hedonism, stationed around two swimming pools and on the shore, while a steel band reminded them of which corner of the world they had come to.

Putting on the dog in Freeport is dining at El Morocco, which shares a roof with El Casino, the larger of Freeport's two gambling dens, in a building designed to evoke the Taj Mahal. El Morocco is proud of its European staff, strutting young men with white smiles and degrees from Swiss hotel schools, and of its menu français that lists as its cheapest entree a $7.75 Prime Sirloin Steak Minute. When the violins come on, pearly chandeliers go off, at which time the dressed-to-kill patrons are forced to eat by light of rhinestone. At a round table next to ours—so vast its diners should have been communicating by intercom—it was pointed out that two different women were wearing chinchilla furs. "That," said a furless woman at our table, "is the first time I've ever seen two chinchillas in one *room*."

El Casino was abuzz and ajingle

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with a fairly brisk business when we emerged from the restaurant. I pulled unsuccessfully at a few slot machines, while my Freeport friend looked on enviously, having been shunted to the sidelines as locals are not allowed to play. He had loved and lost in foreign casinos, and he said: "We don't have the brassiness of Las Vegas. When somebody hits the jackpot here you don't hear much yelling. And there aren't many prostitutes wandering around. The fine is stiff here, and besides there are enough pretty mini-skirted barmaids from the British Isles to provide competition."

Those in search of the latter species may be rewarded with a visit to one of Freeport's two ranking discothèques, the Joker's Wild. At any rate, the looking is good. Down the road, the House of Lords has been drawing a mostly black crowd, a notable exception being Tiny Tim, who got up and did whatever he does during his honeymoon in Freeport. When I was there, the leader of a local rock group called Smokey 007 was bouncing around the floor with such frenzy that people started throwing money at his feet. His seconds were forced to scoop up the cash before some nimble-footed spectators in the front row could get to it.

On Sunday night at the King's Inn and Golf Club—an 800-room spread so well landscaped one forgets he is in the midst of a pine barren—I was transported to the mid-Fifties by a shake-rattle-and-roll revival of Bill Haley and the Comets. Next to the wasp-waisted, hollow-faced English group then playing at the Joker's Wild, Haley and his

five amply proportioned sidekicks came on like the Beverly Hillbillies. They went through a memorable repertoire —"Shake, Baby, Shake," "See You Later, Alligator," "Rock Around the Clock" —and by the time they had puffed and sweated to a halt even the two teen-age daughters at our table, born about the same time as rock, were pleading for more.

Monday morning I toured the International Bazaar, ten acres of shops and restaurants laid out by a Hollywood set designer with the charm of a miniature Disneyland. It's the best show on the island. I hurried through the bazaar (one could spend a whole day at it) so there would be time, before an early-afternoon flight to the island of Eleuthera, to walk the sands of Community Beach. This is a local enclave, where the barmaids and their volleyball-playing boyfriends pass fretless days. Freeport, by then, wasn't easy to leave.

One Thing and Another

Continued from page 33

novelist and critic; Heinrich Böll, German novelist; Frank Kermode of the University of London, and Andrei Voznesensky, Russian poet. The University of Oklahoma itself has a literary tradition remarkable for an institution established less than a century ago. *Books Abroad*, published continuously for forty-three years, is the oldest international literary quarterly in English; it surveys literature printed in sixty-five languages, its reviewing staff numbers some 600 specialists, and in partnership with the university's Department of Modern Languages it now sponsors a series of annual conferences devoted to the work of modern authors—in 1968 the Spanish poet Jorge Guillén, last year Jorge Luis Borges of Argentina. Mr. Ivask also works closely with the University of Oklahoma Press, for many years cherished by students of the Old West for its distinguished service in preserving books that might otherwise have fallen into oblivion, although its scope is by no means limited to Americana.

Well, it all figures, somehow—the literary tradition in Oklahoma, a commonwealth so often associated chiefly with oil and football and big money. Washington Irving was out here in the 1830s when he was preparing for his *A Tour of the Prairies*. An unschooled Indian, Sequoyah, developed a Cherokee syllabary which his fellow-Indians could learn in three days. Two-time Pulitzer Prize-winner Marquis James, although not a native Oklahoman, spent his formative years here, and recorded them memorably in *The Cherokee Strip*. "Stanley Vestal" (William C. Campbell), historian, and Vernon L. Parrington, author of the classic *Main Currents in American Thought*, taught at the university. It was the alma mater of Lynn Riggs, who made the state the locale of his play *Green Grow the Lilacs*, and you know what grew out of that: the timeless musical comedy *Oklahoma!* The title number is now the state's official song, during the playing of which good Oklahomans are said to stand and remove their hats.

I would have, too, if I had heard the song out here, but somehow it wasn't played during the award proceedings.

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Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

Malignant Messenger

TWO YEARS AGO come June, Dr. Solomon Garb, who since has become director of the American Medical Center in Denver, published in these columns a review of some neglected approaches to cancer. Among other things, he pointed out that a cancer does not grow without the help of the body it invades.

Dr. Garb told of an experiment conducted by medical students under his supervision at Albany (New York) Medical College in 1959. The students transplanted cancers from human patients to the cheek pouches of hamsters. The normal hamster cheek pouch contains many small blood vessels but no large ones. However, after a fragment of cancer was implanted in a pouch, a large artery some distance from the implant extended from itself a smaller artery that grew toward the cancer. As the cancer grew, the small artery increased in size until it was one of the biggest blood vessels in the hamster's body.

This dramatic performance sent Dr. Garb's students to medical literature, where they found that they were observing what had been seen a number of times before. So often had the repetition occurred, in fact, that the study of cancer had come to include the proposition that "rapid growth of tumor transplants is dependent upon the development of a rich vascular supply, and . . . that an outstanding characteristic of the tumor cell is its capacity to elicit continuously the growth of new capillary endothelium from the host."

Further literature search revealed that malignant tumors had the power to elicit growth of blood vessels around them within several days after the tumors were implanted.

"I have not found any evidence of efforts to find out *how* the cancer provoked the host blood vessel response," Dr. Garb wrote in *SR*. He suggested a concentrated research drive toward isolation and identification of the chemical agent that cancers use in preparing the body to accept invasion.

Some time after Dr. Garb's review of the status of cancer research appeared, a pair of investigators at the Eppley Cancer Institute in Omaha, Nebraska—chief institute pathologist Melvin Greenblatt and Philippe Shubik—turned up clear-cut evidence that the blood vessel stimulant produced by cancer cells is carried through the body dissolved in a liquid. Working with Gordon Sanders first at Oxford University in England and then in Chicago, Shubik had invented a way of encasing cancer transplants in tiny transparent envelopes of a porous membrane. In Omaha, Greenblatt and Shubik placed these envelopes directly on the connective tissue of cheek pouches of hamsters. Pores in the membrane were too small to allow any cells from the enveloped cancers to pass through to the tissue outside. Nevertheless, blood vessels sprang up in the outside tissue and grew right up to the membrane in an effort to reach the cancer and keep it growing. Greenblatt and Shubik reasoned that the cancer must have put a message through the membrane, and that the blood vessels were coming out in response to the message.

Since then, the mysterious messenger seems to have been found. In the last issue of *Science* for the month of February 1970, molecular biology professor Harry Rubin of the University of California Virus Laboratory, Berkeley, announced discovery of a chemical substance that leaks from malignant cells and causes healthy cells to grow much more rapidly than normal.

Although he has not yet been able to isolate the substance or to identify it, the professor has found out enough about it to know that it fits the specifications cancer researchers have been looking for:

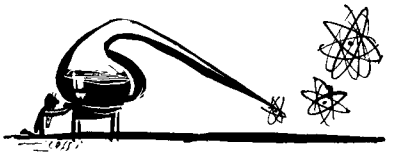
It acts within several days after a cancer is in place.

It acts at a distance from the cancer.

It perpetuates its action by speeding up the manufacture of DNA, the acid that carries the hereditary code through cell nuclei.

It doesn't change normal cells into malignant cells.

Because he has not yet identified the messenger, Professor Rubin calls it OSF, which is short for Overgrowth Stimulating Factor. From the way it behaves, he assumes it is a protein and possibly an enzyme. Either it or something quite like it exists also in normal cells, but the amount of it increases markedly after the normal cells are infected by the Rous sarcoma virus (RSV), which, as the late Dr. Peyton Rous discovered at the Rockefeller Institute (now Rockefeller University) in 1910, causes cancer in chickens and other fowl.



Dr. Rubin discovered OSF by growing chick embryo cells in culture dishes in the laboratory and inoculating the cells with RSV. The inoculated cells turned malignant within one or two days. As this happened, the professor each day collected some of the liquid surrounding the malignant cells. He put the liquid into an ultra high-speed centrifuge in order to remove any virus particles that might remain. He then inoculated cultures of normal chick embryo cells with samples of the virus-free liquid. In appearance and behavior, the inoculated normal cells "took on some of the features of Rous's sarcoma cells," Dr. Rubin reported; however, unlike the cells that were "directly and irreversibly transformed by infection with RSV," the cells exposed to OSF resumed their normal shape and growth pattern within 100 hours after inoculation.

One surprising aspect of Professor Rubin's discovery was that OSF produced its overgrowth effect in cells much more rapidly than did the Rous virus itself. Dr. Rubin believes this happens because OSF can act directly on the surfaces of cells. Cell surfaces are known to possess regulatory power over growth of new cells under normal conditions after a certain degree of crowding has occurred. Viruses, however, cannot act on the surfaces of cells; they must penetrate the cells and multiply inside the cells before the viral effects appear.

Another curious event was observed in the experiment. Whereas the virus-infected cells began to grow faster than normal within two days after their infection, OSF was not detected in the surrounding liquid until several days later. Professor Rubin thinks this may indicate that OSF at first accumulates inside malignant cells, begins to have some growth-stimulating effects there, and then leaks into the extracellular fluid.

As Dr. Garb pointed out in *SR* two years ago, isolation and identification of the messenger within OSF might logically be followed by development of means of strangling cancers by cutting off their food supply in the blood. For example, the messenger-molecule might be hooked onto another molecule to make an antibody that would kill the blood-vessel-stimulating substance. Contrariwise, the stimulating substance might be used to encourage growth of blood vessels where such growth is needed: in tissue transplants or following heart attacks.

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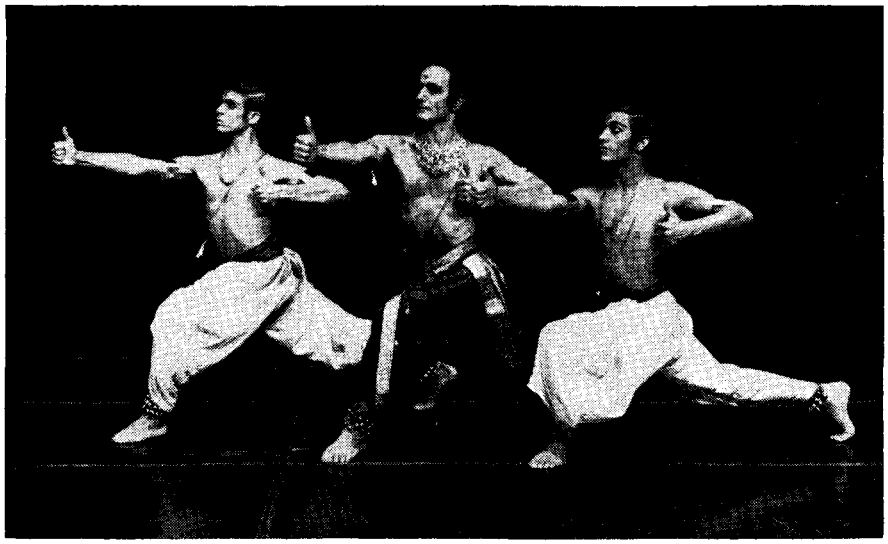
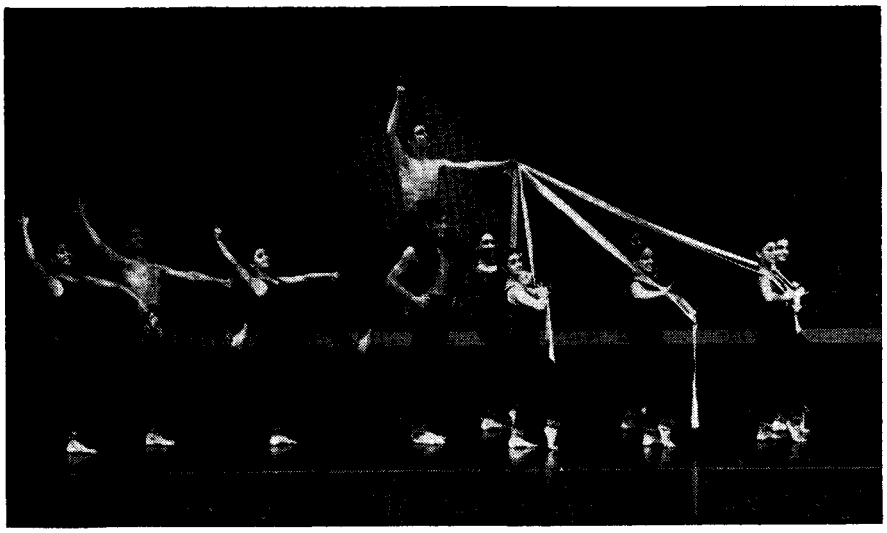
World of Dance

Walter Terry



—*Ruth Harston.*



Matteo, American expert on India's classical dances, is flanked by Matthew Diamond and Larry Landau, leading members of his Indo-American Dance Company. The teen-age troupe recently appeared on TV in traditional "bharata natyam" style as seen here, and also in Western dress but using classical gestures ("mudras") and steps.

TV—Bad Ballet; Superb Ethnic

"SUPERB" is what the press release promised. "Godawful" is what we got. I am referring to the Canadian Broadcasting Company's TV production of a *Cinderella* ballet, performed by the National Ballet of Canada and released in the United States by National Educational Television (which should have known better). This ninety-minute special, choreographed by the National Ballet's director Celia Franca, is devoid of any dance interest, overloaded with the worst pantomimic clichés imaginable (the Ugly Sisters and the Mother), overproduced (the flowers appear to be of the man-eating variety, and the scenes of the Prince leaping around the world in search of Cinderella would make a Disneyite cringe), over-cute (a human dancer as the cat by the fireplace in an otherwise realistic scene—realistic, that is, if you believe that a formal foyer and a kitchen should be adjacent and wall-less).

In a nutshell, this TV *Cinderella*, unfortunately exposed through a mass medium, is one of those unbelievably bad productions that make you sob, "This'll set ballet back fifty years!" It is, obviously, high-budget, for it has a huge cast (seventy), a full orchestra, all kinds of sets (from fireplace-foyer through a palace scene to global trotting and a visit to the four seasons of the year) by Robert Lawson, attractive costumes by West Germany's Jürgen Rose, and (dividend!) the Prokofiev score.

The only point in mentioning this dismal affair is that it can do deep harm to the cause of ballet on TV. It has Canada, the National Ballet, government support (the National Ballet) behind it, and it is flaunted as something special. To describe the show in detail would be simply boring; let me say that the choreography, including the mimed episodes, would be hard to stomach at a small-town dance recital in which your own children were participants.

But to dredge up some credits where few are due, let me say that Veronica Tennant is a personable Cinderella, that Jeremy Blanton does what he can as the Prince, and that Lois Smith, the company's prima ballerina, is valiant though woefully misdirected as the Fairy Godmother.

For Cinderella fans, let me remind them that some years ago Britain's Royal Ballet (then the Sadler's Wells Ballet) did its *Cinderella* (with Ashton choreography) as a ninety-minute special for American TV with Margot Fonteyn in the title role. Do you think, for a moment, there could be a choice between the two?

A high-budget show doesn't necessarily mean quality. CBS's *Camera Three* is a low-budget show, and, over the years, it has celebrated the art of dancing on many occasions. Twenty years ago, I selected the dancers and the dances for *Camera Three*'s first (or one of the first) all-dance shows, and I think I was paid $16 for expenses—so you see it *is* a low-budget show.

The newest all-dance program to be given by *Camera Three* was as low-budget as all noncommercial TV programs must be, and it was superb. The director was the highly imaginative and tasteful Merrill Brockway, and the dancers were Matteo and his teen-age Indo-American Dance Company, America's first company to be devoted entirely to East Indian dance.

Matteo (partner to Carola Goya) is a product of the great American ethnic dance authority, La Meri, and of studies here and in India under major masters of India's ancient and complex dance art. His company, highly professional, is composed, surprisingly enough, of dance students and recent graduates drawn from New York City's remarkable High School of Performing Arts. Matteo organized the company slightly more than two years

(*Continued on page* 82)

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Liberated Classics

IT IS BOTH ironic and appropriate that D. H. Lawrence, who spent his entire life in a running battle with the censors, should still be the champion of a greater permissiveness for the screen some forty years after his death. In 1959, a French-made film version of his *Lady Chatterley's Lover* provided the basis for a landmark Supreme Court decision that declared that a picture could not be banned merely because it advocated an unpopular idea—in that instance, that under certain circumstances adultery might be condoned. More recently, an adaptation of Lawrence's novella *The Fox* afforded the first frank, detailed, and unsensationalized treatment of lesbianism in a major American movie. (Earlier, the astute Jerry Wald had included in his first cut of *Sons and Lovers* a steamy bedroom scene that he knew the censors would eliminate; he figured—correctly, as it turned out—that they would then be willing to leave the rest alone.)

It remains to be seen whether, at a time when everyone is saying that the movies have gone about as far as they can go in treating sexual material on the screen, the latest Lawrence adaptation, of his probing *Women in Love*, will again invite censorial action. Quite apart from considerable female nudity, which is now almost de rigueur, there is also an extended sequence in which the two male leads, Alan Bates and Oliver Reed, wrestle in the nude. It is shocking for a moment (just as anything new is momentarily unsettling), then strangely beautiful, and ultimately is seen to be wholly appropriate to Lawrence's theme and style. For Lawrence, in all of his writing, celebrated a mystic form of sexuality that had less to do with the merging of bodies than the mingling of blood to create an almost symbiotic relationship. Sex was important to him not as a physical act, but because it made him feel complete as a man; he longed for a society —indeed, in his life he *searched* for a society—where a select few might live together in perfect intellectual and, perhaps even more important to him, instinctual harmony.

In none of Lawrence's numerous novels, essays, or short stories does this theme receive a more forthright development than in *Women in Love*, written just after World War I. Highly autobiographical, like most of his work, it centers upon the courtship of a reclusive, introspective school inspector, Rupert Birkin, in an English mining town. Birkin is drawn to a high-spirited, attractive teacher, Ursula, while his best friend, Gerald Crich, is even more fascinated by Ursula's wholly emancipated sister, Gudrun. As the two affairs progress, Birkin tries to bind Gerald to him in a bond of blood-brotherhood, but he is rejected. Gerald, the wealthy son of the local mineowner, is unable to make a commitment, not even to Gudrun, who ultimately rejects Gerald, leaving him to die while she pursues her own career as a sculptress.

Glenda Jackson and Alan Bates in "Women in Love"—"Rarely has a great novel been more lovingly, more sensitively, or more knowingly brought to the screen."

Lawrence liked to say that he wrote out of his blood, not his intellect; as a result, many questions go unanswered, both in his novel and in this film that is based so closely upon it. Was Birkin suggesting to Gerald a homosexual relationship? Did Gudrun really love Gerald at the outset, or was she merely using him? And, perhaps most important of all, why should Gudrun not go off to Dresden with her homosexual lover if she might there fulfill herself as an artist? In the light of Lawrence's own career, one might have expected a more sympathetic treatment—if he also had not been so ardently anti-feminist.

Despite these shortcomings, *Women in Love* remains one of the more extraordinary novels of this century, simply because Lawrence himself was an utterly candid and clear-seeing (as opposed to clear-thinking) observer of the human condition, and a writer with a poet's gift for depicting scenes in swift, vivid, and often symbolic imagery. These qualities have been carried over intact in Larry Kramer's skilled adaptation of a novel that is singularly devoid of dramatic confrontations, and even more so in Ken Russell's sensitive direction of the strong personal relationships that are at the heart of Lawrence's work. Not only do Birkin and Gerald, and Ursula and Gudrun emerge as fully dimensioned characters, but every member of the large and carefully chosen cast, however briefly he appears, brings an instant recognition of time, place, and origins. If only for sustaining successfully a sense of period in such a large-scale production, Russell deserves a special word of commendation.

But Russell's achievement goes far beyond that. His visuals, period notwithstanding, capture fully the sensual immediacy of Lawrence's prose style. Lawrence describes Ursula as "golden," and she is glimpsed in fields of wheat, in sunlight, against pastel blue-green lakes that apostrophize her inner glow. Gudrun, icy and dark, is most often seen in shadows that both conceal and reveal her mysterious fascination. Lawrence's poetic symbolism is admirably preserved in the sequence in which Gudrun dances to turn away the charge of a herd of horned cattle; perhaps too much so in the intercutting of Ursula and Birkin making love with the nude bodies of drowned newlyweds in blue-black mud. The final sequences, photographed in the shadow of the Matterhorn—away from the darkness

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of the collieries, away from the genteel lawn parties of Britain's upper classes —create an appropriately stark setting for the final tragedy, the suicide of Gerald in the snow.

Rarely has a great novel been more lovingly, more sensitively, or more knowingly brought to the screen. Russell understands not only Lawrence's characters, but what Lawrence meant to say through them; and while it might be wrong to single out for special commendation any one actor in a cast that is uniformly excellent, I find myself impelled to mention Glenda Jackson's Gudrun, with her feline eyes and imperious mouth and her sense of fierce independence. She bursts upon the screen like a young, sturdier version of Katharine Hepburn, with all of her animal magnetism, all of her intellectual appeal. It is a magnificent performance; and if Alan Bates commands attention as Birkin, the "I" of Lawrence's novel, Miss Jackson brings to the film the layers of sexuality that make *Women in Love* worth reading—and seeing.

In striking contrast is Joseph Strick's impoverished interpretation of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. Published in 1934, Miller's book—it would be hard to call it a novel—consisted of good-humored, if scatological, recollections of his hard times as an American expatriate in Paris, combined with urgent, argumentative essays expressing Miller's hedonist philosophy. (I have always suspected that Miller's real interest was in the essays, and that all the sexy stuff that led to the customs' ban was inserted so that the buyers would keep reading.) Strick, who a few years ago directed the film version of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, seems intent on exploiting the forbidden classics simply because they were once forbidden. His adaptation of Joyce was acceptable less for its quality than because it put more of Joyce on the screen than one would have thought possible. The film had some of the texture, and an astonishing amount of the atmosphere, of the original.

Such, alas, is not the case with *Tropic of Cancer*. Probably for reasons of production expediency, the Depression-ridden feel of Paris in the early Thirties has not been re-created. What we see is the well-heeled, well-fed, complacent Paris of the late Sixties, with motorcars for everyone and no problem if there is an extra guest for dinner. The prostitutes, who were apparently Miller's greatest allies in the Thirties, now ply their trade in Peugeots; but there is no hint of that here. Past and present are mingled in an uneasy misalliance that constantly belies the validity of Miller's observations as he was cadging rooms and meals from his

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well-meaning friends. What does remain is the language—foul, explicit, even clinical. It is hard to believe that, in this new era of permissiveness, Strick was not tempted to see how far he could push the outer limits. What does come clear is that, despite this new era of permissiveness, through sheer repetition certain words become so abrasive that one wishes he could wash the producer-director-writer's mouth out with soap. Rip Torn is adequate as Henry Miller, James Callahan superb as the Paris *Herald Tribune* employee who befriends him.

To turn from the past to the present, Arthur Hailey's *Airport* has been on the best-seller lists long enough to be considered a modern classic of sorts; and producer Ross Hunter has brought it to the screen with one of those super-duper, all-star casts that spells out multimillion-dollar greatness. Actually, with a cast headed by Burt Lancaster and Dean Martin, and including Helen Hayes as what television would call a "special guest star," *Airport* is a good entertainment. Writer-director George Seaton gets his enormous cast aloft with a minimum of old-fashioned exposition, then keeps us reasonably concerned as to whether the bomb that Van Heflin has smuggled aboard will really go off. Unfortunately, amid plugs for the invulnerability of the Boeing 707, the film never gets around to the question of "the crowded air," which was the heart of Hailey's novel. Perhaps if it had incorporated that, *Airport* would have achieved not only entertainment, but importance.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Critics on the Critics

THE OFFICE of Communication of the United Church of Christ—which during the Sixties significantly inspired citizen efforts to improve the quality of broadcasting—has undertaken still another public interest task: improvement of criticism in the mass media.

Last summer, Dr. Everett C. Parker, director of the Office of Communication, commissioned Louis Harris and Associates, Inc., the national public-opinion survey firm, to determine the demographics of critics and reviewers employed by the mass media to evaluate such fields as books, drama, films, TV-radio, music, painting, dance, and sculpture. The study was also to ascertain the critics' attitudes about themselves and their jobs and to calculate their influence on the public. Editors were queried to get some employer viewpoint. The findings of the survey—interviews with a small group of "visible critics" in four major cities and a national sampling by mail of critics and editors in metropolitan areas and smaller cities (233 critics, 122 editors)—have just been released. The next step will be a national sampling of public views on criticism in the media, including a survey of student attitudes and a more detailed examination of drama and book critics as differentiated from those who concentrate on TV-radio.

The Harris survey, *Critics and Criticism in the Mass Media,* includes data and observations but no interpretations. Anyone who reads the study, if he believes that reviewers are merely "journalists—with a difference," as one observation in the report suggests, could conclude that, while there is room for improvement, the state of the art of criticism is reasonably healthy. On the other hand, a reader might be dismayed if the report affirms that critics, as aspiring historian-philosophers, are vital to the preservation of reasonably open institutions in a time when the packaging and distribution of symbols is perhaps the most important industry in our society.

A majority of critics and editors believe that criticism published in newspapers today has the most influence. Magazines rank considerably lower, and criticism on TV very low. Ten years from now, the critics generally expect that criticism on television will be the most influential. The average length of a review of a book or a play on TV or radio today is about ninety seconds. There is no criticism of TV-radio on the air, and there is no criticism of the press at all. One cannot believe that TV-radio will develop more rigorous intellectual standards in the next decade. What, then, is the outlook for the art of criticism—especially of television, the medium that is commanding more and more of the public's attention?

When critics were asked if there should be changes in criticism, considering the rapid social changes in this decade, "no significant number mentioned criticism of social institutions (economic, government, etc.) which affect the arts and the media." Critics who write for newspapers and magazines about TV-radio believe, more than those who cover other fields, that criticism is "essentially entertainment." They are "against intellectualization" in criticism; "they are less oriented toward fine arts and literature . . . and more oriented toward journalism. . . ." TV-radio critics, "more often than other critics . . . , are affiliated with religion, are Protestant, and are politically 'conservative' or 'middle-of-the-road.' "

All media, it seems to me, select critics who more or less mirror their audiences. A serious critic should be willing to cut against the grain of his own audience's biases. The values held by TV-radio critics, as revealed by the Harris study, seem to explain why most of them seldom do any cutting against the grain. Critics who cover fields other than TV-radio take a more serious view of their work; they think that "criticism, to deserve the name, should make some contribution to scholarship . . . , but the majority are concerned about the tendency to become esoteric and 'in-groupy' and to ignore the responsibility of criticism to the broader public."

A section of the report, "Critics Under Pressure," is especially interesting. "A significant minority feel pressures upon them to censor, restrict, and slant. They imply that they are keenly aware of the danger and are successful in resisting such pressures—at least the most blatant and crude variety. . . . Visible critics and editors in New York City mentioned significantly more restrictions from within their own organizations than did those in Chicago, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia." Examples of pressures included those applied by advertisers: "wining, dining, parties, junkets and trips, subtle

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bribes," and "direct personal threats of professional or physical harm."

In spite of the dangers to conscience and corpus, critics reported that they have reasonable prestige, decent income, job stability, and a recognizable title—"the critic." Most refused to make a distinction between "pap reviewers" and "real critics" and resisted the idea that the latter should be licensed or professionalized in any way, leaving it to the public to "tell the difference between a serious critic and a charlatan" but adding that "there is no fair way of judging." A majority of critics in all categories looked with favor on "a defined curriculum—broad and interdisciplinary—for students who want to go into criticism as a career."

What is to be done to ensure a bright future for criticism? First, and most important, the ambiguity of the critic's job must be cleared up. At the moment, it is largely a part-time occupation for those who are required by their employers to do other chores (reporting, feature-writing, interviews, even program-logging). Others must take outside jobs to augment their income. If criticism is important to the functioning of a democracy, then the job should be a full-time one and be rewarded accordingly. Second, there must be a clear career pattern for critics. At present most are journalists who stumble, mainly by chance, into criticism later on in their careers. Half the visible critics felt that they had been hired for their competence as journalists, and half for that competence plus a special background in the field they were to criticize. Only two out of thirty-six art critics, it is interesting to note, felt they were hired solely because of their expertise in the field.

Critics receive little or no special training or supervision on the job. Editors, when they were asked where they would look for likely candidates, most often replied that they would look at people within their own medium or on their own staffs (journalists) and less often at people with formal training and/or expertise in the arts. The Harris study is probably the most comprehensive yet made of criticism in this country, despite the relatively small size of its national sample. It is a useful, if modest, beginning to learning more about a rather important link in the shaping of our culture, or—as it is more popularly called today—our symbolic environment. Now that we have had the critics' image of themselves, we await with heightened interest the promised apocalypse of the public's view of that perennially picaresque, impertinent, but ineradicable creature—the mass media critic.

Film Heads:

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Some of the other titles by young directors in the three student film programs are "Do Blondes Have More Fun?" "Wipeout," "Bananas," "Viking Women Don't Care," "Marcello, I'm So Bored," "Word from Our Sponsor," "Don't Squeeze My Fat," "The Great Walled City of Xan," "Dr. Strangeball," "The Electronic Labyrinth (THX 1138)," and many, many more. They're all mind blowers.

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As Others See Us

PARIS:

Pompidou's Visit and the Cause of Israel

THE PEOPLE who demonstrated against President Pompidou to indicate to him their condemnation of French government policy in the Middle East and their own solidarity with Israel have put the United States itself in a delicate position vis-à-vis its guest. . . . It is not even certain that the demonstrators did very much for the State of Israel. . . . President Nixon has understood this well, as was made evident by his presence at the dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria.

One will perhaps remember that, when President de Gaulle took his celebrated position on the Jewish-Arab conflict, the Israeli government took strong measures to dissuade the Jewish organizations in the United States from opening a campaign to boycott French products and has in fact been successful in this.

The cause of the State of Israel is a good one. It is not only natural but legitimate that the Jews of the world see a second country in this little state where the resurrection of their people is incarnated. . . . If this is a case of divided loyalties, divided loyalty is as legitimate for the Jews of Europe and of America as it is for the French of Canada.

But the Jews also have non-Arab enemies in this world. They are in the United States itself, among certain white racists as among black Muslims. The Chicago demonstrators are giving ammunition to these enemies, as well as to the anti-Zionist campaigns in the East. Let us not forget that behind anti-Zionism anti-Semitism is still on the lookout.

—Le Figaro.

Reasons Explained

THE ANTI-POMPIDOU demonstrations, so regrettable from the French point of view, can be explained by reasons having to do on the one hand with the Middle East, on the other with American domestic politics.

1) In Chicago, the Jewish population is important, and Jewish organizations for weeks have been leading a tireless campaign of denunciation of French policy in the Middle East, which they consider to be anti-Israeli.

2) Despite a most impressive communications network, the American people remain unequally uninformed. People living in one place don't always know what's going on in another. For example, Pompidou's statements in Washington and San Francisco, notably to Jewish leaders, were apparently unknown in Chicago.

3) The United States is in an election year. Anything goes in this situation, and Mr. Pompidou's arrival provided the occasion for certain leaders, such as the Mayors of Chicago and New York, to take attitudes that they felt would pay off on the political scale.

—France-Soir.

LONDON:

Most Remarkable Document

PRESIDENT NIXON'S 40,000-word message to Congress on American foreign policy for the 1970s is a most remarkable document by any standards. It breaks away from past practice in two major respects. First, it is the most comprehensive and explicit statement of foreign policy by any major power. Secondly, it signals the final acceptance in America that what happens abroad affects the whole of the United States.

—The Daily Telegraph.

More Cynicism, Less Ideology

MR. NIXON has decided that in foreign affairs he should be regarded as a pragmatic President. He keeps his hands free everywhere, except perhaps on the anti-ballistic missile system. This lack of commitment to specific policies is not a weakness. On the contrary, it liberates him from the shackles of past errors.

European myth has it that the Americans and Russians cynically divided up the world at Yalta. In fact, more cynicism and less ideology would have made a world a far safer place than it was. The dangers of nuclear war are reduced now that the President so clearly recognizes that there is more self-interest than ideology at the root of Communist — and of American — foreign policy.

—The Times.

No Longer a Laughingstock

THE TRANSFORMATION of Vice President Agnew from a laughingstock into a serious political animal is one of the most remarkable stories of the Nixon administration. . . . Now, only a year later, he has built up a solid and apparently unassailable position as the scourge of the liberals and the spokesman for the great American middle class, frustrated nearly out of its mind by what it thinks are excesses of the rebellious young, the blacks, the university elite.

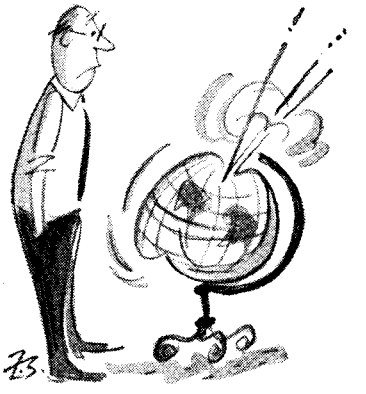
—The Sunday Times.

MANCHESTER:

Hats Off for Nixon

SAN MARINO, Liechtenstein, Andorra, and all the other worthy states that derive a comfortable income from their tourist trades can breathe again. The United States is opting out of the market in Ruritanian insignia. If you want to see the ultimate in royal and subroyal uniforms and to be deferred to by bemedaled flunkeys, Europe is still the place. Regretfully and only because they were found "to be a little too tight and somewhat uncomfortable," in the words of a spokesman, the President has decided to withdraw the extraordinary hats which suddenly blossomed out on the White House guards' heads for Mr. Wilson's recent visit.

Strange though the hats were, with their high peaks and comic opera glitter, Mr. Nixon's decision to have them was stranger. Here is a man renowned for his caution, who never acts, we are



told, before he has digested all the consequences in advance. Did he commission no consumer research surveys? No opinion polls? No think tanks? Did he not foresee the storm of public derision? Was Dr. Kissinger not consulted? The one lesson from it all should be that, if you are going to do these things at all, you must get the best man for the job. When the Vatican was looking round for someone to design uniforms for its Swiss Guards, it picked on an up-and-coming young designer called Michelangelo. Mr. Nixon must have used an out-of-work Hollywood make-up man. It's no good cutting corners.

—The Guardian Weekly.

MOSCOW:

Hide-and-seek

THE ARCHITECTS of the Vietnamization policy are playing hide-and-seek with the U.S. public when they give assur-

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ances that the United States has embarked on a path of curtailing its inflated commitments in Southeast Asia. Purely military-wise, this policy will also get nowhere. The only "new" thing about it is its name. The U.S. ruling circles tried to effect it before the beginning of 1965, when they dispatched their instructors and advisers to South Vietnam to train Saigon troops, which already were most generously equipped with U.S. weaponry. There would have been no need for the Pentagon to ship regular American troops to South Vietnam, if the U.S. top brass could have relied on the Saigon army.

—*Izvestia.*

ROME:

A Fatalistic Fall

IT IS REGRETTABLE to see that after the failure of the Alliance for Progress Washington has fatalistically fallen back on a defense of the status quo, for as long as it can last. In various (South American) countries, the privileged class, aware of the shake-up to come, believes that not even army governments can hold fast, and is preparing to defend its interests with strong-arm squads.

—*L'Espresso.*

PRAGUE:

China: Out of Isolation?

U.S.-CHINESE contact is watched with greater interest today partly because the world has begun to live in the hope of a U.S.-Soviet dialogue on strategic arms limitations, and partly because Soviet-Chinese talks are now under way.

In view of the unceasing anti-Soviet course pursued by Peking, and the unusual interest of the United States in having a dialogue with People's China, one can easily get the impression that the Americans will use a position in this triangle that is in a way favorable for them.

The very fact that the talks were resumed after a two-year break deserves attention mainly from the viewpoint of the stand of People's China toward the rest of the world.

Does this mean a final decision by Peking to step out of isolation?

—*Ceteka.*

HAMBURG:

Burden of Defense

WITHOUT the American nuclear umbrella, Europe cannot be defended. But the very size of the nuclear armaments of the two great powers makes it more and more unlikely that either will ever dare bring these weapons into play. This puts the burden of defense in Europe largely on conventional forces. As these forces are diminished, it is no answer to lower the so-called nuclear threshold. Any tactical nuclear defense of Europe means the destruction of Europe, and Europeans can scarcely want this. Furthermore, it is absurd to think that the Americans would take a higher nuclear risk on themselves simply because the Europeans decrease or at least fail to increase their conventional burdens.

—*Die Zeit.*

TOKYO:

Brain Drain—Where America's Greatness Lies

SOME OF THE most brilliant and capable Japanese are now living abroad. Although most are working in the United States, they are also scattered throughout North America and Europe. However, rather than blaming the United States and other countries for luring our best talent away, we should blame ourselves for not creating a more attractive working environment for them.

We have often wondered what Japan would have done in the same circumstances as the United States after World War II. Would we have placed a Dr. Von Braun, a former enemy, in charge of a rocketry program, and given him the rewards and honors he has received in America? That probably is where America's greatness lies —in its ability to recognize and honor talent regardless of race and origin.

—*The Japan Times.*

ADDIS ABABA:

Sharp Contrast

IT IS ONE of the ironies of modern history that the current administration in Washington, generally considered more conservative than its immediate predecessors, has taken such widespread initiative both in cooling the hot war in Vietnam and thawing the cold war between East and West.

Ethiopia can be justly proud of the role it has played in furthering this trend. Secretary of State William Rogers's visit here was in itself an event of great significance. It was . . . designed to help the United States formulate a new policy for relations with the nations of the [African] continent. . . . In sharp contrast to the continuing occupation of Czechoslovakia [by the Soviets], the United States, at considerable risk to its interests as a great power, has announced and put into effect its intention of adopting a "low posture" in international affairs. . . . At long last, the Americans have started to do what the rest of the world said it wanted them to do. But now that they seem serious to do it, all their friends seem to have second thoughts.

—*The Ethiopian Herald.*

RAWALPINDI:

Treading the Old Path

IN HIS FIRST annual foreign policy report to Congress, President Nixon has dwelt at some length on U.S. relations with Pakistan and India. His extensive policy statement ranges over the whole gamut of international relations, and has been described as "dramatic" and "unique." But it hardly signals any significant change in Washington's attitude toward the subcontinent. On the contrary, it gives the impression that Mr. Nixon is simply treading the path of his Democratic predecessors.

—*The Pakistan Times.*

ACCRA:

Frank Dialogue

WILLIAM ROGERS's visit gave us in Ghana an opportunity of frank dialogue with the United States. Expressions of good will toward us must be backed by deeds. It is not enough, for instance, for the U.S. to condemn apartheid as morally indefensible and then block measures designed to loosen the stranglehold apartheid has got on fellow Africans elsewhere on the continent. What we want to see happen is the development of true friendship, established on a more dignified basis. On trade, we in Ghana want nothing more than fairness and justice.

—*The Ghanaian Times.*

SYDNEY:

The Meaning of ABMs

TO GIVE CREDIBILITY to that part of his Guam doctrine which avows that America will remain a Pacific power capable of defending its allies from nuclear blackmail, President Nixon must appear a hawk in Asia. That is the meaning of ABMs, at least down here, for how can America deter our enemies from nuclear blackmail unless it first secures itself against such? The net result is that Mr. Nixon has demonstrated to Pacific and Asian nations that he intends to make the nuclear shield effective. In so doing, he risks perpetuation of the arms race, because Russia will now doubt his sincerity about ending it.

—*The Australian.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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Assistant Education Editor: BONNIE BARRETT STRETCH

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In the Service of Man

Not so many years ago it seemed that the burgeoning knowledge of science and technology would soon solve all the problems of man's physical environment and free him to become more human and more humane. That promise has not been kept. Today we know that sophisticated knowledge of the universe can not only help man to control his environment, but also help him to destroy its life-sustaining properties. Two weeks ago *SR* responded to the growing threat to man's survival by initiating a new monthly supplement to report and comment on the environment and the quality of life.

There was another recent reminder of the power of scientific knowledge to challenge man as well as to serve him. One of the principal members of a Harvard team of scientists who, last fall, reported that they had isolated a pure gene from a strain of bacterial virus for the first time in history, announced a month ago that he was giving up his work in science to devote all of his time to political activism. The young (twenty-six-year-old) research fellow in bacteriology, James Shapiro, is, according to a recent report in *Science*, considered by prominent scientists in the field to be "one of the most promising molecular geneticists in the nation." There are several reasons for Dr. Shapiro's decision to give up science for politics. Among the more important ones he lists is, first, his belief that the odds are too great that his scientific work will be put to what he considers evil uses—as atomic energy has been—by the men in government and large corporations who control science. Second, he believes that political, not scientific, solutions are currently required for the nation's most important problems such as pollution and health care.

It is not likely that many scientists will follow Dr. Shapiro's dramatic example. But it is clear that his views reflect the attitudes of increasing numbers of the younger generation of scientists today, and that they elicit sympathetic responses among some of his older colleagues as well. A year ago this month, scientists on campuses throughout the country halted their usual activities for one day to ponder the uses and misuses of scientific knowledge. And last December, at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the once popular idea that science is morally neutral again was challenged repeatedly, in both formal and informal sessions. (One can only wonder why, a generation after Hiroshima, it should still be necessary.)

The national debate over the allocation of resources for the development and application of scientific and technological knowledge is not likely to abate soon—nor should it. The issues are too vital to us all. The White House has assigned high priority—though little money—to rescuing the environment from progressive deterioration. And students on campuses across the country are turning eagerly to local study and action programs in the field. Concern for the environment has become not only respectable, but fashionable.

The process of reversing the effects of generations of exploitation and neglect, however, will take many years, undeviating dedication, and a great deal of money. New scientific knowledge will be required to counter the effects of the uses to which current knowledge has been put. There will be many frustrations, and public interest may wane—which will make it more difficult to achieve the necessary political solutions. Therefore, we wish Dr. Shapiro success in his new career—for today, more than ever before, it is imperative that the fruits of science and technology be turned exclusively to the service of man. —JAMES CASS.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Short View of the Small College

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER'S article, "Has the Small College a Future?" [*SR*, Feb. 21], is superb. While I am sure it will be unpopular with many faculty members, I think he has delineated the realities we face and the wonderful possibilities that could be ahead for us.

CHARLES DECARLO,
President,
Sarah Lawrence College,
Bronxville, N.Y.

NOT TOO SURPRISINGLY, Professor Commager expresses the historian's frustration over the complexity of modern technology. His belief that "both teaching and libraries are threatened by the dehumanizing force of audiovisual and computer technology" is similar to early criticism of the chalkboard.

Actually, technology is no more than a way of doing things. Today's instructional "hardware" is merely a sophistication of the chalkboard. As the "software" and educators also gain more sophistication, the process of education will become more humanized, not less. There will be more time for both human contact and personal discovery. Modern technology has the potential for rapidly performing most of the clerical tasks that have consumed much of the time of both professors and students. Old ways of teaching and dimly lighted libraries must give ground to the advance of human needs, and the Henry Steele Commagers must give ground to the advance of new ideas.

WILLIE W. BLIZZARD,
Morristown, Tenn.

WHEN ARE SCHOLARS like Henry Steele Commager going to quit holding up to us an Athenian ideal? The philosophy and the "democracy" of Athens were built upon slavery at the lower levels of society. Plato's *Republic* envisions the ideal city-state as one that is developed along strict lines of caste.

Much of Professor Commager's article is informed with the aristocratic assumptions implicit in his final quotation from Pericles. To give only a couple of instances: His strictures against such courses as accounting make it plain that he is out of touch with the demands of businesses and graduate schools, as well as the needs of students. (Accounting is *not* bookkeeping!) His denigration of computer technology, unfortunately shared by many scholars and administrators, must stem from ignorance of the value of this tool even in the study of the humanities. Case after case of its use in this way can be cited. The so-called explosion of knowledge *demands* its use.

GARLAND KNOTT,
Associate Professor of Religion,
Methodist College,
Fayetteville, N.C.

PROFESSOR COMMAGER'S "answer" for the small college is really a nonanswer and a perpetuation of the present isolation of that potentially valuable institution from present society.

To suggest that the student's yearning for an education of some social relevance will be satisfied by incorporating Crossroads to Africa programs as a field of study indicates to me a naïve interpretation of the significance of the "revolution" in education that is manifesting itself on our campuses today.

SCOTT B. STEWART,
Faculty of Law,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Ont.

Class, College, and the Dream

THOMAS J. COTTLE'S article "Social Class, College, and a Dream Deferred" [*SR*, Jan. 24] contains two inaccuracies that cast shadows on an otherwise excellent presentation. The name of the state college is misspelled throughout the entire article. It is Cheyney State College. The statements that "there had been no mention of pure scholarship monies" and that "these people would qualify only for loans" show the author's ignorance of the Pennsylvania state college system. There are no scholarships to the state colleges—the low tuition (about 75 per cent lower than that at nearby private institutions) is considered a grant in itself. There are both state and federally financed loans available in addition to bank loans to help students who need aid to meet the low tuition rates.

JOSEPHINE C. KNAPP,
Philadelphia, Pa.

EITHER Thomas Cottle has unduly romanticized the plight of average achievers from low-income families in order to make his point, or he is sadly out of touch with the possibilities open to these young people. He should get the facts from admissions and financial aid officers of the hundreds of small private colleges in our land that could have accommodated more students this year.

SR could perform a service to such young people by trying to reach them with more adequate information about how and when to apply for such types of assistance as Educational Opportunity Grants, National Defense Student Loans, College Work-Study jobs, and even grants and loans from the Pennsylvania Higher Education Assistance Agency.

ROBERT H. LYON,
Financial Aid Director,
Rocky Mountain College,
Billings, Mont.

Correction

I OBVIOUSLY misled Charles H. Harrison in "Schools Put a Town on the Map" [*SR*, Feb. 21] in our discussion of the South Brunswick school system when I referred to $8,000 under Title I funds and need to correct the impression. We received $8,900 under the aid to educationally deprived children—one section of Title I. However, we have received substantial amounts of federal funds that enable us to conduct a variety of programs including migrant day care, Head Start, Follow Through, and vocational training.

The results of these programs have been most gratifying. We have watched people whose self-concept was extremely poor develop into outgoing, self-directed, productive human beings who rightfully take pride in their job achievements. We find children, who might in different situations be classified as slow, dull, or even mentally retarded, eager, ready, and able to learn.

I am convinced that the federal government must finance programs, designed to develop our human resources, at a much higher level than has ever been envisioned. We are currently paying a high price for years of neglect.

JAMES A. KIMPLE,
Superintendent of Schools,
South Brunswick Township
Public Schools,
Kendall Park, N.J.

Have You Taught in a One-room School?

I NEED the help of *SR*'s readers. I have taught in the one-room school in the mountains west of Boulder, Colorado, for six years, but I have taken this school year off to study the one-room school as it exists today.

As part of the study, it is important that I make contact with people who have had experience with the one-room school situation, either as students or as teachers. Would anyone with this experience, especially as a student, write me and I will send a short questionnaire.

Thank you for your assistance.

EDIE EILENDER,
P.O. Box 430,
Boulder, Colo. 80302

The Hatchet's Edge

IT IS UNDOUBTEDLY true and universally recognized that principals are the focal point of pressures these days from the community, students, and teachers.

However, it is a distortion to quote a principal's greatest need as: "Well, we could use a few more phones here." It is misleading to state that principals consider that "if there are failures, the blame is always on others" rather than on themselves. It is a false accusation to quote that principals are "an elite club and fiercely loyal to one another."

In short, despite its many references, Bard's article is hardly scholarly, accurate, or authoritative. If *SR*'s interest in the subject of the principal's position is so profound, perhaps another article on the subject—by a principal, for a change—would provide some balance, and would help remove *SR*'s prestigious pages from the razor's edge of a hatchet job.

MAURICE BLEIFELD,
President,
High School Principals
Association of the City
of New York,
Queens Village, N.Y.

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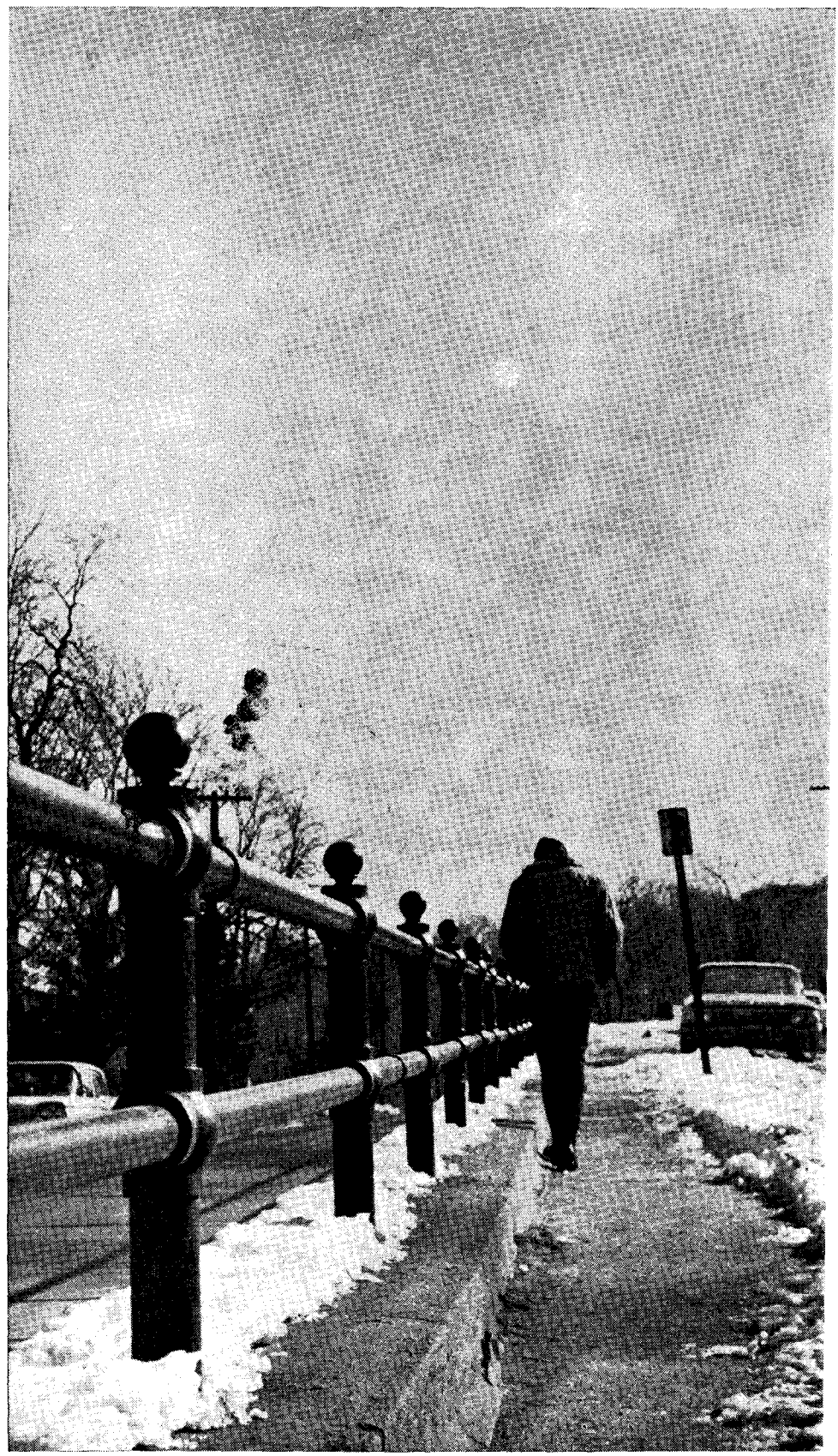
GROWING UP ON MECHANIC STREET

by PETER SCHRAG

It is impossible to think of those adolescents without a strange mixture of affection, apprehension, and fear. To imagine them at all, it becomes necessary to shoulder aside the black/white clichés of youth-talk — about middle-class revolt and ghetto rebellion—and to perceive a grayer reality. I am not writing here of affluent suburbs or what others have called blacktown, but about the children of those whom Americans once celebrated as workingmen. Again sociology fails us; there are no definitions or statistics. If there were, the matter would be better understood.

Phrases like "the forgotten man" and "the silent majority" are too political to serve as normative descriptions, but there is no doubt that there are forgotten kids who are, indeed, genuine victims: children of factory workers and truck drivers, of shop foremen and salesclerks, kids who live in row houses above steel mills and in ticky-tacky developments at the edge of town, children who will not go to college, who will not become affluent, who will not march the streets, who will do no more, no less, than relive the lives of their parents.

We have all seen them: the kids on the corner with their duck-tail haircuts; the canvas-bag-toting types, lonely and lost, lining up at induction centers; kids in knocked down cars that seem to have no springs in back, whose wedding announcements appear daily in the newspapers of small towns (Mr. Jones works for the New York Central Railroad — no particular job worth mention—Miss Smith is a senior at Washington High) and whose deaths are recorded in the weekly reports from Saigon—name, rank, home town. On the south side of Bethlehem, Penn-



—George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).

"The world accepts the legitimacy of their position. And so do they."

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sylvania, just above the mills, there is an alley called Mechanic Street; once it was the heart of the old immigrant district—the first residence of thousands of Hungarians, Russians, Poles, Mexicans, Germans, Czechs, and Croats. Most of them have now moved on to materially better things, but they regard this as their ancestral home. Think of the children of Mechanic Street; think of places called Liberty High and South Boston High, of Central High and Charlestown High, and of hundreds of others where defeat does not enjoy the ironic distinction of the acknowledged injustice of racial oppression.

They exist everywhere, but convention has almost wiped them from sight. They are not supposed to be there, are perhaps not really supposed to believe even in their own existence. Thus they function not for themselves but to define and affirm the position of others: those who are very poor, or those who are affluent, those who go to college. In visiting the schools that they attend, one must constantly define them not by what they are, but by what they are not, and sometimes, in talking to teachers and administrators, one begins to doubt whether they exist at all.

The fact that defeat is not universal makes the matter all the more ugly. The record of college placement and vocational success, which schools so love to celebrate, and the occasional moments of triumphant self-realization, which they do not, obscure—seem, in fact, to legitimate—the unexpressed vacancy, the accepted defeat, and the unspoken frustration around and beyond the fringe. When we see a growing number of students from blue-collar families going to college we begin to assume that they all go, and that they will all be happy and successful when they get there. Yet it is still a fact—as it always was—that the lower ranks of the economic order have the smallest chance of sending their children on, and that those who fall below the academic middle in high school tend to represent a disproportionate percentage of poor and working-class families. It seems somehow redundant to say all this again; but if it isn't said there will be no stopping the stories of blissful academic success.

The social order of most white high schools—the attitudes that teachers and students have about other students—is based (in proper democratic fashion) on what people do in school, on their interests, their clubs, their personalities, their accomplishments. (Students from blue-collar families with serious college ambitions associate with the children of white-collar professionals, and share their attitudes, styles, and beliefs, which tend to be more liberal—politically and personally—than those of their parents. A few participated in the Vietnam moratorium last fall, and a handful, unknown to their fathers, have gone to the local draft counselors. But they represent a minority.) It is possible to leave Mechanic Street through school achievement—to community and state colleges, to technical schools, to better jobs—yet it is hardly universal. Fewer than half actually go. What kids do in school tends, as always, to be predetermined. The honors class is filled with the children of professionals, kids whose parents have gone to college. The general course (meaning the dead end) and the vocational track are composed of the sons and daughters of blue-collar workers. The more "opportunity," the more justified the destiny of those who are tagged for failure. The world accepts the legitimacy of their position. And so do they. Their tragedy and the accompanying threat lie precisely in their acceptance of the low esteem in which school, society, and often their parents regard them, and in their inability to learn a language to express what they feel but dare not trust.

Imagine, says a school counselor, that you could become an animal, any animal. What species would you choose? The secret heart would choose freedom: Eagles soaring over mountains, mustangs racing across the plain, greyhounds loping through fields. Freedom.

Dreams are to be denied. The imagined future is like the present without parents. Jobs, domesticity, children, with little joy, seen in shades of gray. Coming out of school in the afternoon, the boys already resemble their fathers when the shifts change, rows of dark, tufted mail order house jackets, rows of winter hats with the ear flaps laced above the head, crossing the road from the plant to the parking lot, from the high school to the waiting buses and the bare-wheeled Chevies. The girls, not yet stretched by pregnancy, often trim in short skirts and bright sweaters, will catch up with their mothers, will be married at eighteen or twenty, will often be engaged before the tedium of school is at an end. "Unwanted kids," says a school administrator, "kids of guys who got girls in trouble, kids of Korean War veterans and veterans of World War II who didn't want the first child, and before they knew it they had two or three. All their lives their kids have been told to get out of the way, to go watch television. They don't have anybody to talk to. There was a recent survey that indicated that 72 per cent of the first children of this generation were unwanted. These are the kids."

They sit in rows of five, five by five in the classroom, existing from bell to bell, regurgitating answers, waiting for the next relief. The mindless lessons, the memory and boredom, and the stultifying order of cafeterias and study halls—no talking, sit straight, get a pass—these things need not be described again. From bell to bell: English, mathematics, history, science—and, for some, release to the more purposeful and engaging activities of the shop: auto mechanics, data processing, welding, wiring, carpentry, and all the rest—some relevant, some obsolete, but all direct. There is an integrity, even joy, in material behavior—a sharp tool, an engine repaired, a solid joint—that the artificial world of the conventional academic course rarely allows. Material things respond; theory is applicable and comprehensible—either the thing works or it doesn't; it never prevaricates or qualifies, while words and social behavior, metaphors and politics remain cloudy, elusive, and distant. You see them wiring an electric motor or turning a machine part on a lathe, or fixing a car: pleasure, engagement, or, better, a moment of truth. The Big Lie, if there is one, will be revealed later. ("No," says the director of a vocational school in an industrial city, "we don't tell the students that the construction unions are hard to join; it would discourage them in their work. They'll find out soon enough that it helps to know someone, to have a father or an uncle in the union. . . . But after a kid manages to break in, he's proud of what he learned in the school of hard knocks, and he'll do the same thing to the new guys.")

From class to class, from school to home and back, there is a sort of passing-through. What is learned is to defer—to time, to authority, to events. One keeps asking, "What do they want, what do they do, what do they dream about?" and the answer is almost always institutional, as if the questions no longer applied: They go to school; they have jobs—in the candy factory, at the gas station, in a little repair shop, in a diner—and they ride and repair their cars. Many of them live in a moonlight culture, a world where people have second jobs, where mothers work, where one comes home and watches whatever is on television, and no longer bothers to flip channels in search of something better.

Some distinctions are easy and obvious. Schooling certifies place; it selects people, not only for social class, but also for geographic mobility. The college-bound students speak about moving somewhere else—to the larger

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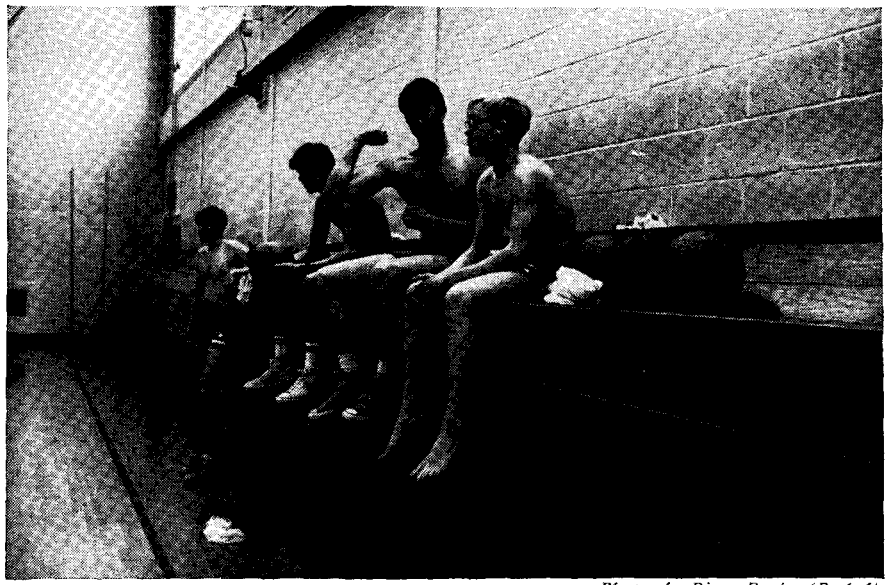
cities, to the West Coast, wherever events still permit the fantasy of a better future, or at least of change; the more national the college, the more likely they are to move. Among those who don't go to college there is little talk (except in depressed towns) of moving on. Academic losers stay put. "I know this is a dreary place," said a high school senior in Bethlehem. "But I like dreary places." It wasn't meant to be a joke. Big cities, they tell you again and again, are dangerous. (And in the cities they talk about protecting the neighborhood, or about how they still live in a good neighborhood.) Some places, they say, you can't walk the streets without getting knifed—by you know who. You hear it from sixteen-year-olds.

The instrument of oppression is the book. It is still the embodiment of the Great Mystery; learn to understand its secrets and great things will follow. Submit to your instinctive and natural boredom (lacking either the skills to play the game or the security to revolt), and we will use it to persuade you of your benighted incompetence: "I didn't want to write a term paper, but the teacher said it would be good if I did; when I handed it in she made fun of it; so I quit school." The family knows that you should stay in school, that you should go to college and "get an education," but it does not know that often the school doesn't work, or that it works principally at the expense of its own kids. One of the tragedies of the black revolt is that it frequently confused the general incompetence of schools with racism, thus helping to persuade much of the blue-collar community that its children were in fine shape, that the educational system was basically sound, and that complaints came either from effete intellectuals or ungrateful, shiftless blacks. Teachers who purported to represent genuine intellectual achievement (The Book) were thus allowed to continue to conceal their contempt for both kids and brains behind their passion for conformity and order, and to reaffirm the idea—already favored among working-class parents — that schooling was tough, boring, vicious, and mindless.

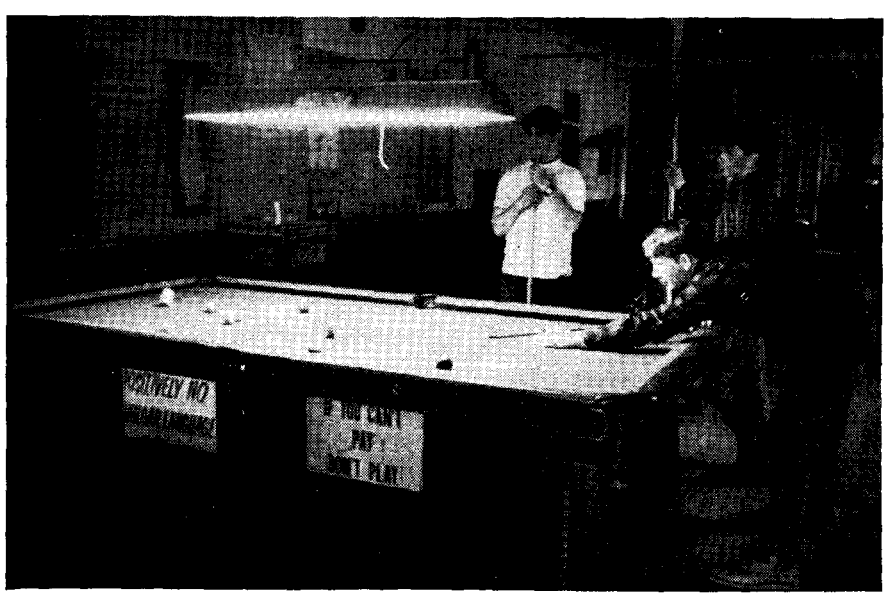
The school is an extension of home: In the suburbs it is rated on college admissions, on National Merit winners, and similar distinctions; in the working-class neighborhood of the city it tends to be judged on order and discipline. Either way, the more talk there was nationally about the need for technologically trained people, the more the school was able to resist challenges to its own authority. "Technological complexity" replaced naked authority

(*Continued on page 78*)



—*Photos by Diana Davies (Bethel).*

"Dreams are to be denied. The imagined future is like the present without parents. . . . Too often, life reaches its highest point at seventeen."



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—Dorka Raynor (Nancy Palmer).

New Trier High School students: "Their feeling of fear is vaguely defined but strong, and eventually they are going to do more than simply regurgitate answers to essay questions on exams."

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE SCHOOL TO DROP OUT

NO PLACE TO GROW

by WALLACE ROBERTS

Winnetka, Illinois, is bounded on the west by Eden's Expressway, I-94, a concrete, one-dimensional line; on the east by Lake Michigan, a body of water in another time zone; on the north by Glencoe, a canyon of wealthy anonymity; and on the south by Kenilworth, an island of exclusivity. The boundaries of Winnetka are only a particular set of synapses. It is a suburb of the mind.

New Trier Township, in which Winnetka is located, is no less unreal, being in fact not a municipality nor any similar delineation of space, but a figment of the collective imaginations of some long-dead Cook County politico's intent on devising an easily graftable means of collecting taxes.

New Trier Township, however, serves another function, which some think should be less grubby and more cosmic: the education of high school students. Not surprisingly, New Trier's two high schools are named East and West, for there is no need to gild the lily in a community that can afford to landscape a new school with fully grown trees and shrubs. Not surprisingly either, New Trier's East and West perform their function well, meaning that they annually funnel more than 90 per cent of their graduates into college, many into the most prestigous institutions. This is not surprising because formal education is in its essence a middle-class preoccupation, and the residents of New Trier Township are middle-class with a vengeance. In fact, it is that state of mind, and not the extra wealth, or the sculptured lawns, or the country clubs, that makes the villages of New Trier Township *upper* middle-class.

Winnetka, for instance, where New Trier Township High School East is located, has a population of about 15,800, a median income of $27,300 compared to a national figure of $7,300, a foreign-born population of about 15 per cent, extremely few blacks, a few Jews, not many more Democrats, two stations for the Chicago and North Western Railroad to handle the commuter crush, 6,000 elms gradually falling victim to disease, a zoning limitation of three stories in the business district, no liquor sales, several stately mansions on subdivided lots, a few genuine estates on undivided land, and many white stucco homes trimmed with heavy, brown-stained beams.

It also has such a broad and thorough agreement about community life that there is no need for political parties or even factions on local issues; town government is controlled by The Caucus, a group of about sixty self-appointed guardians who choose the always unopposed candidates for public office. The most controversial issue to arise at the annual town meeting last January (which had a turnout of about 300) was whether a dog leash law should be adopted. It's a chronic question; ten years ago the Winnetka town fathers even hired sociologist Scott Greer to sample public opinion on

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leash laws and the quality of municipal services. There was a 50-50 split on dog control and widespread satisfaction with services and with the town in general: 93 per cent said they could think of no other place in the country where they would prefer to live, although the town is stamped out of the same mold as perhaps fifty others, including the three other villages in the township—Glencoe, Kenilworth, and Wilmette—and such other spiritual enclaves as Newton, Scarsdale, Bronxville, Great Neck, Greenwich, Bryn Mawr, Silver Spring, Grosse Pointe, Shaker Heights, Clayton, Webster Groves, and Palo Alto.

Greer also said in his survey that there was a "high degree of loyalty and commitment to community" in Winnetka and that it was a "community in more than name." It is pure hype, a gigantic PR job, a manic attempt to build boundaries, and to define a life that should be. Greer noted that, as with the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, "nearly everyone reads the Winnetka *Talk* regularly." The newspaper (owned by Time-Life) serves three major purposes: to carry real estate (the town's biggest industry after education) advertising; maid and baby sitter want ads; and announcements—of business promotions, engagements and weddings, art exhibits, women's club speakers, school lunch menus, the fact that Winnetka is real. That last announcement must be made twice weekly in the Winnetka *Talk* because there is a secret suspicion that it is nothing more than the wish-fulfilled fantasy of a generation that beat the Depression soundly.

Not here to knock the idea of fantasies. I may have run from my own Winnetka—from my own white stucco home trimmed with brown stained beams, from my own high school, which was just as competitive and as academically oriented as New Trier, and from that world where I met no blacks on a personal basis, other than our cleaning lady, until after college—I may have run from that fantasy, but I have since merely replaced it with another that serves the same purpose: to shield me from the realities I find disturbing, distasteful, threatening, frightening, and denying my life of purpose, meaning, and continuance. It's a lousy world, no matter how you look at it, and we must create imaginings that allow us both to function in society and to be protected from it. But Winnetka has outlived the fantasy of itself.

Winnetka is a world that people say they have adopted for the sake of their children: the schools, both the high schools and the elementary schools—such as Crow Island, designed by Eero Saarinen and an early showpiece of progressive education—the golf and tennis lessons provided by the town recreation department, the boating on the lake, the Skokie Playfield, the Cook County Forest Preserve, and the Fourth of July foot races on the town common.

"There is no unpleasantness here," was the way one mother put it. Winnetka is what any parent would want for his children because he didn't have it so well or in such abundance when he was growing up. It's the kind of world that any parent would give to his children if he could. It's the kind of world that, even if it's not within immediate reach, it will be grasped for anyway. "The atmosphere is good here," said one father and long-time public official. "There's room to move. There's also a lot of wealth here, but there's a lot of poverty, too, because people move here for the school but can't really afford it."

Poverty does exist in Winnetka, but it's hard to find, as are the hints that the comforts may be ambiguous, that security may have its victims as well as its beneficiaries. There are, however, voices from the corners of the mind which speak half-believed thoughts, ideas that, if fully believed, would create intolerable tensions.

"It has a lot of conveniences," the thirty-six-year-old lawyer said. "I can't fault it, really. Except it is a one-class town. That's not important to us, but it is to the kids unless we make it a point to expose them to others. We go back home to West Virginia in the summers, and our kids are exposed to people of a different class there."

A doctor with one daughter in college and two other children in New Trier East: "The kids have warped ideas about what life is like. There's no way to expose them to it except in artificial ways. They see that CBS show on hunger. Do they know what that's really about? They don't understand." His wife added, "Yes, Winnetka offers a sense of security, but maybe that doesn't mean much anymore in a world like this."

The conversation ended at that point. There didn't seem to be anything else to say. It was a dry, Midwestern-cold Saturday afternoon, my second day in Winnetka. On the day before, I had stopped by New Trier East for about an hour and had wandered the corridors. Students were moving about without any visible restraints, talking in neither shouts nor whispers, fooling around a little bit here and there. Obviously there was no carefully enforced pass system nor any strictly enforced rules about behavior.

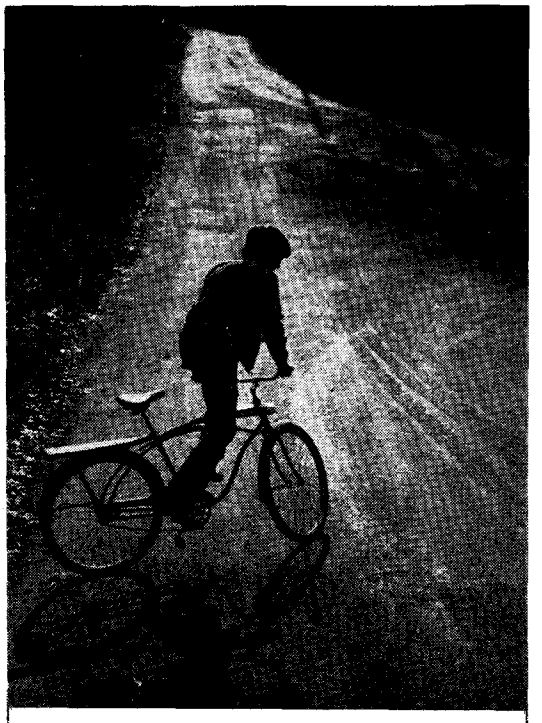
I walked toward a lot of noise and discovered the cafeteria littered with brown bags, sandwich wrappers, milk cartons, and juice cans. Rock music blared out of several speakers, and a number of banners were hanging from the walls announcing the wrestling, gymnastic, and basketball events for the weekend. Five black students, the only five to be seen (there are thirty-five in a school of 3,564 students), sat at one table without any whites.

Just outside the cafeteria there were about two dozen kids standing or sitting on the floor of a short, wide hallway between the cafeteria and the auditorium. Some were just talking, waiting for the lunch period to end, but others were playing boy-girl type games, flirting rather awkwardly it seemed.

Nearly all the kids were neatly, fashionably dressed and clean. They were very clean-looking. The outfits broke down into basic categories: miniskirts and sweaters, dress shirts and slacks, bellbottoms and body shirts, and jeans and work shirts. Every now and then there was an odd combination of this basic pattern, and about as often a green and white NT-E letter sweater. A lot of long, straight, 100-strokes-a-night hair on the girls, and a lot of medium-long, but very carefully razor-cut hair on the boys. Again, exceptions but not many, not many at all.

Despite the lack of any visible hobbles, their movements were somehow restrained, not from a Waspish sense

"No place is secure from the relentless intrusion of the world."
—Sybil Shackman (Monkmeyer).



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of decorum or good manners or obedience to rules, reactions that are too cerebral. It was as if each student were regulated by some internal device, the way the speed of a car can be controlled by a governor so that the throttle cannot be fully depressed. Any inclination they had to take a deep breath was checked by a gut feeling that they seemed unable to understand and were not even aware of.

My expectations had been different. My hopes had been that the tone of the school would be alive and exciting, that the kids would be groovy, aware, cynical. I wanted them to be different from what my friends and I had been eleven years ago. I wanted them to tell me at least that they might not be going to college or coming back to a Winnetka or planning to have straight careers.

These kids were supposed to be the alienated products of affluent America. They were the ones who, if they haven't already closed down their high schools, would close down their colleges next year or be living in communes. These were the kids who are supposed to be making the "counterculture," who are demanding political changes and who are bringing about changes in lifestyles and culture. In my own mind, I had created an image that things were changing, that they had to be changing, that they couldn't go on as before, yet what I felt at that first glance and throughout the week was that nothing had changed because the kids of Winnetka are scared, not afraid, but scared, scared to move, to breathe, to live.

Not of the bomb, population explosion, famine, black riots, pollution, political repression, Vietnam, or even the draft. They are scared of what they know in the pit of their guts, something that has never been taught them in school or at home: that for them there is no comfort, that continuance is only one possibility, that survival is no longer a matter of personal challenge but of depersonalized threats, that the molds into which they are being forced by parents, schools, and community simply will not fit, that Winnetka, careers, the country club life, the volunteer service with the Junior League, none of that will allow them the same comfort it has afforded their parents.

As I left the doctor and his wife and drove over to the Hubbard Woods section of town, I recalled the previous evening's conversation with Louis, a graduate of New Trier West, now a senior at Northern Illinois University.

"People expect more, a lot more from you, if they know you're from New Trier; so I don't talk about it. I'm not really ashamed I'm from New Trier. It's not my fault; it's not anyone's fault, but I just don't talk about it. The school just has so much of everything. The photography lab at West is much better equipped—rugs and everything—than the one at college. Everyone expects much more from you because they think that, since everything has been handed to you, you can do it. You have to go to college—there's no question, even, about that—and to the best possible college. If you don't, you feel . . . well, you feel as if you've broken a covenant with God. . . .

"I know I got a good education there. It was tough, really hard work. No exam I've taken in college has been harder than the New Trier May (senior finals) exams, but goddamn, the competition. I hated it, I really hated it. The funny thing is that now I love it, too. Art (his college major) is very competitive, and I love it, in a way."

About forty small children were skating on the floodlighted ice rink in front of the railroad station, made by the town's recreation department in a small park. At the corner of Green Bay Road, a group of ten boys, about twelve years old, their skates lying on the sidewalk, were gaily flinging snowballs at the cars and trucks moving slowly through the lightly falling snow.

I wandered over to The Bookmark nearby with some vague idea of seeing if this bookstore was any different from the one in the main section of town that had displayed many expensive art books on the table nearest the door. I went in and began to look over a rack of paperback current nonfiction when I heard a girl's voice ask the clerk for Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land*. I turned to look. She was no more than fifteen, wearing a blue parka and black ski pants tucked into red wool socks that came above her boots. Her skates were hung over her shoulders, one in front and one in back. A red, knitted stocking cap was perched on top of her long black hair.

The clerk said he was all out, but it bounced right off her. "No," she said, without either apology or condescension, "I ordered it special and received a card that it had arrived." She gave the clerk her name, and he bent down to check a row of books under the counter. I looked at her and wondered about this girl and that book, a pleasant science fiction story about the Second Coming, the Messiah being a human child of human parents raised by highly cerebral beings on Mars before being brought back to Earth.

Three or four years ago, *Stranger* was truly a book of the underground culture, and since then it's been made a reference point in the song "Triad" by the Jefferson Airplane, and its Martian vocabulary has been adopted in the press. It has passed through the bookstores of the culturally with-it campuses and is now becoming a full-scale youth culture fad, comparable to *Catcher in the Rye*, *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, and Hesse's *Steppenwolf* and *Siddhartha*. The difference is that those books read like Job, Ecclesiastes, and Jeremiah. Not only is the plot of *Stranger* similar to the Gospels, its tone of hope, of the possibility of brotherly love, is also similar. There is, however, no talk of salvation or redemption, but only of the necessity of keeping up the struggle. After the girl had paid for her copy, she went over to the hardcover, nonfiction section and spent ten minutes skip-reading Eugene McCarthy's *The Year of the People*, and then left without buying it.

Toward the end of the basketball game that night between New Trier East and Highland Park, I noticed a student with longish, casually combed hair, dressed in blue jeans, lace boots, and a rumpled brown corduroy jacket that had a green and white WORK FOR PEACE button on it. He was interested in the game but detached. The close score and consequent excitement of the last few minutes did not reach him as it did most of the other students. It was as if he were watching a complex piece of machinery. His name was Kurt, and we got to talking and continued after the game over coffee and ice cream at Hubbard's Cupboard.

"It hurts me to see kids always putting off living for the future. I think college will be just as much of a drag as high school and that the kids who say, 'Just wait until I get into college, then I'll really be able to be free,' are kidding themselves because then there's a job and marriage and things that you get tied to.

"My father's a salesman of high-grade varieties of papers, and he's done very well at it. He started off with nothing, and he's done really well, but he's not happy. He doesn't say so, but I can tell. Now he's looking forward to his retirement so he can do what he wants, finally. He thought that once he got enough money he could do that, but he can't. He goes to the beach and tries to relax, but he can't be still. He has to be thinking about his job and doing something with his hands, and now he hopes to be able to do what he wants when he retires. He is happiest when he's working with his hands. He's always fixing up the house, tearing down walls, putting up new ones and things like that. When he retires

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—*Photos by Art Haas.*

BELOIT-TURNER

A School Designed for Kids

by JAMES CASS

Most schools are designed for adults, for the comfort and convenience of faculty and administration. The Beloit-Turner Middle School in Wisconsin, by contrast, was clearly conceived as a place for kids—or, more accurately, it was artfully designed to house a program based on the special nature and needs of early adolescents.

The visitor's first impression of the school is one of openness—of wide-open, visually attractive space. His second impression is one of almost constant movement, relatively quiet, purposeful, and relaxed, but unceasing. Only later in the day does he realize that he has heard no bells ringing to signal the end of class periods, and that classes of various sizes have met for differing lengths of time, and then have dissolved and re-formed with a minimum of disturbance.

The heart of the school consists of three large classrooms — or pods, as they are called — each serving as a homeroom for 125 to 150 students, and as a classroom for varying numbers of students throughout the day. These pods are arranged in a U-shape around a central core of administrative and special service offices, and a large, open instructional materials center. The remainder of this central core consists of an ingeniously tiered cafeteria/commons, which connects the two side pods at the open end of the U, and doubles as a classroom for either large or small groups, as well as a "socializing center" for students. Divisions between the various open areas are marked only by the different colors of carpeting that covers virtually all the floors in the school—including the cafeteria. Adjacent areas house the auditorium, gymnasium, and facilities for music, art, home economics, and industrial arts.

Designed by architect Jack Reif of John J. Flad & Associates (Madison,

"The most important characteristic for teachers at our school is that they like kids. It's nice if they know a little English or math or science, but that's not half as important as how they feel about kids."

—HERBERT JACKSON, Principal, Beloit-Turner Middle School.

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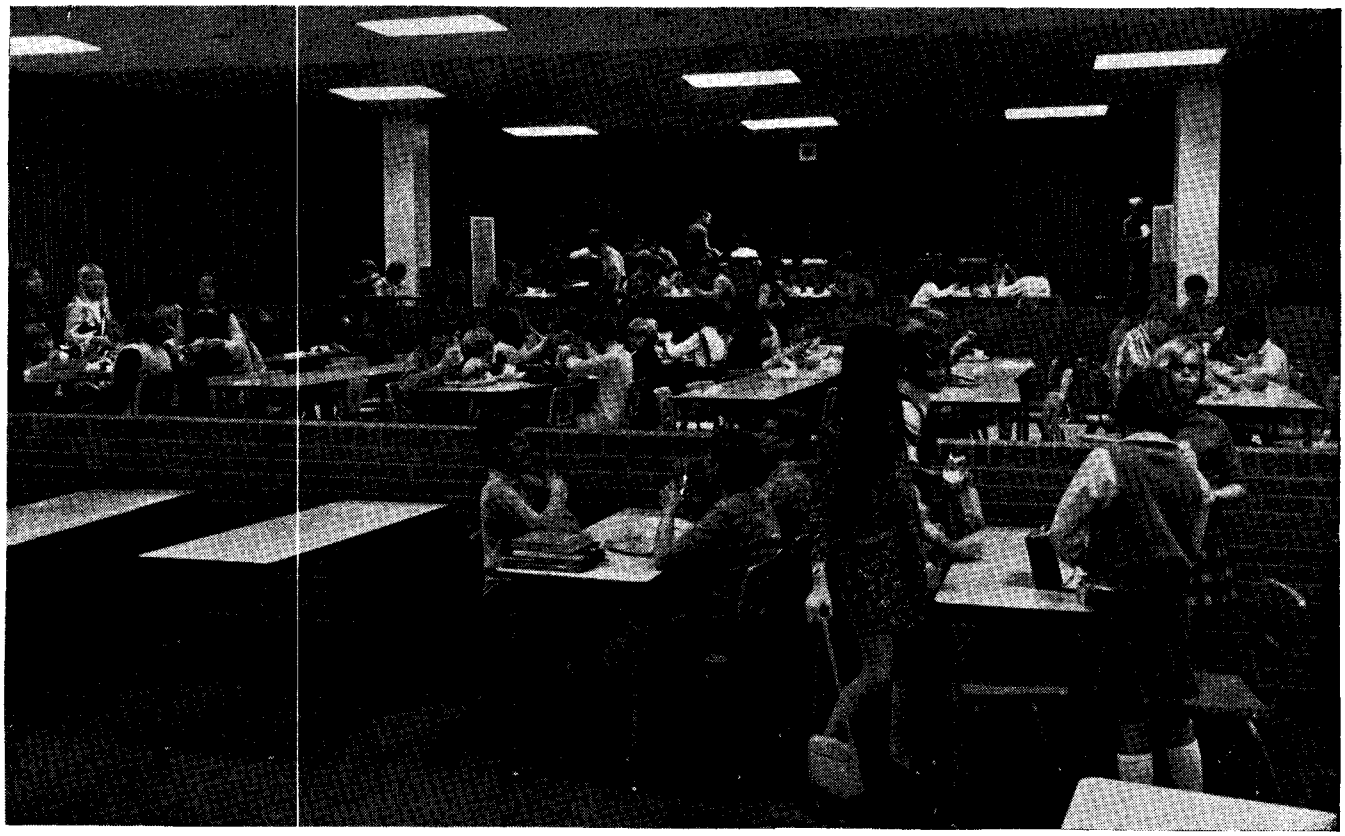
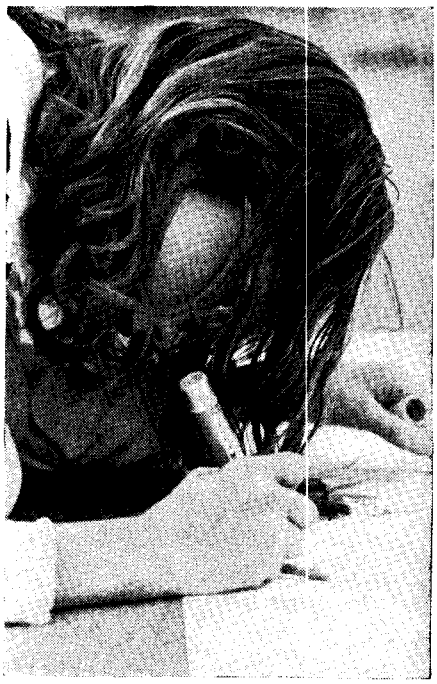


"The typical school is organized on the assumption that if one child talks to another he is either out of order or he's cheating. At Beloit-Turner, however, the school building is designed to encourage social activities and relationships. For example, the cafeteria is used by the children for a variety of purposes. Besides eating lunch and socializing here, they may come at any time of the day to work in small groups or merely to take a 'Coke break' from their studies."

—Dr. Rolland Callaway,
Professor of Education,
University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.



"Should a student or a group of students become inspired to engage in role-playing or the construction of a model or set, he is allowed to proceed to the Creative Interests and Abilities area to take advantage of his momentary inspiration. The same holds true if a student feels that he wishes to listen to music, or paint a picture, or work out an experiment in the physical environment area. Although it is absolutely necessary to have some sort of schedule structure, whenever possible, it is ignored."

—Carl Strassburg, Superintendent,
Beloit-Turner Joint School District No. 1.

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Wisconsin), the school incorporates elements of open design that are by no means new, but are employed with a sensitivity that not only makes it possible for an unusual educational program to function, but actively supplements and enhances it.

The program itself is based on the assumption that sixth, seventh, and eighth-graders have special interests, needs, and objectives—and that the school should work with these special qualities rather than against them. Conceived by Professor Rolland Callaway of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, the program specifically assumes that these early adolescents need an active, social school environment, because they are deeply involved in questioning who they are and in exploring the nature of their relationship to everyone and everything. Consequently, this is not the age at which a child is ready to confine his study to the separate, highly organized disciplines. Rather, his study should draw upon the disciplines, and he should begin to develop varied academic skills, but the emphasis should be placed on the exploration of social issues and problems, with particular attention to the development of individual interests, values, and attitudes.

To keep the program as flexible as possible, the day is divided into three large blocks of time devoted to an equal number of broad objectives. One half of the day is allotted to "Developing Social Sensitivity and Understanding" (which draws on the social studies, English, and foreign languages), one quarter of the day to the "Physical Environment" (which focuses on science and math), and the remainder of the day to "Developing Creative Interests and Abilities" (which offers students freedom to develop their own interests in art, music, home economics, and industrial arts). Each large group of students works with a team of teachers, teaching assistants, student teachers, and interns, as well as with specialists. The instructional program itself is not predetermined, but is "relegated to on-the-spot, day-by-day, week-by-week planning of the teaching team and the students." The part of the day devoted to the creative arts leaves the student free to choose his own area of interest—and to change it at will.

The school was opened just last September, and all facilities were not completed until early December, but both the school and its program appear to enjoy substantial community support. Although located in a typical Midwestern rural-suburban area that is far from affluent, no federal, state, or foundation funds were involved. It was purely a community effort that has, perhaps, been characterized best by former board of education president William D. Behling, executive director of the Beloit *Daily News*. "The Turner Middle School," Mr. Behling says, "is the remarkably successful result of an uninhibited effort by an improbable group of people who sought only to find a better way of meeting the educational needs of the early adolescent."

It is far too early to assess the ultimate success of the school, but teachers and students are enthusiastic. The teachers, to be sure, are rather more restrained in their judgments—not least, perhaps, because they find it less easy to adjust to the openness and the constant movement, and because their responsibility for developing an effective instructional program is so much greater than it would be in a traditional school. Yet nearly all are firmly committed to the concept of the school and seem to have reservations primarily about whether they have discovered how best to employ their professional skills in the unfamiliar environment.

But the children have no doubts.

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"Doors lock a kid's mind. The moment he walks into a classroom he has about eighteen by thirty feet, and that's it. He's shafted. He can't move. If we're going to give kids the right to think and explore, and discover, they have to be in a building where they have freedom to move, freedom to think. Movement and thinking go hand in hand."

—HERBERT JACKSON.

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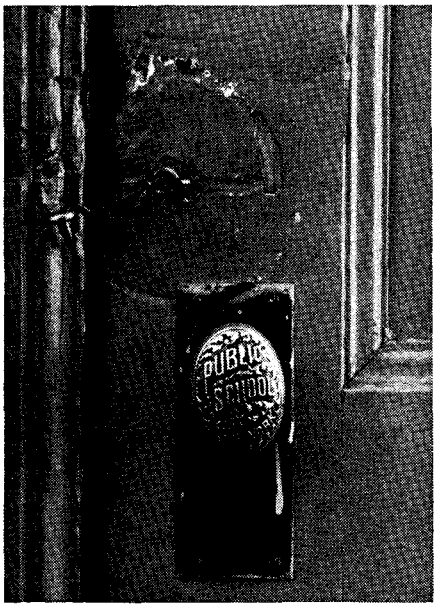
WHY GHETTO SCHOOLS FAIL

by HENRY M. LEVIN

Urban schools have been failing disadvantaged students for a long time. This failure has been a fact despite its not having been widely recognized by a society that acknowledges Southern problems but not those found in the cities of the North. We are now facing a problem that is complex, pervasive, and of long-standing duration. Not only does the present method of financing place most large-city school districts at a severe disadvantage in supporting needed services, but the distributions of those finances systematically shortchange those children drawn from poor and powerless constituencies. But, most importantly, much of the money that finally filters down to schools attended by the urban disadvantaged is wasted on traditional approaches that are not appropriate for inner-city schools.

The inequities of the present system of financing schools through local property taxes and state aid constitute a by now familiar litany. Greater pupil needs, higher costs, municipal overburden, and smaller resources to draw upon mean that the present system of financing schools places a city at a severe disadvantage relative to its suburbs. It is more difficult for a city to raise equal dollars; equal dollars do not buy equal educational services because of higher costs in the city, and the educational services that a city must provide are far more massive than those that must be provided by suburban neighbors.

At the same time, there is evidence that many cities receive fewer dollars from the state for each pupil than do their wealthier suburbs. Although some states provide additional financial support to their cities for educating children from low-income families, the supplemental aid is so nominal that the pattern does not change appreciably. Even the effect of federal aid for schooling the disadvantaged, such as that allocated under Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, makes but a small alteration in the basic system of support, which is unequal to begin with.



—Joe Molner.

"Money is spent on remedies that have not worked well in the past."

But the financial stringencies faced by the large-city school districts are not the only such factors hindering the improvement of inner-city schools. The school districts themselves systematically shortchange those schools attended by disadvantaged populations. Few school superintendents or other high officials will admit that such disparities exist since to do so would be politically dangerous. Nevertheless, internal audit studies of the school-by-school funding patterns within cities have consistently found that fewer dollars are spent in schools educating poor children and black children than in schools attended by their white middle-class counterparts. Not only have these differences been tolerated (and perhaps promoted in the past), but it appears that even the monies for compensatory education are often used to support district-wide services instead of being applied to the disadvantaged populations for whom they were intended. If the inner-city schools are shortchanged under the existing distribution of funds, there is no reason to believe that funds from higher levels of government for the disadvantaged will reach their mark. Traditional administrative devices, an accounting system that masks school-by-school discrepancies, and uneven distribution of political power all augur the financial shortchanging of schools attended by the disadvantaged.

But perhaps the greatest tragedy in the financial chain is that, when additional dollars finally filter down to the inner-city schools, they are often squandered on traditional approaches that have consistently failed the inner-city youngster. The record of spending on compensatory education is an outstanding testimony to the futility of doing more of the same things that have not worked in the past.

Indeed, the inability of compensatory education programs to produce significant results is traceable directly to the questionable ideology on which they are tacitly based. Inherent in compensatory education programs is the condescending view that the urban minority child is somehow inferior to the middle-class child. The schools assume that his cultural differences represent inferiorities that must be eliminated. "Remediation" is considered the key to the minority child's emancipation. Inherent in this approach is a total disregard for the cultures and experiences of black and other minority children. Yet, to a minority youngster, his experience is certainly as valid as that of his white counterpart.

There is no reason that he must deny or deprecate his background in order to "learn." Indeed, such forced self-denunciation can only guarantee the development of a serious and widening breach between the school and the child. Unfortunately, the large urban school systems have shown themselves to be incapable of building educational programs that will capitalize on the cultural attributes of minority children. This fact becomes quite clear when one examines the way in which so-called compensatory education programs have been formulated. Most money has been spent on such traditional routes as reducing class size, increasing the number of counselors and remedial specialists, and buying more library volumes. That is, more money has been spent on the same remedies that have not worked well in the past. The inevitable result is that a larger budget purchas-

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HENRY M. LEVIN is associate professor of education at Stanford University. This article is adapted from a paper prepared for the Subcommittee on the Education of the Urban Disadvantaged of the Committee for Economic Development (CED), by special arrangement with the author and the CED.

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ing more of the same ingredients will make a larger version of the same dismal cake. There must be qualitative changes in the recipe in order to improve the quality of education for minority children.

Comparing dollar inputs between schools attended by minority students and those attended by middle-class whites is an erroneous way of measuring school resource endowments between races. To the degree that money is spent in both cases on teachers, curriculum, and other inputs that are more effective for white children than for black or Spanish-speaking students, dollar expenditures tend to overstate vastly the relative resources available to the latter groups. Rather, nominal resources devoted to the two groups of schools must be weighed by their effectiveness in order to ascertain their true value.

The ludicrous nature of comparing schools attended by majority and minority children on the basis of physical checklists of characteristics or on dollar expenditures is reflected in the following illustration. If black schools and white schools have the same number of teachers with the same preparation and experience, the two sets of schools are considered to be equal according to conventional criteria. Now what if all of the teachers have white racist views? Clearly, if black schools and white schools have equal numbers of white racist teachers, the two sets of schools are not equal even though the actual numbers of teachers are. This example raises additional questions about the present definition of remediation and compensatory education. If we double the number of white racist teachers in black schools, class size will be reduced by 50 per cent; yet, it is difficult to argue that healthy increases in educational output will take place. Such a situation, however, is perfectly consistent with the conventional arithmetic of spending on compensatory education. Attention is heavily focused on the amount of traditional resources available to minority children with almost no consideration of the appropriateness or the efficacy of those resources.

It follows that such a simple cure as merely obtaining more money for the cities will hardly guarantee solving all or even most of the infirmities of urban education. Rather, the solution requires a tripartite response. First, how can we increase the financial resources available to large-city school districts? Second, how can we assure that an appropriately large share of the additional resources will be devoted to the inner-city schools? And finally, how can we increase the probability that this support will be used on educational programs that will produce results?

Strangely enough, obtaining more dollars for the large-city school districts is the problem most likely to be solved in the near future, because present financing arrangements for schools appear to violate the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment of the U.S. Constitution. Simply stated, the states are responsible for financing the schools. Whether school taxes are collected by the state or by local school districts, they are considered to be state taxes; and if disparities exist in the revenue resources available to school districts, then such differences exist as a consequence of the state's discretion. By basing school support for any student on such fortuitous circumstances as where he lives, the wealth of his community, or the community's concern for education, it is contended that the states are not granting equal protection of the law to all residents.

On this premise many cities have begun to sue their respective states with the goal of requiring the states to foster a true measure of equality of educational opportunity. While some of the suits argue for equal expenditures among schools, others assert that equal protection under the law requires unequal expenditures based upon the higher costs and greater student needs in urban schools. In practical terms, the states would be required to undertake a far larger share of the educational burden, one that would shift substantial financial resources to the city schools.

Unfortunately, more money for the city schools will not be enough in itself to overcome the particular problems of the inner-city schools. Under the present accounting system, where school-by-school expenditures are not reported, the central school administration can continue to discriminate against inner-city schools with virtual impunity. The states can make a salutary move toward ensuring that cities make fair allocations to the inner-city schools by requiring school-by-school reporting of budgetary allocations. That is, each state should require expenditure information for individual schools from all of its school districts. The visibility of school-by-school budgets would provide a relatively simple method of seeing that monies for compensatory education are spent in the schools for which they were intended.

The reporting of expenditures and other information by cities on a school-by-school basis would have additional advantages. Since aid from higher levels of government is often given according to the socio-economic level (degree of disadvantage) of the student population, it is easiest to assess this criterion for each school. In a feasibility study for New York State, it was found that a measure of educational need for disadvantaged children could be constructed from information provided by school principals. Using various combinations of data on student race and social class—generally available for each school— a useful measure of need for resources could be computed. The authors of this study also suggested ways in which a measure of school resource need could be woven into the state school finance formula. Accounting for expenditures on a school-by-school basis is mandatory, if we are to obtain equity for the inner-city schools.

Obtaining more money for city school districts and ensuring that inner-city schools receive adequate shares of those finances requires fairly specific mechanical changes in any state's finance and accounting procedures. Given the recommended changes that we have specified in these two areas, the impact of the new arrangements is fairly predictable, and both goals can be achieved with rather straightforward departures from existing state policies. The third problem, that of spending dollars more effectively in the inner-city schools, is more elusive, for, although financial and accounting arrangements can be mandated, school effectiveness cannot. Indeed, this is the weakest link in the financial chain, for it is the one over which the bankers of the public schools have the least measure of control.

The basic flaw that characterizes an educational system (as well as most public enterprises) is that there are no incentives built into the system to satisfy social goals. If students are not learning to read in a particular school, there are no direct incentives to change the situation. Principals and teachers get pay increases on schedule, whether they fail or succeed. A teacher has only to live long enough to rise to the top of the salary scale. Nowhere in the present organization of schools do we have financial or nonfinancial incentives for making schools succeed. The reward structure is systematically divorced from educational effectiveness.

This fundamental weakness of the schools must be remedied by an approach that rewards success and penalizes failure, just as other organizations do. The kinds of appropriate incentives appear to be ones that would reward educational responsiveness in terms of the needs of the students and families served. Two kinds of models have been posited that would pursue these goals: the market approach to

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Book Review

THE OPEN CLASSROOM

by Herbert R. Kohl

New York Review/Vintage, 116 pp., paperback, $1.65

HERB KOHL has written what may be described as a "primer"—a primer for teachers. It is addressed to a hopefully growing number of public school teachers who are becoming dissatisfied with the failures of rigidity, frustrated with the ineffectuality of their "methods"—saddened and wearied by the pointless activity that they and their students are forced to perform on an educational treadmill. For them (and for those who intuitively "know") Mr. Kohl has written an honest book—one that sincerely confronts problems inherent in change, problems of approach and of self-doubt—and offers a few basic suggestions. It is a sensitive book that appreciates the sovereignty of a child's world and the integrity of his experience, which are the *sine qua non* of learning. It is a book about teaching. It should be read by all teachers and perhaps even reread by most.

The Open Classroom takes little for granted, and both its strength and weakness inhere in that fact. Kohl appears so concerned with offering reassurances, with pointing out basic attitudes and strategies, that his slim volume cannot accommodate the ampler discussion of varied experiences, extended experiments, and diverse reactions that would have given it a more sophisticated utility. For what Kohl did so well in *36 Children*—offering concrete examples and specific incidents—is missing.

Our own experience with the book at the Children's Community Workshop School tends to corroborate this evaluation. Let it not be overlooked that we were more than pleased and heartened by its supportive quality. Perhaps because we have ventured out so much further in working within an innovative structure, we expected more from the book. Openness alone is not the whole answer, and there are ways and techniques and materials to be developed that can make one function better within this new environment.

The Open Classroom enforces a sad awareness of how very bad things are. If it is necessary to enjoin teachers to listen to and talk with their students after the class, as the author suggests in the first chapter, then things are terrible. And if this is true—and we must assume it is—all we can do is salute him on his fortitude in meeting that necessity. Again, when discussing a word game he played in a classroom, the author points out to his readers that flexibility encompasses permitting children to pin words on themselves rather than on the walls and furniture as was originally planned. It again seems distressing that teachers who do not possess the minimal tolerance to permit such a "deviation," or the minimal skill to channel such a spontaneous show of initiative, should be allowed into a classroom.

To the public school teacher hesitating on the threshold of "the open classroom," Kohl extends the less threatening invitation to experiment with openness for ten minutes a day. "For ten minutes cease to be a teacher and be an adult with young people, a resource available if needed and possibly a friend, but not a director, a judge, or an executioner. Also try to make it possible for the ten minutes to grow to fifteen, twenty, so long as it makes sense to you and your pupils. It is not unlikely that those ten minutes may become the most important part of the day, and after awhile, may even become the school day." Kohl then gives some "specific hints" (which in the context neither can be nor are terribly specific) about how those ten minutes may be used in the various areas of English, mathematics, social science, etc. We do not know whether this practical suggestion of slow and gradual movement into openness will be effective in the case of most young public school teachers. We certainly hope it will. Certainly there is nothing very frightening in Kohl's proposal or in the further suggestion that teachers institute a more extended trip program, use the whole community as a resource, or invite visitors from various professions to bring their talents to the classroom.

It would be strangely comforting to believe that the school system could respond to and learn from a limited number of sincere teachers experimenting for ten minutes a day. Yet Kohl, himself, is not so fondly optimistic. His "open classroom" paradoxically must frequently take place clandestinely behind a closed door. For the frustrations and obstacles of the "closed school" within a "closed society" have done their best to annihilate the very possibility of an open classroom.

Consciously and unconsciously, the system has weeded out whatever subversive presence it has detected. Herb Kohl has written an honest and important book. It is hardly his fault that, as far as the public school goes, the book has come too late. It is too late because many of the best teachers have left. It is too late because, rather than struggle with the anachronisms and inhumanity of that system, we have decided to provide alternative structures and to break the monopoly of the public system. It is too late because we have realized that, rather than fight and be perpetually confronted with defeat from an inert, irresponsive institution, the nature of that institution must be changed. And that it can only be changed from without!

Our last and severest objection, then, has less to do with Kohl's book than with the institution it presumes to revive. If there is to be any hope for the public schools, then they must realize that this book is the last call. For it is written so gingerly and gently. One knows now that there is no middle ground between its calm persuasion and the need to shout for change "Right on!"

Anita Moses

Anita Moses is the director of the Children's Community Workshop School in New York City.

—Robert Minden.

Herbert Kohl, with some of the children participating in "Other Ways," a new education experiment that he has organized in Berkeley.

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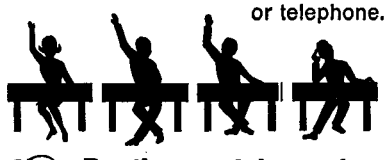

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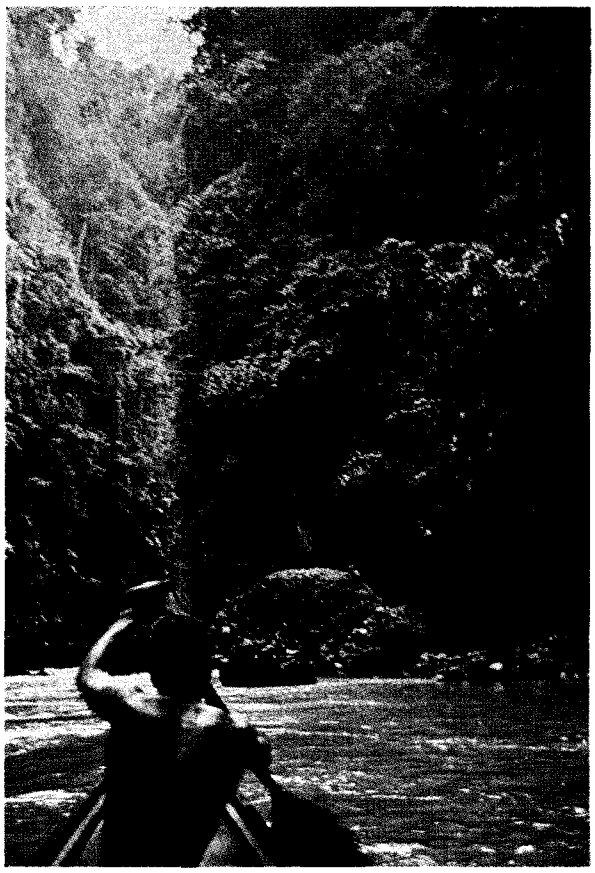

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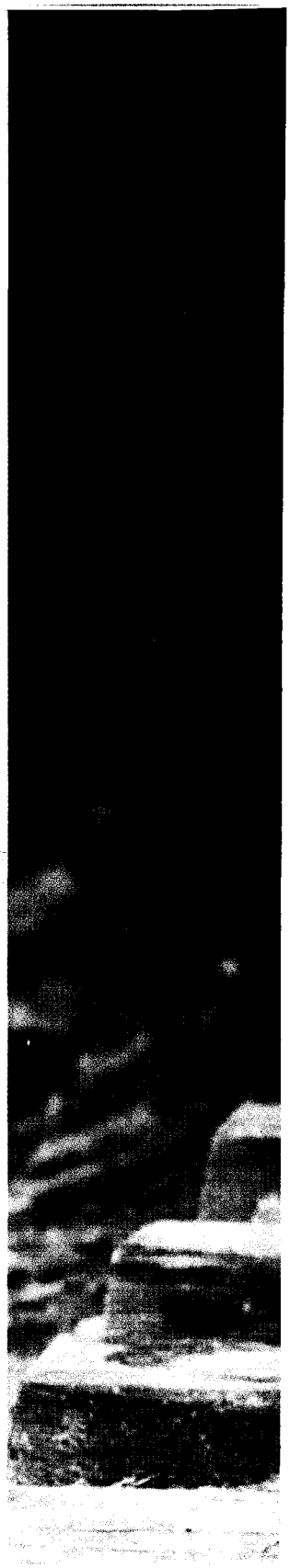

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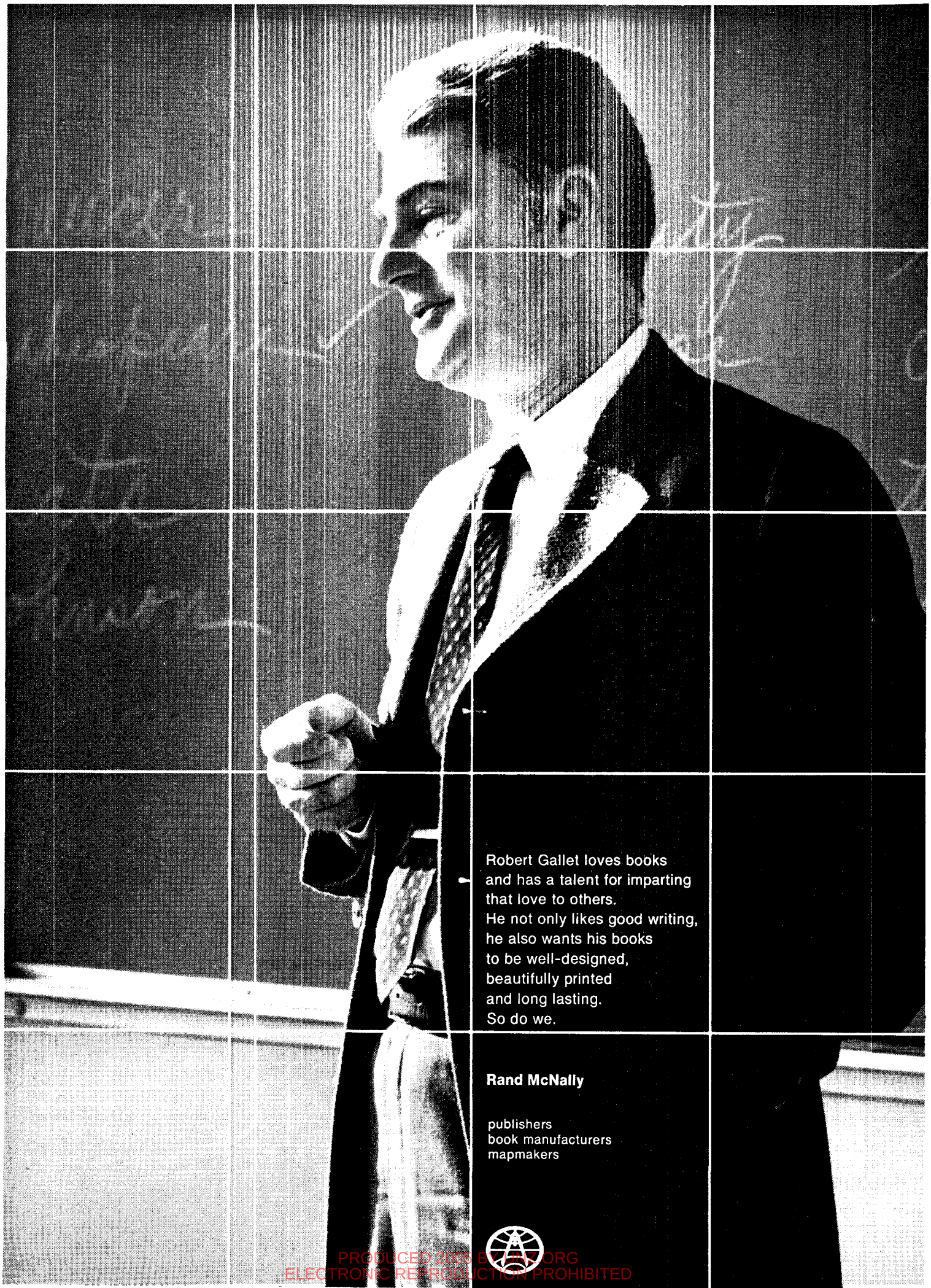

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New Books

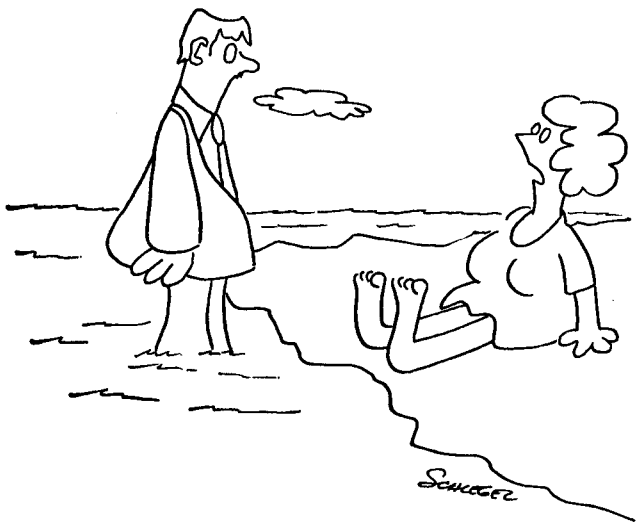
Student Power and the Canadian Campus, *edited by Tim and Julyan Reid (Peter Martin Associates, Ltd., Toronto, 226 pp., $2.95),* confederates documents, newspaper reports, and articles on Canadian school and university disruption *a mari usque ad mare.* Despite prefatory hopes to the contrary, a good many sections sound more universal than Canadian. Julyan Reid's "Some Canadian Issues" and Robert Favreau's "The Quandary of UGEQ" speak, however, to the question of Quebec's special interests in Canadian higher education. Thankfully, too, exchanges such as the one between George Woodcock and Robert Rae lend a certain *élan* to what might otherwise constitute merely a thing of shreds and patches.

Point of View: Talks on Education, *by Edward H. Levi (University of Chicago Press, 186 pp., $4.50),* is a tastefully presented collection of addresses delivered during the late Sixties by Chicago University's distinguished lawyer-president. Although occasions for these talks varied from convocations and presidential inaugurations to meetings of business and legal associations, their unifying theme shows as an argument for universities as places of persuasive rationalism. Levi deals with many of the great abstracts that bear on discussions of university affairs—values, the law, and the intricate relationships binding "the world of ideas and the facts of life," for instance. In so doing, however, he manages to avoid that self-congratulatory parochialism too often marring hortatory pronouncements from presidential podiums. Indeed, the author doesn't hesitate to express doubts and fears. But his overall effect is that of a man totally committed to the improvement of university performance.

The Student and the University, *by Elvin Abeles (Parents' Magazine Press, 246 pp., $4.50),* premises that the major threat to America's universities is not student activism but Establishment inflexibility. From this perspective, the author accordingly paints a rather bleak picture of early European universities under tight royal or church control, and out of touch with society. Similarly, the *Yale Report* of 1828 comes out with an "air of smug finality," while the 1920s become the "era of conformity." Despite these historically debatable questions raised in the earlier chapters, a later section on the contemporary student movement provides a good summary of student reform groups dating back to the Intercollegiate Socialist Society of 1905. Students and interested parents may find this a useful survey.

What's Happened to Teacher? *by Myron Brenton (Coward-McCann, Inc., 280 pp., $5.95),* features what must surely be the most irresistible opening gambit of recent popular educational authorship. "Some two hundred years ago," writes Brenton, "schoolteachers were sent to American shores along with pigs and cattle and general cargo; less than a decade ago, a former schoolteacher became President of the United States. Thus, swiftly, move the affairs of men. . . ." Thereafter, you go on a freewheeling trip through working conditions and salary matters, militancy and power plays. The author's compelling appeal that "the revolution for teacher well-being . . . count the child's heartbeat" is just one among many constructive propositions. This book may please you. It may annoy you. What it will *not* do is put you to sleep.

—JOHN CALAM.



"Roger, if you really want to relax, you've got to take off your shoes."

School for Kids

Continued from page 67

"It's the freedom that's so great," they say, "you can do what you want." And they add: "Yes, we learn just as much as we did last year—we learn more. Sure, we still have to study science and math, but it's different." The ways in which it differs may vary for individuals, but they have a common theme that echoes Professor Callaway's assertion that, when we enforce rules of quiet conformity on students, we "foist behavior patterns on youngsters in our schools which we, as adults, would not live with."

"The teachers don't push you into learning," a diminutive sixth-grader explains, "they let you come in by yourself and do it the way you want. We learn more because we want to—and it's so great because after you've done your work nobody cares if you visit with your friends." Three eighth-grade girls, alternately studying and talking in a little corner formed by movable tables with low tack-board backs, agree with their sixth-grade colleague. "It's better when you can get the latest gossip while you study," they say. And one adds: "You only really learn when you want to." A seventh-grader is entranced by the freedom allowed him to go play chess when he has finished his math lesson. And others clearly share his pleasure—two or three chess games are in progress at almost any time of the day, a dozen during the noon hour.

But Danny, a bright, articulate eighth-grader who has been a serious discipline problem in the past, sums it up: "You can't help but learn more, there are so many things to do—and in the afternoon [during the time allotted to creative interests] you can do anything you want." However, Danny's friend, who has a similar history, has had more difficulty in adjusting to freedom—and provides the counterpoint. "Last year when you did something you weren't supposed to do, and got away with it, you had a feeling of accomplishment. This year nobody cares. Take gum. They say go ahead and chew gum in class—so I lost my taste for it. Nobody chews gum any more—maybe two or three guys in the whole school."

It will take much more time to get a final reading on the Beloit-Turner Middle School. The program is still evolving, and its eventual success will depend in large measure on the skill and the dedication of the teachers who implement it. But perhaps the best interim assessment has already been made by the students themselves. As a result of their demand, the school is open seven days a week. It's the most interesting place in town.

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Schools Make News

Crossroads for Desegregation

IN CASE anyone supposed that the issue of racial segregation in this country had been resolved, remaining chiefly in the minds of a few die-hard Southern racists, the Congressional events of the last month should demonstrate that the American Dilemma is alive and well throughout the land.

In the House and Senate, where Congressmen were laboring over a new health and education appropriations bill and an extended authorization of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA), Southerners won their greatest legislative and moral victories since the 1954 Supreme Court decision, by pushing through amendments to curb the federal guidelines and busing plans that have promoted Southern school integration.

Among these amendments were the now annual Whitten amendments to curb the power of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) to cut off funds from school districts refusing to desegregate. Traditionally rejected in previous years with the firm backing of the Johnson administration, the amendments sailed through the House under the guidance of Republican leaders and Southern Democrats.

In the Senate, where debate over amendments to the ESEA authorization bill, proposed by Mississippi's Senator John C. Stennis, waxed heavy, the administration added confusion by first apparently supporting the Stennis amendment, then seeming to back an alternative sponsored by Republican floor leader Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, and then at the last minute withdrawing support from Scott, leaving him defeated, embarrassed, and feeling "humiliated."

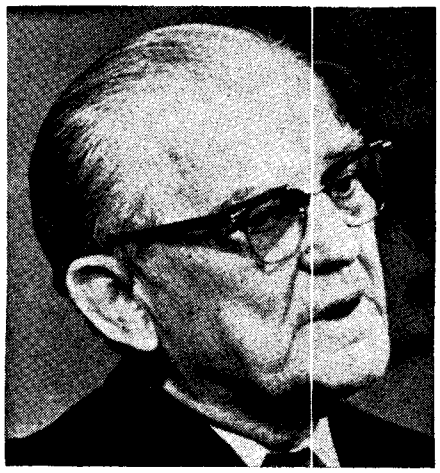
But the tide actually turned earlier when Senator Abraham A. Ribicoff, Democrat of Connecticut, and a firm civil rights advocate, announced he would support the Stennis amendment calling for uniform desegregation standards throughout the country. (He also made clear he would not support a second Stennis amendment banning busing to achieve school desegregation.) In the most forceful and articulate denunciation of de facto segregation ever made by a Northern politician, Senator Ribicoff declared, "If Senator Stennis wants to make honest men of us Northern liberals, I think we should help him. Without question, Northern communities have been as systematic and consistent as Southern communities in denying to the black man and his children the opportunity that exists for white people."

Ribicoff's speech posed a dilemma for his liberal colleagues. While hailing his "courage" and "nobility," they also feared that the amendment would do more to slow down desegregation in the South than to speed it up in the North. Stennis himself declared this was his purpose. "I want Northerners to find out whether or not they want this massive immediate desegregation," he told the Senate. "I do not believe they do."

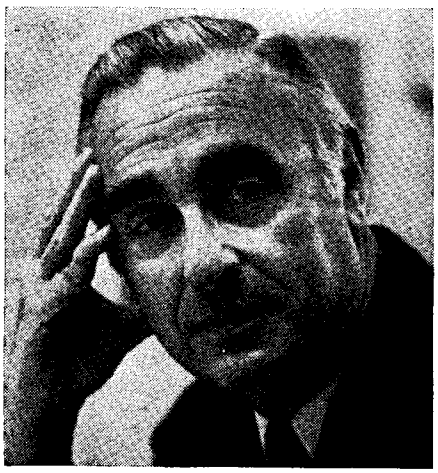
Ribicoff's speech also ignited Congressional discussion of whether integration is possible at all. While de jure segregation is coming to an end in the rural South, de facto segregation in urban areas, North and South, is on the rise. And black leaders are turning increasingly from integration to community control and the promotion of black identity and autonomy. Must reading in Washington last month was an article in *The New Republic* by Alexander M. Bickel, professor of law and legal history at Yale, that asked, "What is the use of a process of racial integration in the schools that very often produces, in absolute numbers, more black and white children attending segregated schools than before the process was put into motion?" Professor Bickel concluded, "Massive school integration is not going to be attained in this country very soon, in good part because no one is certain that it is worth the cost. Let us, therefore, try to proceed with education."

Yet, despite the tremendous moral victory achieved by Southern senators, it is uncertain how much difference such amendments would make, since enforcement of school desegregation has fallen largely to the courts. It was the Supreme Court's ruling that desegregation must occur "at once" that brought about the massive effort throughout the South to comply by February 1 or face contempt charges. And it was a California Superior Court that, in a landmark decision last month, found Los Angeles guilty of de jure segregation for not taking affirmative steps to relieve racial imbalance. Los Angeles, with the nation's second largest school system, is under orders to produce a full integration plan, including massive busing, by June 1. Officials there are already balking, lending validity to Stennis's theory about the North.

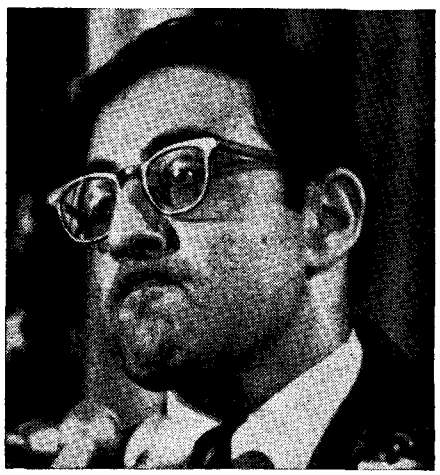
In any case, much of what happens to the nation depends on the leadership of the administration. While most observers are still reluctant to believe that President Nixon intends to return the country to pre-1954, one man was willing to speak his mind without qualification. Leon E. Panetta, ousted as



Mississippi's Senator John C. Stennis: "I would like to see a genuine national policy based on . . . live and let live."



Abraham A. Ribicoff: "The North is guilty of monumental hypocrisy in its treatment of the black man."



—Wide World.

Leon E. Panetta, ousted rights chief: "The issue is the future of the nation's race relations."

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HEW's chief civil rights officer, angrily denounced the administration, charging, "The cause of equal justice is being destroyed, not by direct challenge, but by indirection, by confusion, by disunity, and by a lack of leadership and commitment to a truly equal society." Later, addressing the Women's National Press Club, he declared, "It has become more and more clear that the administration is going to cater to the voters of the Deep South states. . . . As long as they think they can get votes—rather than take the tough stand and not divide the country but bring us together—I expect this will continue."

Up with Obscenity

A REPORT ON the alleged irresponsibility of the nine student newspapers on the campuses of the University of California, commissioned by the Regents, has recommended that no restrictions be placed on editorial content, and that the cure for obscenity be guidance and time.

Response to the report was mixed: Some Regents received it as an enlightened overview of contemporary problems, but the prime mover behind the study, Regent John Canaday, said he was disappointed because the report failed to deal effectively with the issues that most concerned him: obscenity and outspoken editorial license. Implementation of the report was left up to individual administrators and chancellors.

The report, issued in January, was compiled by a four-man commission composed of three journalists and the former dean of Columbia University's School of Journalism. In it, they refused to suggest that restrictions are the way to assure editorial responsibility. Instead, the commission pointed to the fact that the most constructive and efficient student newspapers, such as the *Harvard Crimson* and Columbia's *Spectator*, are those with a strong tradition of independence and editorial freedom.

The commission was asked especially to deal with the problem of obscenity, and the commission responded by saying that the obscenity fad appeared to be waning. The shock value has largely disappeared through overuse, and student editors are recognizing that they can express themselves with greater impact and precision without the language of the battlefield. The commission felt there was little point in its dwelling nervously on how to control the use of foul language.

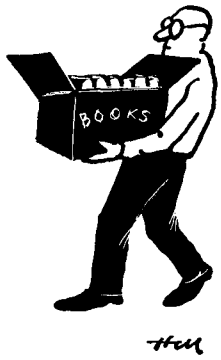
B.A. + M.A. + Ph.D. = O?

SUDDENLY, college degrees don't seem to be worth much anymore. At a time when colleges are opening their doors even wider for students who would not have been admitted a few years ago, there are widespread reports of the difficulty degree holders of all ranks are having in finding jobs, or at least jobs of their first choice in some areas.

The College Placement Council has just released a survey of job offers from business and industry at 141 colleges and universities during the fall term showing that offers to B.A. degree candidates were down 20 per cent from last year, and down 24 per cent to M.A. degree candidates. The picture for Ph.D. candidates was mixed. The CPC reported that business and industry offers were up 21 per cent, but that the picture has been reversed since fall. Reports from the annual meetings of the academic professional associations held in midwinter indicate some severe job shortages for prospective college teachers, especially in the field of social sciences and the humanities at the larger, well-known schools.

For instance, at the American Historical Association's meeting in Washington there were about 2,000 persons and about 400 available jobs, while at the Modern Language Association meeting in Denver there were fewer than half the number of departments recruiting as last year, and some prestigious schools had more than 600 applications for fewer than five openings. Cutbacks in military and space spending by the federal government have closed off large markets for holders of advanced science and math degrees, according to some observers, including Brian P. Schwartz of the MIT physics department.

Reasons for the shortages in all areas include budget cuts, overexpansion of advanced degree programs coupled with a slowdown in undergraduate enrollment growth compared to the boom years of the early 1960s, and the preferences of new degree holders to teach at big, prestigious schools like those at which they earned their own degrees. Some observers claim that too many of the doctoral degree candidates want to do as little teaching and as much research as possible, while there are plenty of jobs for teachers at small, less well-known colleges and junior colleges that have no funds to support much research.



Notes

• The Department of Labor has been requested to force an end to alleged discriminatory practices against women by all universities and colleges doing business with the federal government. In a formal complaint to Secretary of Labor George P. Shultz, the Women's Equity Action League (WEAL, c/o Dr. Bernice Sandler, 10700 Lockridge Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland 20901) accused the institutions of higher education of wholesale discrimination in the hiring and promotion of women faculty members and requested the department to enforce Presidential orders forbidding sexual discrimination.

• Two local affiliates of the nation's major teachers' unions, the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers, merged last month in Los Angeles, the first major step in bringing about a possible nationwide consolidation of the two organizations. The new union, the United Teachers–Los Angeles, represents about 80 per cent of the city's 25,000 classroom teachers. It is not the first such merger, however, between locals of the long-time rival groups. About 1,800 teachers in Flint, Michigan, schools merged last October. Negotiations are also taking place in Massachusetts for a state-wide merger and in several urban areas. A merger of the two national organizations would create a 1.8-million-member trade union, the largest in the world.

• The *New Schools Exchange Newsletter* tells what's happening with small, innovative private schools across the nation—Third World schools, community schools, experimental colleges, communes—anywhere attempts at radical educational reform are being made. Published by Harvey Haber and a small staff in Santa Barbara (2840 Hidden Valley Lane, Santa Barbara, California 93103), the newsletter, scarcely a year old, is growing fast and will soon become a magazine, with eight or twelve pages every ten days. The *Exchange* also is a clearinghouse for those seeking jobs, money, or advice, and the number of new schools initiated and engendered through the *Exchange* runs about eight to ten at the beginning of a semester. A similar clearinghouse service for teachers on the East Coast is being provided by Leonard Solo and Stan Barondes through the Teacher Drop-Out Center (c/o School of Education, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002).

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Mechanic Street

Continued from page 61

as the club of conformity in the school.

What the school did (and is doing) was to sell its clients, young and old, on the legitimacy of the system that abused them. Of course there were exceptions—students, teachers, schools—and even the drearier institutions are sufficiently equipped with the paraphernalia of *fun*—sports, bands, clubs—to mitigate the severity and enlist community support. It is hard to find schools that do not arrogate to themselves some sort of distinction: the state championship marching band, league leadership in football or track, a squad of belles who twirl, hop, bounce, or step better than anyone else in the county. A girl makes her way from junior pom-pom girl to cheerleader or majorette; a boy comes from the obscurity of an ethnic neighborhood to be chosen an all-state tackle. There is vitality and engagement and, for the moment, the welding of new common-interest groups, new friendships, new forms of integration. It is the only community adolescents have, and even the dropouts sometimes sneak back to see their friends. And yet, many of these things come to a swift and brutal end: a note in the yearbook, some clippings, a temporary sense of value and distinction convertible into an early marriage, a secretarial job, an occasional scholarship. The most prestigious activities of high school have no lasting value; next year, or the year after that, there will be no band, no football, no pep club. Too often life reaches its highest point at seventeen.

It may well be that even white working-class parents are becoming more suspicious of the mediocrity of their schools, more aware of their crimes, and less taken by the joys they offer. The imperious contempt of large-city administrators is not limited to the complaints of the black community, and the increase in number of defeated school bond issues and tax overrides is hardly a sign of growing confidence in the school people who propose them. And yet, the things that have been preached by the best people for a hundred years (and which many of them no longer believe)—order, hard work, self-denial, and the general legitimacy of schooling—these things die hard, or die not at all.

It is too easy to forget the faces, too hard to forget the crowd. American youth, Edgar Friedenberg wrote, are "already deeply implicated in the deeds and values of their culture. . . . They go along with it and sincerely believe that in doing so they are putting down trouble-makers and serving the best interests of their community." That was, of course, before Berkeley and Columbia, before revolt had reached sufficient mass to be called a "counter-culture." For the children of Mechanic Street, however, nothing changed, except that it added yet another demon to the many others that could not be faced. The kids of the lower middle in the order of the school had always known that they don't have much to say about anything; they have been put down most of their lives by parents, contemptuous teachers, and by fellow students. (The blue collar is still stigmatized; in the school the vocational students are fender-benders, and occasionally a particularly nasty remark is answered with sudden, explosive violence: "He called us grease monkeys, so we pushed him right through that glass door. We stick up for our rights.") What they do have to say is often directed against the most threatening invitations to independence and the most obvious examples of freedom, which constitutes the secret dream. They would—most of them—not permit demonstrations against the Vietnam War, would prefer that their teachers maintain the very order that puts them down, are resentful of anyone that can be called a hippie. ("It's not the parents that cause that," said a student radical, "it's the school. It teaches people to be uptight.") If the war continues at the present rate, several in each of their high school classes will be dead before they ever have a chance to live; of course, they would rather not have the war—and a few have joined peace marches and demonstrations—but, they tell you (in tones of a text they wish they could remember with more confidence), we have to Resist Communism, have to stand up for our rights. What about Mylai; what about the massacre of women and children in Vietnam? Most of them aren't much disturbed, haven't thought about it, or been asked about it, and haven't discussed it. You hear about someone's cousin or brother, over in "Nam," who talked about how those crazy people even had kids throwing grenades at our convoys. It's war, and you never know who's going to try and kill you. But the agony of the reply, the painful speech, in class after class, makes it impossible to press too many questions; the Hard Line plays back no better than a Shakespearean sonnet or a Euclidean theorem never worth learning. You do what you're told. Propaganda and schooling are the same thing. You ought not, you tell yourself, to pick on kids.

There is no place to go. No place now, no place ever. For the lower half of the school population—the general course, the voc-ed course, the yet to be certified losers with their low-C grades, the high school is like a refugee camp, a camp for displaced persons waiting for something to happen. The central fact of existence is not school or home of the great institutions of American rhetoric, but the automobile, the one place where life can proceed apart from those institutions, the one place where the stunted remains of the dream of freedom can grow. We have heard all this many times before—the drag racers, the hot rods—sometimes in amusement, sometimes in indignation, but we haven't come close to understanding how much it means. The car, quite simply, is everything. It is the only place where adult experimentation is tolerated: experiments with sex, with self-realization, with independence, with courage, with change, with death. The car shuttles within the city limits, sometimes to McDonald's or the Burger King, sometimes to the drive-in movie (Clint Eastwood, John Wayne, *Easy Rider*), but rarely beyond, rarely even to the next town.

There is no place to go, except to the car itself. The radio—and the heater—thus become essential accessories, and parking becomes an all-purpose word for sex. It is the thing you do on a date. For the affluent, who have large houses and some privacy—and parental tolerance—to entertain, it may also be an invitation to turn on; sex at home, pot in the car. For those who are not rich, the car represents almost every level of reality. It is something you work on, something useful (or superpowered) that you maintain, it is a place to live, it is escape, it is privacy. It is hard to get through high school without at least one accident, perhaps even harder to become a man without being able to claim one close call—out on the spur route, or in the empty parking lot of a shopping center late on a Saturday night. Someone pulls alongside, you give the engine everything, and for a few brief moments you feel speed and power and triumph. People don't grow up with cars; they grow up in them.

There is much talk, in town after town, about having places for "young people to go," about teen centers and recreation halls (the chaperoned dances having been abandoned by all

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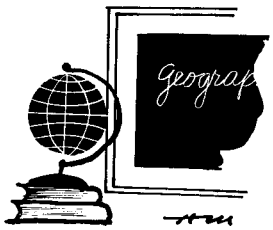
but junior high students), but that concern seems to reflect a deeper despair about the community, about *place*, and about the future itself. As the old ethnic and regional culture breaks up, the culture of aspiration—what we used to call the mainstream—should grow in its power to attract and hold. But often, needless to say, it does not. In the smaller towns and in the hyphenated neighborhoods of cities, traditional patterns and institutions—food, family, the church, the Ukrainian Hall, the Polish-American Club—become increasingly tenuous; church membership grows older, the neighborhood more bland, the swimming hole more distant, the culture more thin. The local mill, the mine, the plant, once ferocious and mythic in its demands on men, in its economic unpredictability, in its brutality, is tamed by unions, by government, and by corporate management itself. The kids don't remember the last strike, the last layoffs, let alone the last fight with the Pinkertons, the National Guard, and the company dicks. Every year a few more landmarks disappear, another memory dies, another set of roots is destroyed.

For most parents, there is still the hope of a better place, and almost every one of them does his best to get his kid to go. But the ebullient romance, the Alger myths, the dream of adventure and enterprise—all those things have been inundated by size and technology, and abandoned by the very people who invented them in the first place. The fact that things are less manageable, that the country and the world no longer respond the way we once imagined they should (or that they have become unmanageable altogether) may not be as traumatic for the ethnic and social underclass that had never controlled much of anything anyway—but it does reduce the interest and the fun of trying to join. One of the striking things is that many kids are not ambitious for power or possessions. "My parents," said one, "never had what they wanted; they couldn't get along on what they had. But we can." And yet the life that he and many others imagine is almost identical to the life of the present. As today opens up a little—a better home, a car, a television set, and a steady job—tomorrow seems to close down. Modesty in achievement and ambition is matched by an inability to visualize anything richer—in experience or possessions, or in the world at large. The generation gap—for rich, for poor, for all—is precisely this: that many kids, for the first time, are growing up without a sense of the future. And that, for America, is new.

They are people who have lost one country and haven't yet found another. Some of them are at least marginal



participants in the counterculture; the hair on the boys grows longer, the hard rock is universal, and drugs (pot and pills), now prevalent among the swingers — college prep, affluent, or black—are beginning to infiltrate the middle, often with the tacit acquiescence of the cops who know that they have lost some of their troublesome adolescent clients to the euphoria of pot, and who are, in any case, powerless to stop it. There may still be high schools in America where drugs aren't traded, but they are probably scarcer than dry towns. At the same time, the potential for revolt, for repression, for violence, random and directed, remains. In one high school, a senior—long hair, mustache, articulate—speaks about his plans: When he graduates he will join the Marine Corps, go to Vietnam "where the action is," then return home and become a state cop. "I'll cut my hair before *they* get to it," trading one form of expression for another. Perhaps there are few alternatives left. Perhaps Vietnam remains one of the viable ways to become a man, or to become anything at all.

"Maybe," said a sophisticated high school teacher, "we better leave everything alone. If these kids ever become politically conscious, who knows whether they'll join the SDS or the brown shirts." There are signs that they could do either, just like anyone else. Some of them have harassed peace demonstrators, heckled civil rights marchers, and have beaten up black kids in integrated schools or on the periphery of changing neighborhoods, and have been beaten up in return. And while middle-class, college-oriented students—and blacks—have made the papers with their activism, there also have been, in some of the inner cities, self-styled protofascist gangs hunting blacks, hippies, and other signs of vulnerable liberalism. In the 1968 election, the major support for George Wallace within the labor movement came from younger members—the older brothers of the kids now finishing school.

Who is to say how things are learned? For the children of Mechanic Street—as for all others—the classroom has rarely been more than a marginal place. Except for minimal literacy and a few tricks picked up in a home-ec course, the girl who marries at eighteen was educated at home, though she may well have used the school to find her husband. Except for the certification that schools bestow on good behavior and acceptable habits, the boy who takes a job immediately after graduation (or who, with a fifth of his peers, never graduates at all) takes little from his school, except perhaps a vaguely unexpressible sense of defeat.

And yet, something is learned—perhaps from television, perhaps from the school community itself. The well-publicized tension between generations seems to have given language and content to the specific tensions between parents and children. Which is to say that "student revolt" or "youth revolt" seems to be applicable even where there are no students and no "youths" who identify with larger causes. Even politically conservative and/or apathetic kids now seem able to articulate differences with their parents. Many of them revolve around nothing newer than the company they keep, the people they date, and the time they have to be home at night. Nonetheless, the atmosphere of revolt provides new strategies for all (long hair, for example), opens new possibilities, and offers new ways of rationalizing old ones.

Marshall McLuhan's notion of the global village may still be more vanity than reality; yet it is accurate in one major respect: The media—television, radio, and records—are creating communities where none existed before. Media are creating bonds of style, age, and interest that transcend the particularities of locality and background. The surface manifestations of a style may themselves satisfy the longing for place and identity, providing alternatives for neighborhoods, rituals, and traditions that no longer exist. In this sense "revolt" is the opiate of the masses. High school reform and protest may never go beyond the abandonment of the dress code. But the media may also be creating the possibilities both for the development of new forms of consciousness and culture and (for the same reason) centralized political management and control. Unless Americans are prepared to revolutionize their educational system—providing far more intellectual and cultural freedom and diversity than they are currently willing to allow—the high school will, in fact, be no more than a huge amplifier for the signals that the media are willing (or permitted) to transmit. Considering the unbelievable boredom of the slow track in the average high school, and the treatment accorded its students, no "educator" can berate TV without being laughed off the stage. If there is any escape from that boredom, it is in the car and in television itself. The children are moving away from Mechanic Street. But where will they go?

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No Place to Grow

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he wants to run a marina in northern Michigan. He should be doing it now.

"The thing is, though, our parents want us to be doctors or lawyers or something like that. We don't want to disappoint them and drop down socially, but what's the point? I'm not sure I want to be a lawyer or a doctor. I'm not sure I want to go to college because that means I'm accepting the social system. Yet, I can't drop out, but that may be the one way I can survive. I feel like I'm in between, but I don't know how long I can go on that way."

The next day I met Dave, an intense, unsmiling senior, respected by both his fellow students and his teachers. He began describing the depth of his hatred of the town, of his parents, his teachers, his fellow students, the security, cleanliness, and emptiness of Winnetka, its shoddy and shallow values, and his love of danger and dirt—the whole existential rap of fascination with death and filth. I thought I was listening to a parody of an intellectual New York magazine writer, until he told me about his "sin" as he called it, that he "hustled" men at a YMCA.

My first reaction, of course, was that he was putting me on, but too many other things fit: the realistic detail, his general outlook, and the match with the logic of the rest of his conversation. Besides, as a teacher, I had known kids from exactly the same kind of community who were overt homosexuals and whose embrace of it had nothing to do with pubescent play.

Dave's hatred of New Trier and Winnetka may have been a justification for his own behavior rather than a cause, but the sequence is unimportant. What counts is that he was an anguished, tormented kid who hated himself more than anything else.

That's it, essentially. Sure, there are hundreds of facts about New Trier East: its 168 different courses; its track system; its superabundance of activities ranging from an FM radio station to a falconry club that existed for several years; its lavish array of equipment and facilities; its high-powered, highly intelligent, and sometimes creative and sensitive teachers; the liberal and even occasionally humanistic attitude of the administrators; its elaborate advisory system and large college guidance staff; the lack of any substantial dress code; the freedom given to juniors and seniors to leave school during their study halls; last year's widely attended symposium on drugs; the opportunity to take ungraded courses; the student-run study halls; the honor system; the uncensored student paper; "the long history of student responsibility," as principal Ralph McGee put it. All the sound, liberal educational innovations.

But there is also the numbers game, in which low grades in high-level courses can be multiplied by a certain factor to give their equivalent standing on a normal curve, the fact that many students say they engage in the hyperactivities not for their intrinsic value but so their participation will look good on their records, that there are also boobs on the faculty, such as the one who chased three giggly girls out of the telephone booth in the main entranceway and told them they couldn't use that one because they were supposed to use another one.

And the student council meeting that finally had to be adjourned because no one, not even the president, the sponsor of the bill, nor the faculty advisers, had any clear idea of what exactly was being debated. A chief participant in that Wonderland scene was one member of a small group of radicals who got themselves elected to the council, some say to destroy it, some to reform it. I had not sought out these kids because I didn't want to hear a long rap that had been lifted from an underground newspaper from some other school, for the left-wing underground paper at New Trier was woefully short of any original analysis (some said this was because the school was so liberal there was nothing to complain about; New Trier also has an underground *right*-wing press, but it was no better).

Another kind of student I deliberately tried to avoid was the professional New Trier Liberal Student and Spokesman for the Younger Generation. I wasn't entirely successful; one of them cornered me and delivered himself of a long, sincere, but hopelessly mawkish description of his fellow students—how they were really becoming concerned with "the problems of the environment," what the Moratorium Day protest had been like, how many were "working" in the Chicago slums, and how responsible they all were.

Finally, too, the college guidance office looks like a travel bureau with photo murals of campuses covering the walls and scores of catalogues scattered over tables and piled in the bookcases, and the head of the guidance staff could not or would not give me a direct answer to the question of what they did for the kids who should not or could not go to college.

Coming of age in Winnetka is an agonizing experience. It is not intended to be; it is supposed to be challenging and difficult—no *rite de passage* can fail to be so. But the basic assumptions of the process were made before 1950, when *Life* did a euphoric cover story on this model school system, and those assumptions were drawn from a different world.

Mrs. Mitchell Dawson, a psychiatric social worker with the Family Counseling Service of Glencoe: "There is no hiding place down here anymore. There is nothing to resist, no limits within which it is safe to rebel. There is no place that is secure from the relentless intrusion of the world. Young people in the past had illusions that protected them, but there is no comfort in illusions now. . . .

"There are not very many without problems, even the ones who appear to accept it all. The questioning of values is almost a fad; you're just not with it if you don't question values. And they do, and they're left alone, helpless to find their own values, with nothing certain to strengthen them."

The kids of New Trier may be the most brilliant, aggressive, and competitive collection of youths in the country. They may be able to do differential calculus, expound upon DNA, and perform sophisticated analyses of Dostoyevsky, James, Locke, Rousseau, and Proust, but they are pressure-cooked, intellectual combatants who have been force-fed highly complex and abstract ideas about life and death, good and evil, power and virtue. Through the media they see it all in "real life" happening outside those filmy lines of the mind, but they have no conscious way to make the connections between those ideas calmly discussed in the classroom and what they are going to have to deal with sooner or later. They can discuss the subtleties of Conrad intelligently, but they can have no visceral understanding that life may be a "choice among nightmares." Their feeling of fear is vaguely defined but strong, and eventually they are going to do more than simply regurgitate answers to essay questions on exams.

Adolescent identities are formed by stumbling and falling, by creating a personalized set of survival techniques, but only one set is really offered in Winnetka, and it is obsolete.

The kids of Winnetka are not really allowed to find the skills that fit their needs. They are forced to think they must accept those of their parents. Those skills may have worked for food gathering and hunting societies, but existence in this one is problematic at best for entirely other reasons than physical needs. Survival now is primarily an intellectual and emotional struggle, of creating different fantasies, different dreams.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 7: prated, depart, parted.

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Why Ghetto Schools Fail

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schooling and the political or community control approach.

The market approach is based upon a plan suggested by Professor Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago. Schools are essentially monopolistic in that they provide services for a captive audience. Since most children and their parents have little choice but to attend their local schools—no matter how poor the performance of such institutions—the students are locked into a system which does not have to satisfy their educational needs. The proponents of the market approach believe that by giving students and their families a choice of schools, and by requiring schools to compete for students, substantial increases in educational effectiveness would result. For, if schools had to compete for students in order to survive, they would likely be much more responsive to the particular needs of their potential clientele.

What are the mechanics of such an arrangement? The state would provide tuition vouchers to parents for a specified maximum sum per year for each child. Parents would be free to use these vouchers at any approved institution of their choice. Institutions would be encouraged to enter the marketplace to compete for students, and any school that met minimal requirements in such areas as curriculum and personnel would be eligible to participate. Thus, a system of nonpublic schools would compete with the public ones for students.

Data on school costs, programs, strategies, effectiveness, and student populations might be required of all approved schools in order to keep parents and potential educational sellers informed of available alternatives. Such an arrangement would induce innovation and experimentation in that each school would try to obtain competitive advantages over the others. Only those public schools that would be responsive to the needs of their students could survive such competition; so a healthy infusion of nonpublic schools into the market would also tend to keep the remaining public schools on their toes.

In addition to the basic Friedman plan, there are many other ways of using an educational marketplace to fulfill the social goals set for inner-city schools. In an excellent discussion on the subject, Anthony Downs has suggested that the cities merge several existing attendance areas so that all students within a given section of the city can attend any of a number of schools within that boundary. Schools within the merged area would compete for students, and teachers and other resources would be shifted from the less successful schools — those whose enrollments decline—to those attracting new enrollments. Portable classrooms could also be added to the latter schools, if necessary. Thus, principals would have an incentive to maximize the important educational outputs desired by the residents of the merged attendance areas, or face a loss of clientele and resources.

In a similar vein, James S. Coleman, author of the Office of Education's report *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, has suggested contracting out such services as reading and arithmetic, and paying educational contractors only on the basis of their students' results on standardized tests. There are many ways to create competition within the inner-city schools, and virtually all of them would provide market-type incentives for utilizing educational resources far more effectively than they have been in the past.

Yet, the market schema is not the only means of providing incentives for ensuring that schools in the inner city will fulfill the needs of their clientele. It is also possible to redirect the efforts of such institutions through revamping the political processes by which decisions are made. Good educational strategies are made on the basis of the particular characteristics and needs of the children being served. They cannot be set out at a highly centralized, abstract, and depersonalized level just to satisfy an administrative compulsion for order.

Decentralized school districts could be formed in the inner city based upon proximity and commonality of needs among schools. Each decentralized or community school district would elect a representative school board to govern its constituent schools. Financial accounts and accountability would remain in the hands of the central school authority, but the actual disbursements for each school would be authorized only by the local governing board for that school. On the basis of this decision-making power, the local governing boards, in conjunction with administrators and teachers (and perhaps student representatives), would construct their programs and purchase the necessary components to implement them — a course of action not permitted under existing regulations. Political decentralization would then enable schools to reflect more closely the educational needs of their constituents. The inner-city schools would be pressured to break out of the pattern of ineptitude fostered by the mindless

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universalism of traditional big-city school administration.

Both political and market incentives could be combined to make the inner-city schools more effective. Under a system of decentralized schools, students should be given a choice of attending a school in their own community or in any other community. Moreover, the central school board would continue to operate a few schools as alternatives open both to individual students and parents via market choice, and to groups of students and parents via political action within the community.

Further, the decentralized school districts might find it desirable to purchase some services from private contractors. The community school board would plan its educational requirements and compare these with its capabilities. The school board would then solicit bids from industry, universities, and nonprofit groups for fulfilling objectives in those areas where the local district had the least proficiencies. Educational contractors would compete for the particular services the community wished to buy, and remuneration might be based on the success of the programs.

All these suggestions are possibilities for the reform of inner-city schools. The point is that it is imperative to recognize that an increase in city, state, or federal dollars will make little difference to the inner-city school if nothing is done to improve educational effectiveness. Some system must be adopted that will reward schools that are excelling while penalizing those that are failing, differences that are ignored by present financial arrangements. The use of market and political incentives both show promise in this respect. Without substantial moves in this direction, much of the additional financial support for the inner-city schools will be wasted through the same inept and insensitive schooling processes that have not worked in the past.

World of Dance

Continued from page 49

ago with his pupils at HSPA. These youngsters were so fired with Eastern dance (ballet and modern dance are the key techniques at this school) that, although they had only one class a week with Matteo, they worked in their free time to learn the intricacies of India's four great classical schools—*bharata natyam, kathakali, kathak,* Manipuri—along with Sanskrit as applied to dance! And so impressed were official representatives of the government of India with the quality of the first formal lecture-demonstration at Asia House (there were three in all) that the new company was invited to give a series of performances on a specially built stage at India House (the consulate). Brief tours, as far west as Utah, followed.

For *Camera Three*, the boys and girls of the troupe appeared in a staged class based upon Matteo's own teaching methods. In fascinating sequence, the dancers displayed the gestures (*mudras*), the rhythms, the dramatic stylizations of Indian dance along with exercises designed to make bodies facile and fluid. Here were Americans of multiracial background guiding fellow Americans on a dance adventure spanning more than two thousand years of ritual, rhythm, virtuosity, and expressivity.

To show the universality of this ancient dance language, the young performers devoted a large segment of the program to numbers—some geometric, others romantic, still others poetic evocations of musical stimuli—done in strict East Indian technique but living with the Western measures and moods of Vivaldi. Truly, an experience that was as entertaining as it was intellectually and esthetically rewarding.

And although "the kids" of the Indo-American Dance Company were starred, Matteo himself was present as their dancing "guru"; he was there also, as a mature artist, to remind us, in a solo dance of Shiva, that Indian dance is of divine origin, and that Shiva himself, one of the Hindu Trinity along with Brahma and Vishnu, is almost always identified with his unique title, "Nataraja, Lord of the Dance."

Here, indeed, was a simple, direct, honest half-hour dance show on TV that could put to shame many an overblown, tasteless TV special, the Canadian *Cinderella* among them.

Editorial

Continued from page 26

were heavily involved in an attempt to subvert the very government the legitimacy of which President Nixon calls on the rest of the world to respect. And the effect of what we did a decade ago was to make heroes of the Pathet Lao. Was President Diem a Communist? Is Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk a Communist? And even if they were, what becomes of the American pronouncement that the underlying principle of our foreign policy is to protect the right of other people to self-determination? Or do we define self-determination as applying only to those governments of which we approve?

More and more, our whole involvement in Indo-China raises the question whether the area has become an arena not just for **pursuing** security but for achieving high military budgets and for extending the power of the military.

The true crisis represented by Vietnam and Laos is that Constitutional government in the United States is being twisted out of shape from within the government itself. In the name of expediency, we have set in motion forces that have become inimical, perhaps inevitably so, to our own society. Can anyone say that the foreign policy of the United States is completely and effectively in the hands of the President? Who countermanded President Johnson's order not to bomb cities in Vietnam? The bombing of Hanoi in December 1966 and January 1967 came on the eve of discussions in Warsaw with North Vietnam that were initiated by President Johnson. The negotiations were called off as the result of the bombing. Do U.S. secret operatives, or the American military, or both, have the ability to undertake actions that commit the flag and thus have the effect of making or changing American foreign policy? Is this what President Eisenhower was warning the American people about in his address upon leaving the Presidency?

The greatest danger of all today is that we may not even know what is happening to us. The floors of Congress offer the best ground on which to attempt the long climb back to responsibility, sanity, and true security. Congress can insist on asking the kinds of questions that will tap the greatest single remaining force in American society—the force of a fully aroused public opinion determined to keep ultimate power in its own hands.

—N.C.

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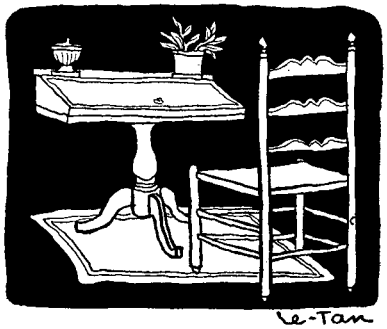
Music to My Ears

Continued from page 28

rarity with Birgit Nilsson singing for an audience of seven hundred. This may well be the smallest gathering the great dramatic soprano has sung for professionally since, in her first appearance outside of Scandinavia, she performed at Glyndebourne in the early Fifties.

Risking an aural comparison with an image of her Elektra in Mozart's *Idomeneo* dimmed by the passage of such time is risky; but a sampling of this program left little doubt that experience has enabled Mme. Nilsson to blend power with resonance and volume with vibrance whether singing in an opera house or an auditorium as small as the Grace Rainey Rogers. And her opening effort with "Divinités du Styx" from Gluck's *Alceste*, in its broadly sustained line and effortless climax, left little doubt that she may—when, if, and as it serves her purpose—add this classical style to the others for which she has become celebrated in the opera house.

In the songs of Wolf and Strauss that followed, the problem was of another sort—how to render the intimacy of their sentiments without over- or understatement. On Mme. Nilsson's behalf it may be said that the intentions were always good, but the sureness of touch, the concentration of effort that distinguishes her work in the opera house are still a challenge unresolved in this literature. For my taste she has greater success with the faster-moving songs, such as Wolf's "Begegnung" and Strauss's "Cäcilie" (a natural, of course, for her production) than she did in the former's "Verborgenheit" and the latter's "Morgen," for a simple reason. At a slow tempo (and these were both taken slower than usual, even for slow songs), the weight of sound she produces tends to drag a little off-pitch and lose focus. The other Wolf songs included "Gebet" and "Nimmersatte Liebe," and the Strauss group began with "Allerseelen." John Wustman served her well at the piano, save in respect to some of the tempi previously noted.



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EXPERIENCED ELEMENTARY TEACHER, M.A., seeks innovative school. Fred Welty, 2285 Webb, Detroit, Michigan 48206.

COLLEGE STUDENT, 19, interested in job taking care of children for summer. Will travel. Europe preference. Box T-752.

MONTESSORI TEACHER — experienced, St. Nicholas courses. Box 32, Monroe, Wisconsin.

COLLEGE TEACHER seeks position in 4 year college. Russian language, English composition; experienced. Harvard M.A. +. Box T-744.

TWO INDEPENDENT, ENTHUSIASTIC female college graduates seek European positions. Box T-736.

PSYCHOLOGY PROFESSOR, 50, versatile, wide interests, seeks profitable, interesting summer. Box T-740.

TEACHER, 26, formerly Peace Corps. Travel experience: Europe, Africa. Seeks summer employment traveling. Box T-751.

JOURNALIST-PHOTOGRAPHER, 24, B.A., seeks work television, film. Box T-746.

DECEMBER B.A., artist, librarian, printer's devil seeks creative job, West-Southwest. Literate, adaptable, unencumbered. Box T-755.

FILM CRITIC, 24, with seven years experience writing, editing own film magazine seeks full-time position on metropolitan daily. Readable style hopefully free from New York snobbery and Underground confusion. Alvin Easter, Box 14003, University Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55414.

HARVARD B.A., Reed M.A.T., four years teaching high school English, private pilot, photographer, expert skier seeks challenging, creative position anywhere. Box T-763.

SOCIAL WORK RADICAL, 24, wants job in socio-political change, not adjustment. M.A., University of Chicago. Box T-757.

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(Continued from page 85)

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SUMMER-EUROPE. Leaders for student groups, experienced traveling in Europe; teachers preferred. Also assistants; partial scholarship. Call evenings 212-781-8027 or Box T-306S.

INNOVATIVE. LEARNER-ORIENTED community college in Southern New Jersey needs enthusiastic faculty members for second year of classes beginning in August, 1970. Since our staff will double, we need faculty members for all academic and technical areas. Please send resume to Dr. James Hammons, Burlington County College, Pemberton, New Jersey 08068.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you—Application forms and new 1970 Australian Handbook describing government assisted passage, family and housing allowances, jobs, business, ranching, teaching, hunting, fishing, etc. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CY, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

TEACHERS. TOP MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. Box 214, Brookline, Massachusetts 02167.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

COUNSELORS top Maine boys' camp. Crafts, swimming (WSI), General (younger boys), Archery Sailing, Canoeing, Dramatics, Judo, Nature, Tripping, Baseball, Tennis, Golf, Basketball, Group Leaders. Beautiful surroundings. Interesting, challenging experience. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West. NYC 10025.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers, nurses, etc., beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

MANPOWER INC. NEEDS experienced stenos, typists immediately to work temporarily. Assignments available in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and other major cities throughout the country. See telephone directory for address in your city.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

CONSIDER THE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL: greater academic freedom, more involvement with able students, small classes. We can assist you in finding a position in a fine independent school. College seniors or experienced. National coverage, all races welcome. Placement Service, Independent Educational Services, 80 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540 (a nonprofit corporation).

SEPTEMBER COLLEGE TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES. All fields. Nationwide. Master's or Doctorate essential. Write now for application. City-Suburban Teachers Agency, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. Phone 212-546-8370.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE Enjoy high pay, travel allowances, paid overtime. Write: Global Employment, Box 706P2, Orinda, California 94563.

MONTESSORI TEACHER—for September, 1970, established school, campus-style environment, fully equipped, Springfield, Massachusetts. Send qualifications. SR Box T-347.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

BOOKSHOP MANAGER—couple acceptable—unique country college campus Virginia. Box T-750.

40,000 SUMMER JOBS—Resort Employment Directory furnishes descriptions, addresses, contacts, salaries. $2.00 postpaid ($2.25 First Class). Corion Publishers, P.O. Box 15676, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115.

EDITOR-WRITER oriented toward environmental improvement, whole foods and fitness, for responsible post on substantial "faddist" magazine. 2 hrs. from NYC, best living and working conditions. Professional copy preparation, colorful word handling required. Write Mr. Taub, Prevention, Emmaus, Pennsylvania 18049.

ARTS & CRAFTS DIRECTOR. To administer a major program of international scope including classes, exhibits and workshops for unique programs including, lapidary, gyotaku, macrame, bookbinding, etc., for NYC nonprofit organization. Salary $9,600 plus. Details in confidence. Box T-739.

MONTESSORI-A.M.I. DIRECTRESS for ages 3-5 needed in established school, for September 1970. Write Tuttle, Montessori School, Camp Woods Road, Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

CHALLENGING PIONEER PROGRAM. College Preparatory School for gifted underachievers seeks experienced certified teachers in English, History, Math-Science. Small classes. Good salary. NYC. Full or part-time. Box T-742.

LIVING IN AUSTRALIA is easier . . . lively, rewarding! Big boom—minerals, manufacturing, agriculture, real estate. Thousands career opportunities. Large American investment. Stable democracy—law and order. Settlers, tourists enjoy snowless, friendly big cities, small towns; famous beaches, clean, wide-open countryside. Fares for U.S. settlers now subsidized. "LIVING IN AUSTRALIA," new idea reference-guide, illustrates your typical opportunities, advantages by reprinting newspaper ads showing costs, prices, merchandise available, business prospects, land values, salary levels for executive, technical, professional, academic—men and women. Eye-opening facts! Includes form to request excellent free official Australian booklets, visa and assisted-fare information. Send $3.00 (add 30¢ if you want first class mail) to "LIVING IN AUSTRALIA," Dept. SRX, 530 East 72nd, NYC 10021.

WANTED: Recreation Program Director. Creative, hard-working person interested in building recreation and outdoor education program for high school girls. Excellent opportunity at New York State Boarding School. Exciting new plan of education. Good salary. Box T-745.

MONTESSORI TEACHER NEEDED (A.M.I.)—Established school needs teacher for the fall to start a new class. Salary open. Contact Mrs. Guarriello, 36 Birch Avenue, Little Silver, New Jersey 07739.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

ALL SEASONS HOUSE. Pope's Harbour, Nova Scotia. Perfect vacation retreat. Rugged, unspoiled scenery. Islands and freshwater lakes galore. $12,000. SR Box T-747.

"DOWNEAST" MAINE COASTAL—House under construction with magnificent sea view. Master bedroom, 22' x 18', built on ledge. 100' of rugged shore frontage (private). Accessible. $19,500. Box T-730.

For Sale/Rent

WASHINGTON, D.C. In town, integrated, interesting—Neighbors, Inc. community convenient to everything. All types of homes on tree-lined streets. Live your convictions; know your neighbors. Work with us in schools, recreation, neighborhood services. Write HIS, 6829 Piney Branch Road, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale/Rent—Furnished

VICTORIAN HOUSE. Dark Harbor, Maine. Ugly, substantial, nice. Shore frontage, view East Penobscot Bay. Wonderful for children. Golf, tennis, sailing, swimming. Sale-rent: month-season. SR Box T-741.

For Rent—Furnished

NEAR PAWLING, N.Y.—18th century Colonial home. 4 bedrooms, 4 baths; wine cellar, swimming pool. On 40 acres—brooks, hills, valleys. 1½ miles from village, 63 miles NYC. Ideal permanent living or country house. $4,800 annually. 212-974-6741.

STAFFED, MODERN 4 bedroom, 4 bath home overlooking Doctor's Cave Beach—weekly or monthly. Mr. Charles Muir, P.O. Box 49, Montego Bay, Jamaica. Tel. 2130.

SWISS ALPS. Schonried near Gstaad. Excellent skiing. International schools. 3 bedroom modern chalet. Ideal for sabbatical. Available July, one year, $2,700. Box T-738.

EASTERN SHORE PARADISE for yachtsmen, water skiers, families. Large tree-top house near Chestertown, Maryland. SR Box T-754.

For Summer Rental

MARTHA'S VINEYARD sales, rental and real estate investment information. Box 1268, Vineyard Haven Massachusetts 02568.

CAPE COD—July. 200 year old home, privately nestled among North Truro knolls. $850. SR Box T-732.

COLORADO SPRINGS—furnished, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, $400 month, minimum $1,000. June-September. SR Box T-761.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. West Tisbury. Comfortable home, 2 baths, short drive choice beaches. $1,250 season or monthly. Tel. 516-HU 7-8857, SR Box T-729.

CAPE COD—BARNSTABLE. Large summer home. Ocean view across own thirty acres. Season. Harry Stanton (office) 617-944-3700.

HARBORSIDE COTTAGES—Ancient Pemaquid. May-November. New Harbor, Maine 04554.

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS—Small, secluded house furnished, ideally-located, available June-September first or part. SR Box T-735.

MILFORD, CONNECTICUT—Lovely rambling ranch; shady park-like surroundings; near beaches; every convenience. $2,000. 203-878-4251.

CAPE COD, EASTHAM, beachfront—small cottage on bay, sundeck, privacy. $800 month. 914-273-9045 or SR Box T-748.

HOUSES WANTED

For Summer Rental

RETIRED COUPLE, modern cottage Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, New England lakeside. Box T-753.

NEAR OCEAN, NYC, for bachelor father, writer, 2 small daughters. Box T-731.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

4 BEDROOMS. 3 baths, facing Seine, Ile Saint Louis, Paris for house Hamptons, Martha's Vineyard, Fire Island, etc., July, August. Write James Jones, 10 quai d'Orleans, Paris.

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Summer Rental

NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y.—2 bedroom apartment, on Sound. Rhodes 19 sailboat at adjacent marina; July-August. SR Box T-737 or 914-636-4358.

APARTMENT WANTED

SR STAFF MEMBER and family need 2 bedroom 6 month sublet from April 1st in Manhattan, Westchester County or the Berkshires. Up to $250. Box T-760.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

MAINE—Oceanfront year round home. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, beautiful mountains, view—400 ft. on shore (deep water). Asking $44,000. Many lower priced retirement homes, salt water lots, $5,500 and up. Write for our Free Listings. Linnehan Real Estate, 140 High Street, Ellsworth, Maine 04605. Call 207-667-8456, Jeanette E. Wood, Real Estate Broker.

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HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate *immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet* explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-513, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

SURFBOARD BUSINESS—Well established, price reasonable. Box 476, Boynton Beach, Florida 33435.

CONCESSIONAIRE WANTED by Longwood College Bookstore. Copies of proposed specifications and contract will be sent upon request. All proposals must be received by April 15th, 1970. Write J. H. Paul, Business Manager, Longwood College, Farmville, Virginia 23901.

CLASSROOM DIED. One absentee-managed learning center occupying a high-traffic retail location, using latest concepts in electronic teaching machines and self-paced programmed instruction, makes 10 times the profits of the conventional school. No classrooms! No teachers! Guaranteed passing grades! Students learn. Languages, Speed Reading, Music, Art, Typing, Business Management, Flying, Remedial Subjects, etc. Turnkey Package. Minimum $15,000 required. Learning Centers of America, 420 Madison Avenue, New York 10017. 212-755-1700.

EDUCATORS-ADMINISTRATORS — Extra income from franchised A-V home study review course for SAT/ACT tests. Dept. SATR, Boston Educational Research, 122a Cambridge Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02114.

CAMPS

ALPINE MUSICAMP, COLORADO—near Aspen. June 21st-August 2nd. Coeducational, 9-16. Professional instruction; all instruments. Hike, swim, ride. Brochures: 2927 South Lafayette Drive, Englewood, Colorado 80110.

CAMP KAPITACHOUANE, Kapitachuan Club, Province Quebec. Canoe and fishing trips in central Quebec. Three 4-week trips each month. C trip, ages 12-13; B trip, ages 14-15; A trip, ages 15-19. 10 boys, 3 counselors in each. Enroll one month or two. R. Beebe, Jr., The Gunnery School, Washington, Connecticut 06793, C. H. Williams, Salisbury School, Salisbury, Connecticut 06068.

FOOTLIGHT RANCH—Eight week Summer Workshop for Performing Arts. Professional instruction for qualified students, age 12 to 20, in Dance-Music-Dramatics. Request Brochure B, Footlight Ranch, RD 1, Wellsville, Pennsylvania 17365.

CAMPS

THEATRE SUMMER. Lots of experience, new ideas, work. Little recreation, few trips. Live on campus. High School Theatre. Towson State College, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

CAMP WEDIKO, Hillsboro, New Hampshire, specializing in the rehabilitation of emotionally disturbed boys, is now accepting applications for its 21st season. Referrals are made through guidance centers, schools and therapists in private practice. Address inquiries to: Edward R. Boyd, Director, Guidance Camps, Inc., 412 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02115.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office. Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. 40th year. Wilderness trips, all land and water sports. Program tailored to individual needs. 80 boys, 9-15. 7-week session. Lance R. Robinson, 147 *Central, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.*

THE PUTNEY SCHOOL Work Camp is reopening this summer and will provide a daily life that is balanced between physical, cultural, and intellectual activities, and an atmosphere in which a young person can deepen his insight into himself and extend his outlook on the world. Coed. 13-17. Robert Williams, Director, 802-387-5566 or 5541. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities for boys and girls, 14-18. Integrated, interdenominational. Creative thinking through literature, drama, history, music. Work projects; forestry conservation. June 28th-August 9th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

CAMP BLUE HERON, Port Loring, Ontario. 3 and 6 week sessions in ecological studies, canoe tripping and fun. Antioch and Cornell trained leadership. Licensed bird bander. Stresses informality and individualized programs. Coed, ages 8-14. Address 4200 Harris Hill Road, Buffalo, N.Y. 14221.

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP, Grand Lake Stream, Maine 04637. 70 boys, 12-17. Six age groups. 7 weeks. Lake white water, mountain trips. Survival, Ecology, Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Fantastic athletic program in fine arts camp? Write! Find out! Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 25, New Jersey 08318.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

SUN VALLEY MUSIC CAMP—Heart of the Rocky Mountains in Sun Valley, Idaho. Internationally known faculty—Jr. High, High School, and College—Vocal, Instrumental, and Ballet. Write winter address, P.O. Box 6100, Dept. S-R, Charlotte, N.C. 28207.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN, Warren, Vermont 05674, remedial reading camp, boys, ages 7 to 10. Individual attention, limited enrollment. Helen Gow, Director.

BURLEIGH HILL—Boothbay, Maine 04537. Boys. Saltwater sailing, tennis specialties. $1,000.

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coeducational. Day and boarding. Ages 10 through 17. Excellent language skills instruction plus fine camping and recreational program. Under direction of professors. Full time reading and testing specialists. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

CAMPS

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident $650, $375 half season. *Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.*

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMP. Boys. Private forest, lake, trout stream. Adirondack Canadian canoe trips. Riflery, mountaineering, nurses. 45th year. Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

CAMP RENAPE, Strafford, Vermont. Girls 9 to 16. Semistructured program encourages motivation and creativity. Camp-owned horses, mountain trips, tennis, swimming, outdoor theatre, caving, fishing, riflery, crafts, folk singing, Indian lore. Miss Charlotte McCartney, Strafford, Vermont 05072.

INTERNATIONAL RANGER CAMPS—Set in breathtaking French Swiss Alps and scenic Denmark—Accredited American Camp Association. Coed 8-15. All activities, languages, excursions. $200 per 3 weeks. Write: Hans S. Spengler, 330 East 49th Street, NYC 10017.

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RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

VACATIONS

VERMONT—Interrupt your city routine! Visit elegant Fox Run, all-seasons resort. FREE golf, tennis and swimming. Lounges, Restaurant, Game Room, Gift Shop. Low June midweek rates, $15 per person M.A.P., double occupancy. Box O-SR, Ludlow, Vermont 802-228-8101.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

ACAPULCO. Your own air-conditioned pink casita (250 in all), with pool (200) at hilltop Las Brisas (10°-12° cooler than sea level). Low summer rates include continental breakfast, membership exclusive La Concha Private Beach Club, pink and white jeep (included in some plans). For folder, write LAS BRISAS HOTEL, Dept. SR, 211 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS. Vermont's Unique Resort on Lake Champlain. Color Brochure. Tyler Place, Highgate Springs 26, Vermont 05460.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 87)

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAYS. Explore Rideau Lakes, Kingston to Ottawa. Safari Marina, Rideau Ferry, Ontario.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 2038, Islamorada, Florida.

DISCOVER ANGUILLA. West Indies. Rendezvous Hotel, modern accommodations. Lobster, unspoiled beaches. Contact SR Box S-798. 201-442-0235.

CROWN POINT. "The Everything Hotel." Plan your next vacation at the "everything" hotel; from $16.00 single to $31.00 double per day M.A.P Crown Point Hotel, Tobago, W.I.

HEALTHFUL FLORIDA VACATIONING—Relaxing. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Free brochure. Shangri-La, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

ALASKAN ADVENTURE. Hope, Alaska 99605. Wilderness trail rides, June, July. Brochure.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in elegant informality in 1-2-3 room apartments with kitchens, air conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

FLORIDA WITHOUT AGORAPHOBIA. Efficiencies, private beach, pool, amenities . . . near Palm Beach yet secluded. Ocean Terrace Motel, Juno Beach, 33403.

STACK 'EM INN. Luxurious chalets on 10 mile lake. All with kitchens, heat, fireplaces. Sandy beach, sailing, fishing, water skiing, saunas. Open year 'round. Recommended by Mobil Guide. Write Box S, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

JACKSON HOLE COUNTRY. Dude ranch bordering Grand Teton National Park. Riding, fishing, hiking. Secluded! Flying V Ranch, Box 69, Kelly, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83011.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $135 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

JAMAICA — Great house-apartments-rooms-double-single. Private beach. Reasonable. Rates: SR Box T-758.

OFFBEAT VACATION. Anguilla. Lovely beach, survival food/kitchen privilege. Skarstrom, Montvale, New Jersey 07645.

FABULOUS ACAPULCO!!! Tropical beach, superb food, homelike comfort, SR atmosphere. $10 includes everything, ($8 after April 15th). Silverman, Hotel Mayab, Acapulco, Mexico.

VACATIONS

JUNE IN THE BIG SKY COUNTRY—a month of golden days with air so clear you can see for sixty miles. Towering buttes, cool green canyons. Comfortable beds, superb food. Not a dude ranch. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 308-665-1346.

COASTAL MAINE. Rockmere Lodge, Five Islands, Maine 04546, near Bath. Good food and scenery. No jets, no smog.

WATKINS CREEK RANCH—The truly western ranch, run by western natives, for your family vacation. Excellent fly fishing on the famous Madison, Gallatin, Firehole and Gibbon Rivers. Horseback riding, water skiing and boating. Troll for the big ones on Hebgen Lake. Only eighteen miles from Yellowstone Park. For information write Millie and Arlie Craig, Box 282, Livingston, Montana 59047.

AT OUR HOTEL everyone has a private guest house with its own private pool. Unique hotel with absolute privacy. At Sapphire Bay, U.S. Virgin Islands, where the weather is perfect year 'round. Each individual guest house has its own private swimming pool secluded in a walled garden. Living room, bedroom, dressing room, kitchen and luxurious bath. Air-conditioned. Maid service. Sensible daily rates. Idyllic for two—spacious enough for four or five. Quiet bar. Send for information about the most private hotel on the liveliest island in the Caribbean. For brochure or reservations by the day or longer contact Dept. S, Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, 212-JU 6-4500. Or your travel agent. The Pavilions & Pools, Box 2208, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

BOUNDARY WATERS canoe area vacations in the Minnesota-Canadian wilderness country at one of Minnesota's finest resorts. Gunflint Lodge, Box R, Grand Marais, Minnesota 55604.

BERMUDA. Seaside, private house, fabulous views. 2 bedrooms, maid. $150 weekly. Call 212-427-3172 or write: Bermuda, 8 East 93rd Street, NYC 10028.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

WEST CORK—IRELAND. 6 beautiful, centrally heated, all electric and fully equipped houses on private estate 50 feet above sea. Craik-White, Rock Island, Goleen, Co. Cork.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN—Secluded 4 bedroom cottage. Civilized but unspoiled. Boat. July, August. $750. Box T-743.

VERMONT—"Place for all seasons." Stagecoaches stopped at Salt Ash Lodge, won't you? Brochure. Plymouth Union, 802-672-3748.

WORKSHOPS

SOUTHEASTERN WRITERS' CONFERENCE in novel, magazine fiction, nonfiction, poetry, newspaper, television. Miami, Florida. April 16th-19th, 1970. Top national consultants all fields. Applications: Box 1097, South Miami, Florida 33143. Deadline—March 26th.

INTRODUCTION TO MONTESSORI. University of Pittsburgh accredited workshops. June 1970. Write: Penn-Mont Academy, 2733 Sixth Avenue, Altoona, Pennsylvania 16602.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1876

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. He played The Tin Woodman (full name)	42 52 73 107 109 132 160 170 21
B. Out-of-the-way, not much frequented (4 wds.)	29 38 41 49 55 82 125 139 142 154 161
	167 18 25 74 84
C. Margaret —— played The Wicked Witch	90 173 193 216 235 241 10 45
D. Philosophical - religious movement maintaining that through the constructive use of his mind, man can attain good (2 wds.)	48 5 104 108 116 126 158 188 210 220
E. Escape clauses	1 11 43 120 128 129 174 178 184
F. Complies, consents	205 209 163 236 15 183 191 54 98 118
G. He wrote the music for "The Wizard of Oz" (full name)	124 211 246 47 67 71 78 106 175 185 187
H. Author (1689-1761) of "Pamela" and "Clarissa"	203 239 58 62 87 159 215 223 228 60
I. Goddess of Victory	70 72 12 17
J. At once (3 wds.)	76 92 130 137 145 147 157 225 230
K. Lena Guilbert Ford's symbol of light and warmth for the B.E.F. (3 wds.)	245 3 6 44 68 79 110 177 190 26 32
	119
L. He wrote the lyrics for "The Wizard of Oz". (Initials and name)	121 151 155 240 4 9 80 171 226
M. Deep-bodied, black-banded food fish of the U.S. Atlantic coast; Brooklyn bay	30 65 122 144 20 81 169 186 244 8

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. 2 wds. after *The*: Congreve's first comedy	93 189 134 238 7 99 213 222 14 115 53
O. He helped Joseph of Arimathaea to bury Jesus (John 19:39)	77 85 233 100 153 165 207 94 140
P. "They sit —— -- they hear the Word." (3 wds.; Kipling, "The Sons of Martha")	56 114 141 182 194 197 199 227 127
Q. Linked	123 135 219 149 179 24 88 202 61
R. A branch of Wisconsin State Univ. was founded here in 1871	150 22 231 16 234 35 242
S. Restrained, checked	31 37 200 192 221 243 102 23
T. Large univalve mollusk valuable for food	2 28 59 198 196 95 152
U. Clear by payment; buy back	5 39 103 19 91 86
V. Founder and queen of Carthage, also called Elissa, linked romantically with Aeneas	83 63 89 105
W. Sailed nearer the wind	33 101 66 229 247 96
X. Juvenility, freshness	27 40 208 224 50 131 164 34 113 232 13
	46
Y. Confined	36 57 111 75 201 172 217
Z. 3 wds. followed by WORD Z^1: participating actively	112 136 181 97 156 162 69 117 133 143
Z^1 See WORD Z (2 wds.)	218 180 168 138 166 148 64 204
Z^2 In Greek religion, the Avenger	195 146 237 214 212 176 206

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

							1 E	2 T	3 K	4 L		5 U	6 K	7 N	8 M		9 L	10 C	11 E
12 I	13 X		14 N	15 F	16 R	17 I		18 B	19 U	20 M	21 A	22 R		23 S	24 Q	25 B	26 K	27 X	
28	29 B	30 M	31 S	32 K	33 W	34 X	35 R		36 Y	37 S	38 B	39 U		40 X	41 B		42 A	43 E	44 K
45 C	46 X	47 G	48 D		49 B	50 X	51 D		52 A	53 N	54 F	55 B	56 P	57 Y	58 H		59 T	60 H	61 Q
	62 H	63 V	64 Z^1	65 M	—	66 W	67 G	68 K	69 Z	70 I		71 G	72 I	73 A	74 B	75 Y	76 J	77 O	
78 G	79 K	80 L	81 M	82 B	83 V		84 B	85 O	86 U		87 H	88 Q	89 V		90 C	91 U		92 J	93 N
94 O	95 T	96 W		97 Z	98 F		99 N	100 O	101 W	102 S	103 U		104 D	105 V	106 G	107 A		108 D	109 A
110 K	111 Y		112 Z	113 X	114 P	115 N		116 D	117 Z	118 F		119 K	120 E	121 L	122 M	123 Q	124 G		125 B
126 D	127 P	128 E		129 E	130 J	131 X		132 A	133 Z	134 N		135 Q	136 Z		137 J	138 Z^1	139 B		140 O
141 P	142 B	143 Z	144 M		145 J	146 Z^2		147 J	148 Z^1	149 Q	150 R	151 L	152 T	153 O		154 B	155 L	156 Z	
157 J	158 D	159 H	160 A	161 B	162 Z	163 F	164 X	165 O		166 Z^1	167 B		168 Z^1	169 M	170 A		171 L	172 Y	173 C
174 E		175 G	176 Z^2	177 K	178 E		179 Q	180 Z^1		181 Z	182 P	183 F	184 E	185 Q		186 M	187 G	188 D	189 N
190 K	191 F	192 S		193 C	194 P	195 Z^2		196 T	197 P		198 T	199 P	200 S	201 Y	202 Q	203 H	204 Z^1		205 F
206 I^2		207 O	208 X	209 F	210 D		211 G	212 Z^2		213 N	214 Z^2		215 H	216 C	217 Y		218 Z^1	219 Q	
220 D	221 S	222 N		223 H	224 X	225 J	226 L	227 P		228 H	229 W		230 J	231 R	232 X		233 O	234 R	235 C
236 F	237 Z^2	238 N	239 H	240 L		241 C	242 R	243 S	244 M	245 K	246 G	247 W							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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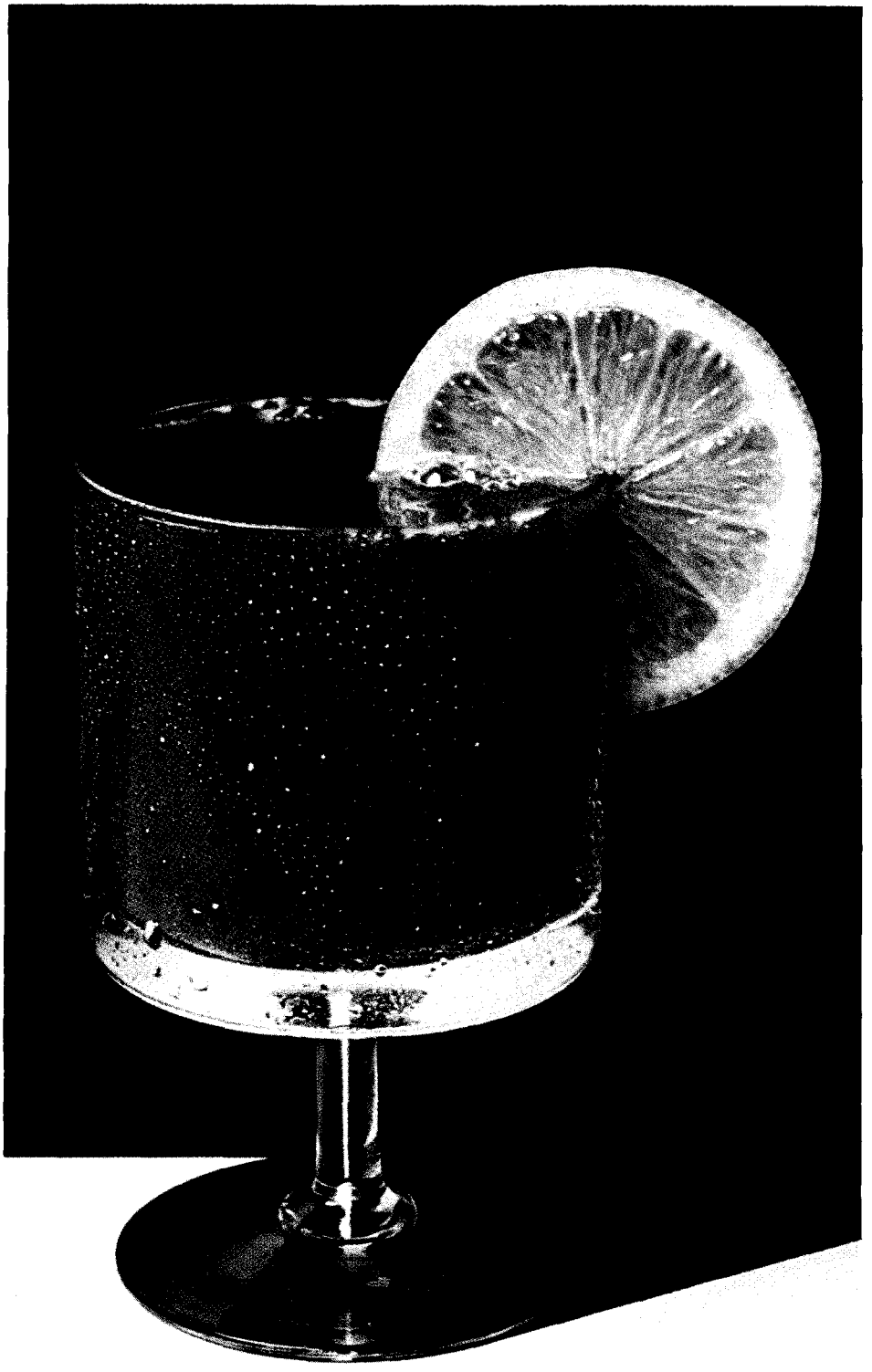
THE DEVIL.
IT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO A BLOODY MARY WHEN IT'S MADE WITH RUM.
DON'T KNOCK IT TIL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



We know what you think it tastes like. But that's not what it tastes like.

Call it the Devil. Or a Rum Bloody Mary, it doesn't matter. Either way the taste is the same. A lot like a regular Bloody Mary, only richer.

That's what the rum does. At least that's what Puerto Rican Rum does. Our rum isn't dark and sweet and syrupy like rum from other countries is.

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PUERTO RICAN RUM

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